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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

AN IMPENDING SWORD.

AN ADVENTURE BY THE SEA.

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL,

Author of "The Romance of Judge Ketchum," "The Model of Christian Gay," etc.

COMPLETE.

MAY, 1896

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIPPINCOTT'S,

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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PUBLISHED BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. PHILADELPHIA:

LONDON: 10 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

PARIS: BRENTANO'S, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.

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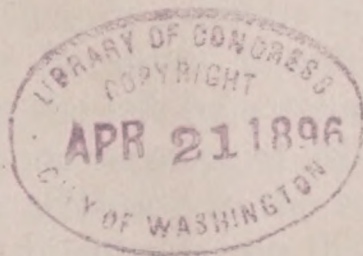
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AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," "THE MODEL
OF CHRISTIAN GAY," ETC.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1896.

AN IMPENDING SWORD.

CHAPTER I.

MY father, Hugo Livingston, of Mount Livingston, Philadelphia, may be compared to a superb annual which, towering skyward, blooms bravely for a season, but dies rootless, leaving to those who have loved and admired it tender memories of beauty and fragrance,—nothing more.

He inherited early in life a good understanding, a fine estate, a famous cellar of Madeira, and the handsomest legs in America. These, in combination, furnished himself and his friends with an abundance of meat, drink, and entertainment. He spent his money like a prince, and, wherever he went, scattered broadcast both dollars and jests. Need I add that his purse grew lighter than his laughter?—that he died full of years and honors,—a pauper?

A brilliant man of the world, he never attempted to make money, because, as he often observed, the catchpenny cares of a merchant or banker wore away, by constant attrition, the bloom of high breeding,—that exquisite veneer which distinguishes from the common herd the gentleman of lineage, leisure, and culture.

My mother—sweet soul! I can scarce recall her face—was a Schermerhorn: her full-length portrait (by the younger West) hangs to-day in the gallery of Barabbas Boulde. The curious will please note that it is flanked on the left by a remarkable picture of a sapphire and diamond necklace, a masterpiece of Meissonier (the great Frenchman has paid but scant attention to the coarse, putty-colored features of Martha Boulde, rightly considering that the gems, not the woman, deserved immortality), and on the right by a Madonna of Andrea del Sarto. Between these two presentments of things material and things spiritual stands my dear mother, who settled with the nicest adjustment in her own lovely person the conflicting claims of body and soul. My

father has said a thousand times that she loved him tenderly to the day of her death,—I was barely ten years old when this great misfortune befell me,—and he swore fondly that of all the women he had met she alone had enshrined herself in his heart as the kindest, the truest, and the purest of her sex.

So much for my elders and betters.

Before my father died, he gave me some advice. He had little else to bestow.

"Hugo," said he (I was named after him), "what are your plans for the future?"

"The future?" I replied, vaguely: "upon my soul, I've been so occupied with the present"—I had just been graduated from Yale—"that the future has not had my consideration."

"Hugo," said my father, gravely, "you are young and ardent; and to such the choice of a profession is no ha'penny matter."

"There is the law."

"You would make a sorry lawyer."

"I might go West."

"The farmer, Hugo, is the historical fool. Go East, if you wish to travel: the Pierian spring is not to be found in Colorado or California. If you were an Englishman, I should advise the army or navy; but you are too old, and our officers play but a paltry rôle. As a money-grubber you would have to sacrifice on the altar of Mammon your youth, your breeding, your conscience,"—I quote my father *verbatim*, neither endorsing nor condemning his words,—"and that precious thing, your leisure."

"What am I to do?"

"Make haste slowly, my dear lad. The small sum you inherit under your mother's will is sufficient to carry you, afoot, all over Europe. Your face, name, and wits should prove passports to decent society. Leave this question of a profession *sub judice*; but don't idle, and, wherever you may be, set apart so many hours each day to serious study."

Conceding that my father was a man of prejudice, I submit that his advice was sound as a Newtown pippin, and came not amiss. I believe in the conservation of energy, and his words chimed harmoniously with my own nebulous ambitions. Accordingly, some two months after his funeral I decided to set forth upon my travels, being reasonably certain that he knew me better than I knew myself, and doubting nothing of his affection and solicitude for my welfare.

"The Lord help you!" said my mother's cousin, a famous banker, who had offered me a stool in his counting-house. "You are a bigger fool than your father."

"Did you ever tell my father to his face that you considered him a fool?"

I looked him fiercely in the eye, and he stammered out, "N-n-no."

"I thought not. I have his whip in my possession, sir, and know how to use it."

In this Cambyzes vein I cut adrift from an influential kinsman

who had good-naturedly flung me a tow-line. In his wake I might have steered my bark to fortune, lolling at ease in the stern sheets; but I was no parasite, and my dear father's good name was my most precious possession.

For two years I jogged cheerily along the high-roads of life, avoiding as much as possible the by-paths, the *vias tenebrosas*, and following the finger of Fancy, surely the most complaisant courier in the world. The dame, however, amused herself at my expense upon several occasions. I ate a haggis in Scotland, and some *blutwurst* in Berlin; but, thanks to her, I listened to Tannhäuser at Bayreuth, saw the moon rise out of the Adriatic at Venice, floated down the Danube from Vienna to Bucharest,—an enchanting voyage,—travelled across Norway in a cariole, and skated through Holland. Finally I settled down in London to eighteen months' hard work as a journalist.

But the tramp fever was in my veins, and the daughters of Themis had a tangled skein to unravel. Thus it came to pass that in the spring of '81 I registered my name at the Acropolis Hotel of San Francisco. I had passed leisurely from state to state, and my small capital had assumed microscopical proportions. With the exception of half a dozen magazine articles,—some of them not paid for,—I had done no work. But I carried good letters of introduction, had accumulated plenty of material, and confronted the future with a grin upon my face.

In this mood, looking at the world through rose-colored goggles, I sat down to breakfast upon the morning succeeding my arrival at the Acropolis, and picked up the morning paper. I was carelessly scanning its columns, when the following advertisement met my eye:

“WANTED—A young, strong, healthy man, graduate of a university preferred, who must be an athlete, a scholar, and a gentleman. Large salary to right man. Apply Omega, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Consolidated Savings Bank.”

Reading these lines, I speculated vaguely in regard to the number of young men in California who would consider themselves eligible candidates for the “large salary,” and, pursuing this train of thought, I reflected that it might be amusing to present myself, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Consolidated Savings Bank.

Accordingly I did so.

It was the gratification of an absurd whim (unless we take into consideration the daughters of Themis), but it involved me in an amazing adventure.

To my infinite surprise, the bank was not surrounded by a crowd of athletes; and the cashier informed me, with a silky smile, that Omega was within and alone.

“The San Francisco youth,” said I, “must be singularly modest.”

“Admirable Crichtons,” he rejoined, “are scarce as black tulips. Do I understand, sir, that you are an applicant?”

Up to this moment I had not considered this very obvious question. None the less I replied, promptly, “Yes.”

He looked me up and down, a queer smile curling his lips. Then he held out his hand for my card.

"My name," I replied, lightly, "is—Alpha."

The cashier nodded pleasantly, and disappeared. When he returned, after an absence of ten minutes, his smile was still more accentuated.

"Omega," he murmured, "is in the President's private room. Kindly follow me."

I obliged him, and found myself inflating my chest and squaring my shoulders. Upon such occasions a man wishes to cut as fine a figure as possible; and I'll confess that the enigmatic smile of the cashier piqued me not a little. Feeling that I had embarked upon a fool's errand, I followed my guide down a corridor and into a handsome room.

At a large desk was a small man, out of whose dried-up, wrinkled, pock-marked face gleamed a remarkable pair of eyes. The owner of these waved me to a chair. I bowed and sat down.

"Mr.——?"

"Alpha."

"Mr. Alpha, let me give you my card."

Upon this was engraved a well-known name,—Mark Gerard. I hastened to return the compliment.

"Ah—Livingston. Yes, yes; son of Hugo Livingston?"

"I am."

"University man?"

"Yale."

"An athlete?"

"I played right tackle on the football team, and I hold the amateur record for putting the shot."

The man of millions lay back in his padded chair and half shut his eyes. From beneath puffy lids he scrutinized me sharply, stroking the while an imperial which sprouted sparsely upon a pointed chin.

"And your scholarship, sir?"

"I must refer you to the faculty."

He grunted approval.

"How are you fixed—financially?"

"Two hundred and fifteen dollars and thirty-five cents make up the sum total of my capital."

"Ahem! and a stranger to our city. Well, Mr. Livingston," he chuckled softly, "I'll strain a point and be perfectly frank with you. It happens that I can use a young man like yourself if—if he be prepared to encounter danger—I say *danger*—in my service. Does the word danger daunt you?"

"Not particularly."

"I'm willing to pay the right man ten thousand a year."

"And the nature of the service, Mr. Gerard?"

He held up a lean hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Livingston, we will discuss that presently. In consideration of the magnitude of the salary, you may reasonably infer that the services required will be out of the common. All your energies, capacities, potentialities, must be

devoted to my interests. I need, not to put a fine point on it, a faithful slave."

"I think," I said, rising, "that I'll wish you good-morning."

He frowned and tapped impatiently upon the table.

"I've no fancy," I remarked, "for golden chains."

"Pooh, pooh, my boy! Excuse an old man's bluntness, but don't be a fool. This is the opportunity of your life. I like your face, I like your name, and I am sure you can put the shot. Your deltoids are admirably developed. You are, possibly, the only man this side of the Rockies who can fill the bill. What, may I ask,—now, don't get angry,—do you consider yourself worth as an employee?"

"I can earn with my pen about two hundred dollars a month."

He laughed contemptuously.

"What a princely income for the son of Hugo Livingston!"

"Do I understand," said I, "that you wish to engage me now and instruct me in my duties later?"

"Exactly. You are a football-player, Mr. Livingston, an expert at the game. You must have taken part in many a contest, not knowing what the outcome would be. You risked your limbs, your life even, for glory. The services I shall require at your hands may demand the exercise of those qualities which distinguished you on the campus. I can say no more."

My curiosity was stimulated. By some freak of destiny a ten-thousand dollar salary was flung in my face. *Pauperemque dives me petit.*

"You have said enough," I replied. "I can't afford to let such a chance slip. If you want me, I'm your man."

"Good. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

I accepted promptly, and took my leave. The cashier eyed me askance, and I nodded carelessly in response to his unspoken question.

"So he's given you the job," he muttered. Then he smiled, derisively, I thought, and sputtered out,—

"My congratulations."

I returned to the Acropolis, and ordered luncheon,—something worthy of the occasion, to wit: a nice little cold pint of Clicquot, some pompano,—in flavor the mullet of the Pacific,—a *Chateaubriand truffe*, and a Parmesan omelet. The old Roman proverb, a favorite of my poor father's,—*spero infestis, metuo secundis*,—pricked my sensibilities, and also my appetite. Ten thousand dollars—great Scott, what an income!—were not to be lightly earned. A smart tap on my right shoulder dismissed such speculations.

"Hello, Hugo," said a familiar voice. "What the deuce are you doing in California? Taking care of yourself, I see."

He glanced at the débris of my luncheon as we shook hands. I had not seen George Poindexter for many moons, and I welcomed him warmly.

"Of course," he said, awkwardly, taking the chair next mine, "I read of your father's financial troubles and subsequent death. I trust, old man, you saved something from the wreck?"

"Not a nickel."

As we smoked our cigars in the court-yard, walking up and down beneath the palms, George asked me many questions, which I answered. He was a native son of the Golden West, heir to large interests, and as good and kindly a fellow as I could wish to meet. Presently he said, "I suppose you're looking out for a berth?"

"I have one already."

"A good one?"

"Ten thousand a year," I replied, lightly.

"Phew!—Ten thou—— You're joking, Hugo."

"Not much." I pulled the *Enquirer* from my pocket, and showed George the "ad." "I applied for that," I said, "and got it."

Poindexter halted, an amazed light in his hazel eyes. Then he whistled and laughed.

"Where's the joke?" I demanded.

"Not on you," he replied, "but on us. The fact is, that 'ad' has been running for six months, and during that time hundreds have presented themselves at the bank, in vain. Now you, an effete Philadelphian, carry off the prize. Why, men got tired of applying. Old Gerard just looked at 'em and gave 'em the bounce. But, Hugo, what does the old duck want you to do?"

"That, George, is a secret."

"Oh! I beg pardon."

"Not necessary. The secret is a secret to me."

"It is? You don't mean to say you've accepted the job blindly?"

I detected a note of anxiety in his voice which puzzled me. George, of course, knew the financier; and upon that knowledge I decided to draw liberally.

"It was there to take or leave, George. What sort of a man is Gerard? Tell me about him."

"He's a holy terror, Hugo. And another thing: if he pays you ten thousand dollars a year, he will expect to get value received. You can gamble on that."

Poindexter liked the sound of his own voice, and I encouraged him to talk. It appeared that Mark Gerard was a most singular person. He had accumulated a large fortune by sucking—I quote Poindexter—other men's brains; and this vampire-like quality endeared him to few. He was generous as a caliph, if he liked a man; but he had no friends. He was secretive in his business methods, and sensual in his pleasures. Certain stories, George added in a whisper, were afloat in clubland; stories that hinted at a double life,—a Hyde and Jekyll existence. Gerard had been known to disappear for months at a time, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. Such persons, according to George, should be handled with tongs.

The nature of these communications was not reassuring; but I had no wish to cancel my dinner engagement. On the contrary, I cursed the laggard hours which yawned between apprehension and comprehension.

"I wonder," said George, as we parted, "if that old fox chose you because you're a stranger." This hypothesis I had overlooked.

Upon the morrow I duly presented myself at the Gerard mansion.

I possessed a suit of dress-clothes, in which I arrayed myself with lively satisfaction. I hadn't tied a white cravat for over a year, and my hand had lost something of its cunning; but I felt at home in my sables and—I will not say a gentleman, for every son of the Golden West is a gentleman, but—a *gentilhomme*.

My patron greeted me with a keen glance. He wore, what he had worn the day before, a plain business suit; and he received me in the library.

"Cocktail?" he asked, abruptly.

I bowed; and the butler brought the drinks.

"To your very good health," said Gerard, with his queer stare.

"At your service, sir."

"I hope so," he replied, with an odd chuckle. "You've a fine appetite, eh? That's right. And I'm going to give you a dinner worthy of it. Yes, yes; a dinner fit for a prince."

He led the way to his dining-room, and we sat down *tête-à-tête*. Mr. Gerard plied me with questions, and his servants with meat and drink.

"Know many people on this coast?" he asked, as he gulped down his soup, a wonderful purée of chicken, with asparagus points in it.

"Not a soul, except George Poindexter."

"Ahem!" He frowned. "The less you see of him the better. I presume he was at Yale with you. Just so. A fool! Leave fools alone. I'm afraid of fools. Knaves I can handle."

He gobbled up his fish, and tried a new tack.

"You ain't engaged to be married?" he blurted out. "No? Glad to hear it. And you said you were an orphan—eh?"

"I don't think so; but I am an orphan."

"Good! I mean"—he blinked and grinned at his slip—"I mean, my boy, that for the game ahead it's better for you to be—er—free."

"You spoke yesterday of slavery."

"Ha, ha! so I did, so I did. Well, well, we're all slaves, ain't we? I'm a slave to my millions: you ought to be a slave to your appetite and—er—the exigencies of youth. You were brought up in luxury? Your father was a rich man?"

"Yes."

"I know all about that. How does this Château Yquem suit your palate?"

I became enthusiastic immediately. My father's cellars in Philadelphia were famous, but he had never owned such wine as this, and I said so. He seemed pleased.

"I'll give you a bottle of Lafitte after dinner," he said, solemnly, "which you will appreciate. I'm glad you know the difference between good wine and bad,—between dining, as we are dining, and mere eating. You like pictures, eh?"

"That one belonged to us," I said, glancing gloomily at a fine Constable.

"I'll let you have it—when you want it—at the price I gave for it." He named a considerable sum. "You would like"—he peered at me from behind his glass—"to buy back the old acres?"

"Yes," I replied, with energy, "I would."

"Things are coming your way, my boy. Lucky, now, wasn't it, that you read that little 'ad'? How long, at, say, thirty dollars a month, would it take to buy that picture, or a dozen cases of this wine even? Eh? eh?"

Fifty minutes later the dinner (as he said, a dinner fit for a prince) came to an end, and we returned to the library, where coffee was served in some wonderful Belleek china cups. Then my host unlocked a grotesquely carved Chinese cabinet and produced some curious cigars, cigars never seen in the market, long and thin, with outside leaves of velvety fineness, and a fragrance which lingers still in my memory. These we lighted, and Gerard, sitting near me with his back to the lamp, sighed softly.

I confess that I was nervous. The elaborate dinner, the rare wines, the talk, turning as it had upon the glory and desirability of things material, had stirred my senses, but aroused my suspicions. Why, I asked myself, why this parade of wealth, this worship of the Golden Calf? Gerard, watching me with shrewd blinking eyes, interpreted my thoughts.

"Contrast," he said, abruptly, "colors our lives."

"And the jade," I returned, "seems to paint blindfold: all the pigments on her palette lavished upon one fellow, while his brother man, more deserving possibly, must content himself with a daub of neutral gray."

"Your colorless man," snapped my host, "is not contented; and, take my word for it, the under dog in the fight—who seems to have your sympathy—generally deserves to be bitten. I have tried to-night, my lad, to emphasize the difference between the rich man and the poor man. I have done it,—eh?"

The sharp "eh?" provoked me.

"Yes," I answered, calmly, though my pulse was running riot: "you have made me realize, in a way I could scarcely have believed possible, all that I've lost."

"And all, my young friend, that may be found again."

"Yes," I returned, bitterly, "but the cost, sir?—the moral and physical price which must be paid?"

"I'm coming to that. Yesterday, as soon as you had left the bank, I wired the President of Yale, and received his answer before sundown. It was more than satisfactory. I'm proud to entertain so distinguished a guest. And now, as my time is valuable, to business! I must confide in you. That confidence, no matter what happens, must never be abused."

"Not by me," I answered, firmly.

"I'm willing to pay you," he said, slowly, never taking his piercing eyes from my face, "the large salary of ten thousand dollars a year if you will take upon yourself the duties and responsibilities of being—" he paused, and the pitch of his voice dropped, "of being tutor and guardian to my only son."

"Your son?" I stammered. "I understood you had no son."

"Hush! I have a son, a pretty lad,"—his harsh tones softened,—
"whom I love well,—too well for my peace of mind or body."

"But where is he?" I exclaimed.

He ignored my question, and continued,—

"The reasons which have forced me, sorely against my will, to keep my child's existence a secret from the world are these."

CHAPTER II.

THE reasons, however, remained for a minute or two longer in his own possession. An idea, a happy thought, brought a strange sparkle to his eyes, as he rose from his chair, crossed the room, and unlocked a despatch-box. From this he drew a red morocco case, which he opened and handed silently to me. It contained a beautiful miniature.

"A very lovely woman," I said.

"My wife, sir."

I glanced involuntarily at my host's wrinkled face. Was it possible that once he had played the enchanting part of Romeo to such a Juliet as this? Or had she married him for his wealth?

He held out his lean fingers for the miniature, and, leaving it in the palm of his hand, continued:

"I met her at Red Gulch, where I made so much money. You have heard of the Black Gulch excitement; and you know, possibly, how and why the place came to be re-christened. No? Well, I'll tell you. It was the scene of a horrible tragedy, one of those blood-curdling crimes which shock the whole world and are then forgotten. Any old-timer will give you the particulars; but such details are not to my taste; and to be honest with you,"—he shuddered,—“I cannot trust myself to discuss them. The crime”—his voice sank to a whisper—“made a coward of me for life. Do you know, Mr. Livingston, that one may suddenly lose his grip and never recover it? That happened to me. The man who was murdered and so horribly mutilated was my partner, and—God!—my emotion will not surprise you when I add that he was killed by mistake. The assassin intended to murder me. My partner had arranged to visit San Francisco to buy some machinery; but at the last moment he was unable to undertake the journey, and I went in his stead. That night the deed was done,—done, too, in darkness, which accounted for the blunder in identity. But the ferocity of the murderer cannot be described. Only a man inspired by the most malignant hatred could have butchered a fellow-creature as——”

"He was caught red-handed, of course?"

"No. He is still at large."

"And you know him?"

"Yes."

"But the motive, Mr. Gerard?"

He held up the miniature, and sighed.

"Your wife!" I gasped, overwhelmed with surprise and curiosity.

"She was not then my wife. She was married at that time to—to—the man—the fiend, I say, who killed my poor friend Ferdinand Perkins. And, fool that I was, I never suspected the truth; and the

devilish cunning of the monster threw suspicion upon another. When I learnt the real facts, months after the tragedy had occurred, it was too late,—too late!”

His distress moved me profoundly.

“The motive was jealousy, the jealousy of an Othello. I had paid attention to his wife, a blameless woman, Mr. Livingston, good as gold, and loyal to the ruffian whose name she bore. She must have known that I loved her, for she came to me one night, two weeks after the murder, and implored me to take her away. I jumped at the opportunity, and asked no questions then. We left Red Gulch—it was called Red Gulch because—you understand—behind the fastest team in the county, but none pursued. The husband—I didn’t know it at the time—was down with brain fever, and raving. Well, sir, one year later I made that unhappy lady my wife by the laws of this land, but, at her special request, secretly. She easily obtained a divorce from her first husband, on the ground of desertion and failure to provide. He had disappeared. But, to my amazement, my wife refused to live openly with me. She gave these reasons:”

He paused and wiped his forehead.

“This fiend had killed Perkins believing him to be me, and had betrayed himself to his wife in his sleep. Small wonder! She dared not tell a soul, fearing for her own life; but she consulted a confidential servant, a Greek, who was my right-hand man and entirely trustworthy. Between them they unearthed the evidences of the crime, the clothes he wore, the knife. The devil—he is alive, as I told you—has a streak of insanity in his make-up. He has a madman’s cunning, a madman’s strength, and a madman’s ferocity.”

I began dimly to understand my mission. Sooner or later I might expect to pit myself against this crazy Hercules. The prospect was not pleasing.

“Why did you not prosecute,” I asked, “when you learned the facts?”

“Prosecute?” he echoed. “Not a jury in the land would have sent him to the gallows. The testimony was purely presumptive, and the fact that I had eloped with and married the accused’s wife would have invalidated her evidence. I submitted the case, hypothetically, to the greatest criminal lawyer in America, and he laughed at me.”

“I understand.”

“I suppose,” he continued, dreamily, “I might have taken the law into my own hands; I might—I had the opportunity more than once—have shot him down; but, Livingston, it’s a disgraceful thing to admit, but, as I told you, I am a coward. That awful night’s work destroyed my nerve, made a woman of me; and my wife implored me on her knees to leave the monster alone. I”—he laughed nervously—“needed no urging, and appreciated fully my position. ‘If he finds us out,’ said she, ‘he will kill us.’ And I believed her.

“I made my arrangements, my boy, with that astuteness for which”—his eye twinkled—“I’m somewhat famous. Money can work miracles, and I hedged in my poor Lucy with twenty-dollar gold pieces.”

“Your wife is alive?”

"Yes," he replied, gloomily; "but anxiety has made an old woman of her. Her beauty is gone. She is the wreck of what she once was. The Greek I spoke of has charge of her and the boy. He has been well educated, but he cannot teach the lad much longer."

"And the name, Mr. Gerard, of the murderer?"

"Burlington."

"What? The writer? The socialist?"

"That is he. I meet him," he whispered, fearfully, "at banquets, at the clubs,—everywhere."

I thought of that familiar figure, Damocles and the sword; of the wretch in the iron chamber, whose tortures Poe has described; of many others whose sufferings have stained the page of history; and, noting the haggard features of the man beside me, his twitching fingers, his prematurely gray head, his sunken chest, and in salient contrast to these his love of life and pleasure, his great wealth, his power and fame,—noting this and more, I considered my own future, and trembled. I make certain, looking back, that during this interview I bade good-by to my youth. The realities of this world, stripped of gloss and glamour, grinned sourly in my face, cackling derisively.

"He cannot be mad," I exclaimed.

"He is mad," persisted Gerard. "Wait till you see him. The glare of insanity is in his eyes,—others have noticed it,—but his self-control is marvellous. What,"—he leaned forward and touched my cheek with clammy finger,—“what will happen when that self-control gives way?"

The ten-thousand-dollar salary began to shrink.

"But your son," I said, impatiently: "you wish me to be tutor to your son. What has he to do with this man?"

"Burlington," returned my host, in sombre accents, "will slay my boy as he slew my friend. I am certain of it."

"Then he knows of your marriage?"

"He does."

"Of the birth of your son?"

"Yes."

"Of the sanctuary?"

"I don't know. I fear the worst."

"Mr. Gerard," I said, "are you sure that you are not the victim of your nerves? Possibly this man never committed the crime your wife charges him with. Time has——"

"Tut, tut!" he retorted, peevishly. "Do you take me for a fool? Burlington knows what he is doing. Look here—and here."

He drew from his pocket-book half a dozen sheets of paper. These were soiled and stained by use. The man must have read and re-read them a thousand times. He spread one out upon his knee, and, without glancing at it, repeated to me from memory the contents.

"You cannot escape me," he murmured, "but I know how to wait. I shall strike you down when you least expect it."

He handed me the paper, but I could not decipher the words upon it. It bore a date, March 17, 1875, and was written upon a printed telegram form.

"A telegram!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and written in cipher, a cipher several of us used at Red Gulch, and one familiar to Burlington. Here is another message, of later date. It runs, 'You have a child. Take good care of it.' When I received this," said Gerard, tapping the faded paper, "I went nearly crazy with terror. I had solved the problem which had puzzled me for five years. My life, in the opinion of this demon, was not worth the taking. He had reserved for himself a sweeter revenge. Nothing would glut his appetite but the blood of my innocent child. Of course I dared not tell the mother, but I removed her at once to a safer place, and for months ceased to visit her. With the aid of my written directions she escaped the lynx eyes of our enemy, and as time passed I began to forget his threats. He had left San Francisco, and my secret agents knew nothing of his whereabouts. Then he reappeared one day, and greeted me on Market Street with a diabolical stare. A few days later I received this: 'You are looking too well. How is your boy?' My friend, I fear you despise me, but I, God help me, had seen this man's handiwork. I—I——"

"Mr. Gerard," I said, earnestly, "you have my deepest sympathy. Such terrorism is infamous. But, pardon me, I cannot but hope that this villain is playing with your feelings, destroying not your body, which might bring him to the gallows, but your mind. This cruel anxiety will——"

"Drive me mad. I know it, and then those defenceless ones will be at his mercy."

"With your immense wealth," I said, slowly, "you could have bribed men to——"

"Kill him for me?" he said, hurriedly. "Yes, yes; I have thought of that; but I couldn't do it, my lad,—I couldn't do it."

With these words fled my lingering doubts as to whether or not I should accept the perilous position of tutor to young Gerard. My reception, the words of Poindexter, the appearance of my host, had filled me with misgivings. These misgivings were banished by pity and indignation.

"I insulted you, sir, by the suggestion; pardon me. If my poor services are required they are yours."

He held out his hand, which I clasped firmly.

"You are very strong," he said, wistfully. "Will you stand, if necessary, between my son and Burlington?"

"That," I replied, grimly, "is in the bond."

"Blood tells," he continued, still clasping my hand. "I have some qualities which men value, but a bastard strain flows in my veins. I should have cut a poor figure in the Middle Ages. Well, well, you have put new life into me,"—the tones of his voice strengthened perceptibly,—"and I shall not be ungrateful. If you do your duty, as I know you will, the reward will be commensurate."

"Yes," I said, heartily, "the prize is worth working for."

He glanced at me queerly.

"I was not thinking of the money," he muttered.

The streets were empty of foot-passengers as I trudged briskly (the night was chilly) to my hotel. A fog, held at bay by a high wind, was impending and likely to roll in from the ocean before dawn; but the sky above the city was clear and starlit. In my pocket was an address, my destination on the morrow; in my heart was hope; in my head were a score of surmises chasing each other into blind alleys. I had walked some seventy-five yards, when an impulse moved me to halt and look backward. Gerard's mansion, its mansard roofs sharply outlined against the purple firmament, crowned the top of the hill; and its massive proportions, in such striking contrast to the bodily presence of the owner, impressed me sadly. The very stones of his palace proclaimed the Titanic efforts which had piled one upon another. The lust of millions, like a monstrous bat, had sucked from its victim vitality and virility. To the right and left were other palaces; and I recalled the histories of the men who built them, and shuddered. The loneliness of the spot, a solitude grim with spectral activities, was awful.

Suddenly I became aware that another beside myself was intently regarding the house above. In the shadows across the street, leaning against a lamp-post, stood a man absorbed in contemplation. Fancy urged me to approach him.

It was Burlington.

I recognized him at once from Gerard's description. His eyes countered mine savagely; then the heavy lids fell.

"A fine night," said I.

"Ay," he returned, coldly.

"The temples of Plutus," I continued, "make a brave showing by starlight."

He jerked his hand in the direction of Telegraph Hill. "There, sir, lies Dagotown; there, the Greek quarter. Hardly a stone's throw from us is Chinatown, where opium fiends and pestilence run amuck; and here"—he laughed harshly—"is Nob Hill."

The sombre significance of his words could not be misunderstood. Once in Chicago I had heard a famous anarchist address his associates. At my urgent request, a Pole whom I had befriended stood my sponsor and saved me a broken head, possibly a broken neck. The dominant note of the speech had been a truly demoniac suggestion. The actual words of the speaker were void of offence (from an official point of view); but beneath the velvety periods was the snarl of the wild beast. Burlington's apostrophe, commonplace enough, brought to mind the Chicago den, with its flaming gas-jets and brutal odors.

"Come," he said, abruptly, "we shall both catch cold loafing in this bitter wind. I'm chilled to the marrow already."

We paced a few steps in silence.

"We might wear each other's clothes," he said, answering my unspoken thoughts; "but I," he sighed, "am past my prime. By the bye, I've seen you before. Your name is Livingston,—Hugo Livingston?"

"Yes."

"And you write,—fairly well for a beginner; but there's nothing

in it; not bread and butter. My name is Burlington. You are a stranger here? Just so. As a brother craftsman let me welcome you to Cosmopolis. There is lots of material here, hard and soft. Do you propose to work it up?"

His questions, and a certain warmth of manner, put me on my guard. I wondered if he had seen me leave the house of his enemy.

"My plans are uncertain."

"Curse it, I'm frozen. Will you pledge me in a glass of hot brandy-and-water?"

"Thank you, no. I'm past due at my hotel. Good-night."

"We shall certainly meet again," he returned, carelessly; "and so, Mr. Livingston, *au revoir*."

The next morning, sipping my coffee, a paragraph in one of the dailies seasoned my reflections. It proclaimed briefly the immediate departure of Burlington for lands unknown. At eleven I had left this man at the corner of California and Kearny Streets; and the forms of the *Enquirer* went to press at three.

Talk, according to Dr. Holmes, is spading up the ground for crops of thought. Assuredly my conversation with Burlington had brought forth already an abundant harvest.

CHAPTER III.

PICTURE to yourself, if the pigments on your palette are bright enough, a landscape blazing with primary colors: stainless skies of vivid blue, a dazzling ribbon of white surf, red sandstone cliffs, and, in the foreground, a field of cloth of gold embroidered lavishly with millions of yellow poppies.

Here, twenty-four hours later, I found the sanctuary, the home of the Gerards, a comfortable, red-tiled cottage, encompassed with broad verandas, lawns, shrubberies, and groves of cypress and eucalypti.

The faithful Greek, Demetrius, received me. My first impressions of this remarkable man are worth recording. In his physical aspect I could find no clue to his character. He stood before me a colossus, impassive and impressive, reminding me, absurdly enough, of the Matterhorn as I saw it first from Zermatt. How sharply that grim peak pricked my fancy! And yet its profile alone was visible. The loveliness of the lower slopes, the glory of gorge and glacier, the horror of crevasse and precipice, were shrouded with shadow, obscured by distance. I knew from hearsay what lay between me and the summit; but between the Greek and me, between experience and inexperience, was an abyss not lightly to be bridged.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said, respectfully. There was no trace of a foreign accent. "I had my master's telegram, and your room is prepared."

He led the way to a comfortable apartment, simply but admirably furnished, and began to unstrap my valise.

"Sit down," I said, abruptly. "I have something of importance to tell you."

I briefly recited my adventure with Burlington. Demetrius listened attentively, his lower lip protruding, his heavy eyelids lowered. When I had finished he refrained from comment, but inquired politely as to the state of his master's health. I shook my head.

"He is extremely nervous; almost completely broken down."

The Greek touched his own grizzled locks.

"Neither master nor man can stand it much longer," he said, gloomily. "Would you like to see Mrs. Gerard? She is in the parlor."

I washed face and hands, and Demetrius brushed from my clothes the dust of Southern California.

"How long, Demetrius, have you known Burlington?"

"Twenty years."

At the name a sinister gleam illumined his heavy face. That he hated the enemy from the bottom of his heart was plain to be seen.

"How was it," I continued, "that he entirely escaped suspicion? I did not like to press the point with Mr. Gerard."

"In the West, sir, there is a prejudice against Chinamen. Mr. Burlington was editor of the *Black Gulch Banner*. He said at the time that the murder couldn't possibly have been committed by a white man. We hanged Fong, a peddler of garden-stuff."

"Horrible!"

"An easy death," said Demetrius. "I'm sorry they didn't hang me. The life I've led for the last few years is not worth living."

"It's the life of your choice," I replied, bluntly.

He spread out his hands, betraying for the first time the foreigner, and shrugged his massive shoulders. From these gestures I was at liberty to infer what I pleased. A curious apprehension quickened the action of my heart. Was I destined to—— I dismissed my fears with an effort, and followed Demetrius to the threshold of the parlor. He pulled aside a portière, murmured my name, bowed, and retreated.

I was alone with the mistress of the house.

The contrast between the outward and visible peace of my surroundings (I noted many books, a piano piled high with music, some valuable mezzotints, chintz draperies, bowls of roses, sleep-compelling chairs) and the tumult of my mind made me stammer like an awkward school-boy; but the kindly welcome of Mrs. Gerard soon dispelled my embarrassment. Upon her gentle face were the lines of a great sorrow, but a sorrow so chastened by time and fortitude as to convey to the observer a pleasing rather than a painful impression. I soon learned that she had the nicest appreciation of what was good,—brave deeds, kind words, ennobling books,—and a lavender-scented prejudice against evil. No longer a beautiful woman, she was distinguished in appearance: her figure was still youthful, her carriage erect, her eyes a limpid blue beneath arching brows, and her hands, the hands of a gentlewoman, long and slender, the skin soft as satin and cool to the touch. Upon the palms of these (this I discovered later) were innumerable faint lines, crossing and recrossing, the symbols of a thousand cares,

and representing against her family a debt of love which nothing could extinguish. She wore, I remember, a dress cunningly fashioned out of gray cloth: the soft neutral tints emphasized agreeably her personality, suggesting a subtle compromise between the sunshine and shadow of her outward and inward lives.

We exchanged a dozen phrases, and then the boy was summoned. To my surprise, he greeted me cavalierly, almost rudely, and glowered when I spoke of our future relations.

"I hate books," he said, frowning.

I laughed. Telemachus blushed, scenting ridicule. The mother sighed.

"At your age," I replied, "I hated books myself, and got little good from them."

He regarded me attentively, and I returned his glance with interest.

"What are you going to do with me, Mr. Livingston?"

"That depends upon yourself. I'm under contract to cultivate in you the three M's,—Mind, Muscles, Morals. We will begin to-morrow with the muscles. You have, I see, capital legs, but your arms"—I pinched his biceps—"are still undeveloped. We must spar together, and buy a horizontal bar."

His eye brightened.

"He is very delicate," said Mrs. Gerard, "and so easily tired."

The boy winced. I liked him better for the protest.

"I'll make him as stout as a bull,—if," I added, "he will sign articles of partnership. We must work together."

"I hope," said his mother, a few minutes later, when the boy had left the room, "I hope, Mr. Livingston, you will be able to make a man of him."

"He doesn't like me. I'm handicapped at the start."

"He is hard to please, and somewhat spoiled. I fear," she continued, smiling, "that you will find us very dull people."

As she spoke, a peal of laughter echoed through the house, a silvery laugh, care-defying. I started and lifted my eyebrows.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Gerard, a faint blush dyeing her cheeks; "my daughter Nancy."

A month passed,—a month containing thirty-one enchanting days, which distilled an essence so subtle, a perfume so sweet, that no mortal may profanely analyze its elements; but my memory, like an empty phial of attar of rose, attests its surpassing fragrance. Of course I was in love. I had looked into the glorious eyes of Nancy Gerard, and knew that my hour had come. Being a wise fool, I capitulated at once, an unconditional surrender.

It is always the unexpected which baffles our calculations. I had plunged, as I thought, into a maelstrom of hate; I found myself in the whirlpool of love. Miss Nancy graciously accepted my homage, and twanged my heart-strings *con brio*, evoking surprising harmonies and discords. She had a pretty trick of manifesting at once the innocence of a child and the knowledge of a woman, a combination which brought me to my knees in a spirit of humility and adoration. George

Eliot, describing Catharine Arrowpoint, says that she was one of those satisfactory creatures whose intercourse has the charm of discovery. I gratefully borrow this sentence and apply it to Nancy Gerard. The social instinct in her was amazingly mature. Certain hours were devoted to music and books, and the rest of the day to the exercise of her nimble tongue. We were thrown together from the beginning. Of course I spent the greater portion of my time with my pupil, and Mrs. Gerard, a prudent mother, kept her daughter under her own eye; but after dinner the dear lady most considerately dozed, and then our tongues were loosened. My advent spurred Nancy's curiosity into a gallop.

"Mother tells me you are an author," she said, on the evening of the second day.

"I write a little for the papers and magazines."

"How delightful! It seems such a satisfactory way of making an income. You jot down your ideas,—I'm sure, Mr. Livingston, you carry a full cargo of ideas,—and then you send them to an editor. He writes a flattering letter and encloses a check."

"Does he?"

"Doesn't he?"

"Not always."

"Of course one can't please every one, but sooner or later you get the check; and it seems such an easy way of making money. Oh, I don't accuse you of writing only for money. You don't look as if you cared about the Almighty Dollar. Art, I suppose, is your god."

"I have no particular god, Miss Gerard, but I have a goddess."

She laughed.

"Have you really a goddess?" she asked, in a tone of the keenest interest. "Really and truly?"

"Really and truly."

"Tell me about her."

"I will, some day."

"How nice of you to confide in me! I'm ever so glad to know it, because——" She blushed, rosy as Aurora.

"A fellow-feeling?" I suggested.

"Not at all. How absurd! Well, if you must know, because it will be so much pleasanter for *me*."

"I don't quite——"

"Yes, you do, too."

"On my honor I do not."

She pouted: such mutinous red lips; such dimples,—nests of laughing Cupids!

"I hate to make explanations; but—but the very few young men I have met have all——"

"You need not finish the sentence," said I. "I don't blame the young men, and I'm sure you didn't like it. We shall be great friends, I see."

I put out my hand, which she clasped warmly and unaffectedly.

"I'm so surprised," she said, after a decent interval, "that you should give up your writing to teach Mark—what do you call them?"

ah, yes,—the three M's. Here you are alone with two women and a hobbledehoy. Is it wise?"

"I'll answer that question when I tell you about the goddess. At present I don't know."

Mark and I signed our articles of partnership, the former under protest. He didn't like me; but, recalling my own youthful antipathies to schoolmasters and those in authority, I easily forgave him; and, besides, he had a sister. The Greek, Demetrius, exercised a most potent influence upon the lad, an influence, so far as I could judge, for good. Perhaps it was prejudice on my part, but I fancied that he avoided me. Certainly he evaded my questions.

"Why," said I, "has Mr. Gerard focussed all his anxiety upon his son? He has a daughter."

The Greek replied slowly, weighing his words:

"Mr. Gerard is not alarmed on Miss Gerard's account."

"Strange, he never even mentioned her name to me."

Demetrius bowed; his Sphinx-like features betrayed neither surprise nor annoyance. I could not help admiring the fellow. Never had I met a better servant, nor one less servile. His dignity was quite impressive. After all, I reflected, if he wished to emphasize the difference between us, that was his affair, and not mine. None the less his confounded reticence piqued me consumedly.

Miss Nancy, however, consoled me.

A few days later the curiosity of the witch bolted again.

She liked to sit upon the veranda overlooking the ocean. On her face was reflected the placidity of the waters; in her heart, I knew, was the restlessness of the tides. Indeed, there was a smack of the salt sea about the girl, of the sea in all its moods and tenses. Her blood ebbed and flowed beneath the freshest skin; on her lips, with the glimmer of teeth white as foam between their curves, was the many-twinkling smile, in her eyes an enchanting shimmer. One could swear that those same eyes would flash fiercely in time of storm and stress, and that the red lips, like breakers, would curl angrily. I hate a tepid temperament.

"Mr. Livingston,"—how softly the syllables of my name dropped from her mouth!—"which do you prefer, action or inaction, peace or war?"

"Peace, Miss Nancy, at any price. I push my little go-cart along the lines of least resistance."

"I thought men"—she emphasized the word—"preferred war."

"Nowadays they leave that to women."

"But the love of fighting, of adventure, is natural to man?"

"To uncivilized man, yes."

"Strip a man," she cried, with a touch of scorn, "of the rags we call manners, take from him the deference which he pays to the opinion of society, and what do you find?"

"Sometimes, a beast."

"Ah!" She drew in her breath with a pretty sigh.

"Sometimes, a god."

"Does he teach small boys?" she asked, demurely. "Confess, now, Mr. Livingston, you are something of a fraud. You ought to be fighting—with your pen, I mean; slaying monsters, like Hercules; and instead you are——"

"Talking to Omphale. There is a time for everything."

"Tell me"—she spoke coaxingly—"your true reason for coming here. Don't attempt to deceive me. I can distinguish truth from falsehood."

"What eyes you must have! How do you do it?"

"It's very simple. Truth once seen is never forgotten; the poor dear, you remember, wears no clothes—that's why she lives at the bottom of a well; but Falsehood is tricked out in the latest fashion."

"And you have met Truth face to face?"

"I live with my mother."

It was prettily said, but it set me to thinking; and Thought, like Falsehood, has many costumes in her wardrobe. Where did Miss Nancy learn to talk? Her mother, sweet, gentle soul, was no conversationalist; her father, confound him, was a money-grubber. The girl must be still in her teens; but her shrewdness and wit amazed me.

"No man," I observed, "incriminates himself. The reason of my presence here must remain for the present at the bottom of the well. But beware; I have found out your besetting sin."

She looked at me defiantly.

"I don't believe it."

"A morbid love of excitement."

"Wretch! You have laid your finger upon a tender spot. Yes, I am fond of excitement. The deadly dullness of my life till—till quite lately has driven me nearly crazy. I have the dramatic instinct strong in me. Heaven knows where I get it, but I can't be rid of it. And my dramatic instinct tells me that there is some mystery here, in this peaceful house, where you would least expect it; and you, Mr. Livingston, are mixed up with this mystery. There, it's out at last."

Poor child, how I pitied her!

"Miss Nancy," I said, earnestly, "the wise old Greeks had a word which we translate wrongly bitter-sweet. It should be sweet-bitter, for the bitterness comes last and remains. If you could realize how sweet and fragrant your present life is, you would be thankfully content. This is really fairy-land, if you only knew it, but the beauty of it will never come home to you till you have left it."

"Do you mean," she said, slowly, "that the gratification of my curiosity may drive me from Eden? Very well: I take the hint."

At the end of the month Mrs. Gerard requested a private interview. Her face, I remarked, wore a troubled expression, and she twisted her slender fingers, a sure sign of nervousness.

"I perceive," she began, softly, "that you are exploring a new country, Mr. Livingston. The French call it *le pays du tendre*."

I was completely taken aback. I am not a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve, and I had taken infinite pains to keep that unruly organ out of sight.

"Your silence," she continued, "confirms my fears. Let me entreat you to turn back before it is too late."

"Turn back!" I ejaculated. "Mrs. Gerard, this is no walking tour. I am travelling—by express."

"It is better to walk," she said, coldly. I could tell by her tone that she was provoked.

"It is better to crawl," I replied; "but when a man is travelling sixty miles an hour it is dangerous to leave the train."

"But you must leave the train—at once."

"And break my neck—my heart, I mean."

"Hearts do not break," she murmured; "at least, not the hearts of men."

"Mrs. Gerard, you are cruel. Have you anything against me?"

"No, no; but Nancy is not, as—as you think, the daughter of Mr. Gerard. Her father"—the last words were almost inaudible—"is Edgar Burlington."

I must have been blind not to have discovered this fact for myself. How much it accounted for, physically and intellectually! From him she inherited those brilliant eyes; from him, the power of speech, the *torrens dicendi copia*. And what else?

I took the hand of the poor lady beside me, and kissed it.

"I love her," I whispered. "For herself, first, and, secondly, because she is your daughter."

"Nancy," said Mrs. Gerard, in frozen tones, "can never marry. I have given her an education that is given to few girls. She has abundant material for happiness outside of marriage, which at best is so often a failure. Her books, her music, her absorbing interest in humanity, these must fill her life."

"Why? why?"

"Her father." The fear stamped upon her face twisted my heart-strings; but there was a quality in it conspicuously absent from the terror of Mark Gerard. This was no coward sentiment. The awful dread was not for self, but for others. "Her father, as you know, is a dangerous madman: the taint of insanity is in poor Nancy's veins."

"I don't care a rap," I answered. "I love her."

"Mr. Livingston, do you force me to tell the truth to Nancy?"

"You could not be so cruel; and, besides, I—I have no reason to suppose that she returns my love. I have taken no advantage of my position. I have——"

"You must leave the cottage to-morrow."

"Leave?" I stammered. The word stuck in my throat.

We were sitting in the parlor. Mrs. Gerard, feeling that further conversation was intolerable, rose from her chair and walked slowly from the room. Through the window I caught a glimpse of her graceful figure as she paced down the garden path. Was Nancy destined to flit from my life in some such abrupt fashion? Not while I, Hugo Livingston, had life and limbs to pursue. I waited a couple of minutes, choking my emotion, then I followed. I found her at the end of the walk, where a flight of steps led to the sands. She stood shading her eyes from the setting sun, her glance straying southward.

I noted, in the mid-distance, a man walking rapidly, probably Demetrius, for he was tall and well proportioned. Strangers frequently passed the house (the sands at low tide were a public highway); and I wondered vaguely what possible interest this pedestrian challenged. Mrs. Gerard ignored me entirely. She stared intently at the approaching man.

I touched her arm.

"Mrs. Gerard, I pity you profoundly; but if I am willing to take the chances, if——"

"Hush!" she cried, wildly. "In the name of heaven, who is that?"

She pointed dramatically at the figure striding swiftly along the sands.

"Some stranger," I murmured. "Mrs. Gerard, you are overwrought: let me take you back to the house."

"It is he," she said, trembling. "It is Edgar Burlington. He has found me at last."

CHAPTER IV.

SHE fled homeward, seeking sanctuary like some hunted creature. My first impulse was to follow and console, but duty and curiosity nailed me to the spot. From the shadow of the cypress fence I could see Burlington, myself unseen. He strode past, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walking as a man walks when he has his goal in sight. I waited, thinking hard; then I returned to the house.

Nancy met me as I passed the threshold. Her sweet face was puckered and lined by anxiety. "Mother," she gasped, "is so ill. Please come to her at once. I am frightened."

I entered the parlor. Upon the couch lay Mrs. Gerard. Her eyes were closed; her breath came and went in short gasps; her pulse was rapid and feeble. At my suggestion Nancy left the room to procure some aromatic spirits of ammonia. Before she returned Mrs. Gerard opened her eyes.

"Mark," she murmured, faintly,— "where is he? This faintness will pass; but my child—Mr. Livingston, find my child."

I humored her instantly, fearing hysteria. The sight of the lad, I reflected, would still her poor fluttering heart more quickly than all the drugs in Christendom. Mark, of course, was with Demetrius. I had left the two at the back of the house, building a small sloop upon plans furnished by me. The Greek was no mean mechanic, and Mark had proved an enthusiastic apprentice.

Demetrius I found busily at work, but the boy was not with him.

The impassivity of the Greek, as I recited the facts, annoyed me. He leisurely assumed coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to put away his tools.

"Don't alarm yourself, sir: I can find Mr. Mark. He is around somewhere."

"Somewhere! Of course; but where?"

"He ran down to the sands to get some fresh water for his aquarium."

"The sands! Good God, man, and we are standing here! Follow me."

I ran at top speed to the water's edge. Yes, he had left his bucket and wandered north, searching, probably, for shells in the masses of sea-grass and kelp which a recent storm had flung upon the shore. I noted his footprints in the wet sand, and close beside them the large, deeply indented tracks of Burlington.

Perdition! What if I arrived too late?

To the south the sands stretched widely flat for miles, a superb highway, fringed with low sand-dunes; to the north were the cliffs, jutting promontories of red sandstone, honeycombed with caves. These caves could be entered only at the lowest tides, and were favorite haunts of the boy. In their dim recesses were exquisite medusæ, pink, purple, and green, starfish, echinoderms, monstrous abalones, and other marvels. One cavern, to which the Portuguese fishermen had given the melodramatic title *Pirates' cave*, had a mighty fascination for Mark. He listened to the yarns of the ancient mariners, and believed implicitly, with the glorious faith of youth, that chests of doubloons, dead men's bones, and other relics of Spanish buccaneers were awaiting discovery. Upon the Pacific slope, especially in spring-time, tidal waves are not infrequent; and Mark had received strict orders from his mother never to venture alone into the caves. I make no doubt that he ignored these commands whenever opportunity served.

As I ran, vagabond thoughts whirled like dervishes through my brain. I recalled the proverbial patience and cunning of madmen. Burlington, armed with powerful field-glasses, must have watched and waited (possibly for a full month) for this very chance. From my knowledge of the man I shuddered to think what foul use he would make of it.

When I reached the end of the sand I paused. A cove was directly in front of me,—in fact, a succession of coves, sheltered, each one, by frowning headlands. At high tide these coves were inaccessible from the shore; and already the waters were lapping idly at the base of the cliffs. Sea-gulls screamed overhead. The wet sand was blood-red with sunset reflections. The sun itself was below the horizon, the day dying fast, and the short spring twilight stealing swiftly from landward.

Scrambling across the rocks, I scanned anxiously the semicircular cove in front of me. No human being was in sight. Hurrying on, I struck again the sand, and on it the footprints. These I followed to the mouth of the *Pirates' cave*. There—where the pebbles hid the tracks—the spoor was lost.

My worst suspicions were realized.

I listened intently for the murmur of voices. Then, slipping off my shoes, I stepped noiselessly forward. My right hand gripped the stock of a pistol which (at the urgent request of Gerard) I carried habitually in my pocket. The cave had two chambers, an inner and an

outer, the latter lighted by a small aperture in the roof. I remembered, with a sudden gust of hope, that it was possible to crawl through this aperture and regain the cliffs above. I had performed this feat myself at much personal inconvenience, but Mark made little of it. Here, then, was a loophole of escape.

The silence, accentuated by the drip and trickle of water, was horrible. A more appropriate stage setting for a tragedy could scarcely be conceived. The dank walls, slimy with fungoid growth, harbored no echo. What nymph, indeed, would haunt so fearful a grot? The pools of water courted blood-stained hands. And in the deep crannies and fissures were hiding-places for a hecatomb of victims.

I am no coward, but horror smote me in the face.

As I glided in the shadows to the entrance of the inner chamber I heard a peculiar noise,—a fretting of garments against rocks. Pistol in hand, I plunged forward. High up, crawling painfully across jagged rocks, was Burlington; but where was the boy?

"Halt!" I cried, sternly.

The sound of my own voice startled me; and it startled the madman above. He turned suddenly, grasped helplessly at the slimy walls, lost his hold, and crashed headlong to my feet. He had fallen in the most awkward possible place, a rift between two rocks. For the moment every feeling was banished save that of pity; but how to extricate him passed my understanding. He lay, senseless, upon his back. The trapezius muscles had borne the brunt of the shock, and saved him a broken neck; but in the nature of things he must have suffered very grave internal injuries. But the catastrophe added fuel to the flames of my anxiety on Mark's account. Had he escaped through the hole in the roof? Or—— I dared not finish the sentence.

A hasty survey of the cavern somewhat reassured me, and I remarked, with satisfaction, that the hands of Burlington were unstained save for the patches of fungus, that his clothing bore no evidence of committed crime, that his features even were calm and peaceful. Bending over his prostrate body in the sorest perplexity, I heard a welcome footfall, and an instant later Demetrius stood beside me.

"Mark?" I stammered. "Have you seen Mark?"

"He is with his mother," he replied, coolly. Then he too bent down and gazed steadily into the face of his enemy.

"He is not dead, Mr. Livingston."

The fellow asked no questions. He accepted the situation with extraordinary stoicism.

"He is very badly injured," I answered, curtly,—*"I fear fatally."*

"What are you going to do?" he whispered.

"Do? Why, get him out of this—at once."

He laid a heavy finger upon my forearm.

"Mr. Livingston,"—his hot breath stirred the hair upon my temples,—*"Mr. Livingston, the tide is coming in."*

The diabolical suggestiveness of the words palsied my tongue.

"The tide is coming in," he repeated, slowly, a horrid smile upon his clean-cut lips.

It would be wise, I reflected, to ignore his meaning.

"Yes," I returned, "we have not a minute to lose. Take his feet, Demetrius. Luckily, we are strong men."

But Demetrius folded his massive arms and stood erect.

"Take hold, man."

"No."

Then, with a startling change of facial expression, a very petard of words exploded, a thunderclap from a sullen cloud. This was his enemy, his master's enemy, whom Destiny had delivered into our hands. He had been struck down with foul murder in his heart. He deserved to die. He should have died at the hangman's hands a score of years ago. If we succored him now, and ill came of it, the blood of the innocent would be upon our heads.

All this and much more, with amazing fluency and vehemence. When he had finished speaking, the splash of water mingled faintly with the echo of his concluding words. A wave, the herald of the incoming tide, had broken with sullen murmur upon the rocks outside.

"I have heard what you say. For the sake of your long years of faithful service I shall try to forget what has passed. Take hold."

"No," said he, for the second time.

Hot blood flows in the veins of the Livingstons. I prefer peace, as I have said elsewhere, but my ancestors were men of action,—soldiers. What followed must be attributed to atavism. At any rate, I pulled out my pistol and clapped the muzzle to the head of Demetrius.

"Take hold, you scoundrel, or, by heaven, I pull the trigger."

He looked steadily into my eyes and obeyed. Between us, with infinite difficulty, we dragged the still senseless Burlington from the perilous cave, and thence to a place of safety. Here, perplexed and perspiring, we rested.

"There is not another house within two miles," said I. "We cannot take him home. Demetrius, I'll stay here, while you——"

"Miss Gerard is coming, sir."

We were close to the cottage, not three hundred yards at most from the veranda; but what subtile instinct had sent the girl in search of us? She approached and gazed pitifully into the face of her father. With the quick apprehension of a woman she had grasped the truth. An accident to a stranger? Badly hurt? He must be carried at once to the house. The coachman could gallop for a doctor.

"Pardon me, if you will order the carriage I will take this gentleman to the doctor myself."

"What!" she cried, "take him away,—to his death, perhaps? We are not savages."

Her eyes flashed indignation and scorn.

"I shall take him to the doctor," I returned, curtly.

"Mr. Livingston," said she, "you forget yourself most strangely. My mother and I would blush to turn a wounded dog from our doors. I speak for her,—in her name. Ah, how stupid of me to stand chattering here!"

She sped away in the gloaming, deaf to my entreaties.

"Miss Gerard always has her own way," remarked the Greek.

"So it seems," I said, dryly.

He glanced at the face of Burlington. Assuredly Miss Nancy had her father's chin and mouth.

"You knew," I blurted out.

"I knew," he answered, quietly, divining my meaning.

"You might have told me."

"I had no such instructions."

He closed his lips, and with them further discussion. I decided to wait for assistance. Miss Nancy, whose heels were nimble as Atalanta's, soon returned.

"Here is brandy," she gasped, "and a pillow. John" (the gardener) "will be here to help Demetrius, and the coachman will go for the doctor. Mr. Livingston, mamma wishes to see you *now*. Will you return with me?"

"As soon as John comes."

A frown flitted across the smooth forehead of the Greek. He saw that I mistrusted him, and resented it.

"I wonder who he is," she said, softly. "A handsome man, and a gentleman. Give him some brandy, Mr. Livingston."

"I dare not, till the doctor comes. His pulse is not failing."

Presently John joined us. With creditable ingenuity he had improvised a litter, which he brought in a barrow. Having helped to place the wounded man upon this, I hastened forward with Miss Nancy. The others followed at a snail's pace; for Burlington was no light weight, and I warned them that any jolting might prove fatal.

"Mr. Livingston," said the girl, as soon as we were out of earshot, "I told you the other day there was a mystery here. Then it was guess-work on my part. It is guess-work no longer. My mother's seizure this afternoon was in some way connected with this stranger. When I told her what had happened, she said, 'Don't bring him *here*, Nancy; don't bring him here.'"

"Your mother's wishes——"

"Have been overruled by me. This poor man must and shall stay here till we learn the extent of his injuries."

"You have taken upon yourself a great responsibility," I replied, gravely.

"Ah! you disapprove?"

I thought I marked a shade of anxiety in her tones. I did not reply at once, for the words of a great and kindly writer were bubbling up in my mind: "Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it comes from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace." The lobes of Miss Nancy's brain were well developed; but her heart—God bless her!—was big enough and passionate enough for a dozen ordinary maidens. And this, according to the writer aforesaid, is as it should be.

"I see that you disapprove," she continued, piqued by my silence.

"Your eyes are blurred," I replied. "You have obeyed, Miss Nancy, the dictates of your heart; and heart, nine times out of ten, proves a better guide than head."

Mrs. Gerard received me in the parlor.

"Will he die?" she demanded, anxiously.

"He has had an awful fall, Mrs. Gerard. And this prolonged insensibility argues the gravest internal injuries."

She covered her face with trembling hands. Once, long ago, she had loved this man, had given him that divine gift, a girl's immaculate heart; and now, as the tears trickled through her slender fingers, I knew that she had turned back the tear-stained pages of the book of life and was rereading, tenderly and reverently, the sweet story of her youth. O Memory, "active mother of all reason," what mad pranks thou playest!

"Nancy is right," she said, presently. "I cannot turn him away."

"He is quite harmless, now."

"Yes, yes. The doctor will soon be here?"

"Within an hour."

"Nancy is attending to everything. I—I cannot——"

"It is not necessary that you should," I interrupted. "Mrs. Gerard, try to think of something else. Save your strength. It may be needed later."

"He was not responsible," she wailed. "His father before him was—well, not mad, but very eccentric. And he had been working like a slave for weeks, sitting up, writing, till three and four in the morning. That, and his terrible jealousy, wrecked his reason."

"Happy days are in store for you, Mrs. Gerard. This cruel anxiety which has preyed upon you and Mr. Gerard is now at an end. You will be able to take your proper place at his side. He needs you."

She smiled pathetically.

"Mr. Gerard can stand alone."

The coarsest ear might detect a discord. The conviction flashed across me that the second marriage had proved as disastrous as the first. I had no right to judge Mark Gerard; but from what I had seen of the man I was ready to pronounce him no fit mate for the gentle woman beside me. My heart ached for her.

Of course I said nothing of what had passed in the Pirates' cave. She esteemed and trusted Demetrius; and the facts would have shocked her inexpressibly. It was important, however, that I should seek light and find it. At present I was in the dark.

"Demetrius," I remarked, carelessly, "is a faithful servant. How did you come by him?"

"Surely Mr. Gerard told you?"

"He told me little or nothing."

She seemed surprised, but answered my question. Mark Gerard had picked up the Greek in New York, where he had found him running the streets, absolutely destitute and starving. He had given him a liberal education, and, when he was old enough, employed him as a confidential servant. Demetrius had proved honest, intelligent, and extraordinarily receptive. Gerard liked plastic servants, and he moulded the lad to suit himself.

"Demetrius," faltered Mrs. Gerard, in conclusion, "has been with me ever since that awful time. Nearly twenty years he has given up to me. Mr. Gerard has paid him well, but money cannot cancel such obligations. Have you talked much with him?"

"He won't talk with me, Mrs. Gerard."

"He is remarkably well informed,—in his way, quite a metaphysician."

"His philosophy," I remarked, "does not temper his hostility to me."

"Hostility?" she repeated. "That is too strong a word. He is jealous, I dare say, because you have supplanted him, in a sense; and the poor fellow was not brought up as a Christian. You know Mr. Gerard's views. Demetrius is a pagan. When you understand him better, Mr. Livingston, you will appreciate him."

"I have no doubt of it."

Burlington was needing my attention, so I said no more. My immediate departure from the cottage was not canvassed, and I gladly left the matter in abeyance. With my hand on the handle of the door, I asked one important question.

"Shall I send a telegram to Mr. Gerard?"

She hesitated, scanning my face with troubled eyes.

"Yes," she answered, wearily, "I suppose so."

Her thoughts were straying in another direction.

"And you won't quarrel with Demetrius?"

So, after all, my foolish man's face had betrayed me.

"As for Demetrius," I answered, "I shall remember, Mrs. Gerard, how much you owe him, and, if ever the chance presents itself, pay a portion of the debt."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN does a man—a young man—begin to take himself seriously? Obviously, when he realizes that the integrity of the human rope may depend upon the soundness of a single strand; that the smallest bolt in a mighty bridge may not be withdrawn or suffered to rust without disastrous consequences; that he, insignificant mortal, may make or mar not only his own life but the lives of others. These platitudes are proclaimed hourly from a thousand pulpits; but the practical application of all teaching must come from within, not from without.

The doctor, a country practitioner with average brains and a capital "bedside" manner, made a careful examination of Burlington and murmured two words: "Cerebral concussion."

"Prognosis," he continued, rubbing softly his *pince-nez*, "is quite out of the question at present. The severe shock to the nerve cells and fibres of the brain may produce violent symptoms. Upon the other hand, a really serious lesion may not have taken place."

Demetrius, who was present, listened attentively.

"Mr. Burlington," he observed, quietly, "is subject to fits of violence."

"Eh?" said the doctor; "what?"

"To fits of violence," the Greek repeated. "He's a very dangerous man; at times insane."

"But incapable of hurting a fly, now," I observed.

The doctor pursed up his lips and adjusted his *pince-nez*. His mannerisms had begun to irritate me.

"Is this—er—the Mr. Burlington, the author?"

"Yes."

"Indeed! A singularly handsome man. But this"—he touched lightly Burlington's head—"indicates a somewhat unbalanced mind."

"How long will the coma last?"

"I cannot say. Possibly forty-eight hours. He may come to himself in ten minutes."

Demetrius drew him aside.

"Are you certain," he whispered, impressively, "that he is absolutely unconscious,—senseless?"

The doctor regarded his questioner attentively.

"That is a very strange remark, sir."

"I know the man," Demetrius replied.

"He is not malingering," returned the doctor, with emphasis. "Of course he must be watched. I'll send a responsible nurse. Meantime you can feed him; but no stimulants. I'll call the first thing tomorrow. I have a most important case; but send for me, if necessary."

When the door had closed behind his portly person I turned to Demetrius.

"Why did you ask that question?"

"Mr. Livingston, if you had seen this man's work at Red Gulch you would understand. He has the cunning of a fiend."

His voice quavered; and his eyes, the eyes of a frightened animal, sunk before mine. My suspicions swelled to certainty. The Greek was a coward. And I, knowing the facts, felt sorry for him.

"I saw him fall full six feet onto the back of his head. He ought to be a dead man."

"Yes," the Greek repeated, "he ought to be dead."

I dismissed him. Presently Miss Nancy entered the room and seated herself beside me. To my remonstrance she turned a deaf ear. It was already late, and I told her frankly that she ought to be in bed.

"I shall watch this night with you. Demetrius has told mamma what the doctor said about—about the violent symptoms. You won't have Demetrius, so you must take me."

"Demetrius has alarmed your mother most unnecessarily. I cannot for the life of me understand——"

"A woman," she interrupted, deliberately ignoring my real meaning. "Of course not. As for Demetrius, he has done his duty. I propose to do mine. You can talk or go to sleep, just as you please. For my part, I should prefer to talk. It can't hurt the patient, and will serve to pass the time."

She settled herself, smiling, in the chair.

"The doctor," she continued, "is an old woman, but I like him because he is an optimist. He thinks Mr. Burlington will get well. Oh, I do hope and pray that this may be so. You see, I feel that Mark was really responsible for the accident. The poor man must have seen the boy's tracks in the sand, and followed them out of curiosity into the cave. Then he naturally wondered how Mark left the cave, and tried

to follow the same road. And it is so interesting to think that he is *the* Burlington. I've read some of his articles and one of his books, and I'm ever so sorry for him."

"And why?"

"Because it's plain—to a woman—that he has been the under dog in the fight. Not that he ever was whipped."

"You are catholic in your tastes," I observed. "You like the doctor because he is an optimist, and Burlington because he writes a lot of morbid, materialistic rubbish. I know a third person who is cultivating a wholesome and cheering style. He, possibly, is outside the pale of your sympathy."

"He probably doesn't need it."

"He wants an allopathic dose, to be taken immediately."

This was true. Flopping about in a quagmire of perplexity, I realized my dependence upon others.

"Go to your goddess," she said.

I had forgotten the goddess, and smiled.

"Ah, you have had a surfeit from her."

"No, my goddess feels as you do. A lame dog limping over a stile is a sight that never fails to fill her pretty eyes with tears, but——"

"A big, lazy mastiff blinking in the sun makes her want to poke him up with a sharp stick. Your goddess is a sensible woman. It is not sympathy your mastiff wants, but a square meal."

"That is very true," I admitted. Under the pressure of circumstances, I had missed my dinner. My chance shaft struck the target. Miss Nancy jumped energetically from her chair and fled. When she returned, a tray, handsomely garnished, testified to the accuracy of my aim.

"Here," she said, laughing, "is your bone, poor doggie."

I attacked with vigor some cold chicken.

"Your mother," said I, "knows that you are here?"

"A most violent assumption," she returned, coolly. "My mother, as you suggested, should be spared all worry. I'm here on my own responsibility."

"Mr. Gerard will come to-morrow."

"And you think he will be angry. I can assure you you are mistaken. Mark is the apple of father's eye. He looks upon me as a vegetable of no consequence, a sort of pumpkin."

Her indifference was pathetic.

"We have not seen him," she murmured, "for more than six months. He may stay with us for six hours."

Mark Gerard passed as her father. His long absences from home were accepted by Miss Nancy, without comment, as commonplace facts, connected—so she supposed—with business affairs. Of his standing in San Francisco she was entirely ignorant. The girl had been educated in the East and abroad. She read no newspapers. She asked no indiscreet questions. Custom had atrophied curiosity.

"Of course," I said, apologetically, "he is a very busy man."

"He must be," she returned.

Then she leaned back and closed her eyes. A mastiff feeding is

not an æsthetic sight ; and I confess that I was hungry. As I munched away, the two faces almost within touch of my hand challenged attention. The likeness between father and daughter grew startling,—so startling, indeed, that I gulped down a glass of wine to quiet my bristling sensibilities. No wonder Mark Gerard had sent her abroad and to the East. With that face confronting him, his apprehensions, poor devil, must have run riot.

“There is thunder in the air,” said Miss Nancy, raising her heavy lids.

“Thunder?” I repeated, incredulously.

“And lightning. Well, it will clear the atmosphere. The barometer has been at ‘set fair’ long enough.”

Her perspicacity confounded me. With men of all sorts and conditions I was familiar ; with women I had come but seldom in contact.

“Yes, we are smarter than you think,” she said, divining my thoughts. “By the bye, why do you dislike Demetrius?”

“Your mother says he is a pagan.”

“So was Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Livingston, why can’t you talk to me frankly? Forget that I am a girl.”

She spoke gravely,—with emphasis, without excitement. A man, I reflected, might do well to pick up the gauntlet she had thrown down. A friendly contest of wits was just the tonic I needed ; but Mark Gerard had my word, and my tongue was tied.

“Demetrius, Miss Nancy, is a Greek, with a Greek’s subtlety and cunning. Unless I am very much mistaken, he has served Mr. Gerard, faithfully, I’ll admit, because it was to his interest to do so. He believes in the doctrine of expediency, that the end justifies the means. That is why I call him a pagan.”

“Yes,” she said, thoughtfully, “you are right. Hush !”

She moved swiftly across the room, opened the door, glanced keenly to right and left, and returned to her chair.

“I thought,” she whispered, “that I heard a noise outside. I was mistaken.”

“Your nerves are——”

“In excellent order, thank you. Mr. Livingston,”—her voice betrayed for the first time excitement,—“look ! He is coming to.”

I sprang to my feet, and together we approached the bed and bent inquiringly over the patient. His eyelids twitched convulsively, and then opened. The man was conscious. At the same moment my ear caught the sound of a distinct creak in the passage. My eyes sought Miss Nancy’s.

“That was what I heard just now,” she murmured. “It’s nothing: all these wooden houses creak.”

Burlington monopolized our attention, and no more was said. The doctor had left instructions, which were followed to the letter. Miss Nancy supported the sick man’s head, while I, with a teaspoon, fed him slowly with prepared bouillon. Burlington swallowed the broth with difficulty, and made no attempt to speak. He was not violent,

and apparently was not in pain. We waited patiently for his first words.

"Where am I?" he stammered, when the broth was consumed and his head once more upon the pillow.

"With friends," I answered.

"Friends?" His voice was singularly strong and harsh. "I have no friends. Ha! I remember: the cave, yes,—and the boy."

He attempted to move, and groaned deeply.

"Mr. Burlington, you know me, I think: Hugo Livingston. Let me entreat you to keep perfectly quiet. Don't move, and don't talk. I can give you a hypodermic injection; but you are better without it. The doctor will be here to-morrow morning early."

He nodded and closed his eyes. Of course further talking between Nancy and me was impossible. We sat in silence through the watches of the night, performing from time to time such offices as were required.

The birds had begun to twitter their matins when the doctor drove up. He had been attending a dying patient. He protested against Nancy's vigil, and pronounced the patient in no immediate danger.

"You will please go to bed, Miss Gerard, or at any rate lie down. I insist. Demetrius will take your place; and I shall relieve Mr. Livingston. Perhaps you will be kind enough to ask the Greek to come to me at once. I expect the nurse in half an hour."

I glanced at my watch as Nancy obeyed. It was six o'clock, and the household was already astir. Demetrius, I knew, was no sluggard, no lie-a-bed. He would answer the summons promptly; and upon my immediate action might hang the life of Burlington.

Distracted by doubt, I walked to the window and flung up the lower sash. The fresh air flooded the room; with it came the sounds and odors of spring. The full-throated meadow-larks (California has few singing birds) had begun their roulades, to which the staccato notes of the gulls and the myriad-voiced chorus of frogs from the marshes east of the sand-dunes furnished a curious and effective accompaniment. The scent of violet, heliotrope, and jasmine hung lightly on the breeze. The lawn sparkled with dew. The lanceolate leaves of the eucalypti quivered against an opalescent sky. Leaning out of the window, my tired eyes rested gladly upon the Pacific, which wooed me to its embrace with a tender murmur of welcome. From the multitude of sea-birds I could prophesy that the mackerel and sardines were in the bay. The cormorants were hard at work, plunging with mighty splashes into the water. I caught now and again the gleam of a mackerel in their monstrous beaks, and noted idly the parasites snapping up the morsels of fish carelessly dropped by their patrons. What a paradise! To me a garden of Eden, with its tree of knowledge of good and evil, its serpent, its Eve, and, alas! the angel with the flaming sword.

It falls to the lot of all sons of Adam to wander once down the enchanted glades of Eden. How many recognize the place too late, when the gate is closed against them forever!

My thoughts were put to flight by the sound of Nancy's voice. She beckoned eagerly from the passage.

"An extraordinary thing has happened," she gasped. "Demetrius has gone. He never went to bed at all. And—and he has taken Mark with him!"

"Gone!" I ejaculated. So the fellow had turned tail. His nerves at the critical moment had failed.

"He has left a letter for mamma. She is reading it now. I must go to her."

Flinging these disjointed phrases at my head, she left me, and I returned thoughtfully to the bedside of Burlington. As yet he had shown no disposition to talk. The doctor's second examination had provoked groans and affirmative nods in response to important questions. The man was terribly bruised; but his bones, *mirabile dictu*, were still intact. Quiet, of course, was imperative; and any excitement might prove fatal. I led the doctor to the window and told him briefly that Demetrius had left the house. "Anything you need, doctor, I can get. Pray command me." The doctor, however, refused my services, and went himself to prepare a liniment. I accompanied him to the door, and when I turned confronted the melancholy eyes of Burlington. The fire was out of them; in its place was a question.

"Am I in the house of Mark Gerard?" he asked, harshly.

"You are in the house of Mrs. Gerard," I replied. It was futile to evade the truth, but I wondered how he would take it.

He took it, as might be expected, hardly,—in silence. The hot blood flamed across his forehead, and ebbed instantly, leaving the pale complexion livid,—a danger-signal which quickened my own pulses. The situation was intensely dramatic. His next question surprised me:

"Is the Greek here?"

"He was here."

"Curse him! Don't let him come into this room."

He closed his eyes and said no more. After all, he had said enough. The mere words, coupled with the tones of his deep voice, horrified me. Manifestly, his appetite for blood was not yet glutted. And this man was the father of Nancy!

An hour later the letter of Demetrius was placed in my hands. I had finished a hasty breakfast, and was sitting, smoking, upon the veranda. The doctor and the nurse were with Burlington. The letter ran thus:

"DEAR MADAM,—Acting in accordance with the instructions I received from my master, I have been compelled to leave your house and take your son with me. We can camp at the hut on the island" (Mark had described this hut to me with enthusiasm: it had been built by his father, and well provisioned, for the purposes of duck-shooting), "and Mark, as you know, will be safe and happy there with me. I dare not take the chances of exposing the boy to the fury of a powerful madman.

"Yours respectfully, madam,
"DEMETRIUS."

Nancy brought me this carefully written epistle, and with it a message from her mother. Mrs. Gerard was prostrated by the events of the past twenty-four hours and unable to leave her room. She approved the flight of Demetrius.

"He is certainly faithful," said Miss Nancy.

"Why are you not lying down?" I asked, severely.

"I could not rest while—the thunder is in the air. Mamma has just given me the key to the puzzle. She has told me that Mr. Burlington is a madman,—that he has a terrible grudge against father, and wishes to murder poor Mark. How horrible!"

"Very horrible," I said, gravely.

"And you," she continued, "were sent down to stand between Mark and this dreadful monster. I did you an injustice. Forgive me."

She held out her hand frankly, with an air of good-fellowship which argued the lack of a tenderer sentiment.

"But the monster," she continued, with a slight shiver, "is surely helpless?"

"That, Miss Nancy, we do not know. We think so."

"Mamma also told me that he had once tried to murder father, and instead had killed his partner. I could see that the mere telling of the story upset her terribly. Oh, Mr. Livingston, my heart mis-gives me when I think that I'm responsible for this man being here. What have I done in my folly and conceit?"

Her distress was most painful to witness; and naturally I offered some crumbs of comfort, pointing out that she had acted according to the dictates of her heart, a woman's wisest counsellor, and doubtless for the best, ultimately.

"Why has this man," she asked, fiercely, "been suffered to heap such wretchedness upon the heads of innocent people?"

I was silent.

"Have you nothing to say?" she demanded, hotly.

"There is reason in everything," I answered,—“the inexorable logic of cause and effect. I believe that the answer to most of our questions may be found, if we search patiently. The problem of human suffering is to be solved, but not by random guess-work. The sufferings of such a woman as your mother are to me evidence of a future state of existence.”

She listened attentively to my crude response, a softer light suffusing her fine eyes. The thought struck me that both of us, she as well as I, had taken life too lightly and needed the discipline of reflection. To me personally things in general had begun to assume strange proportions; some of my mountains dwindled to mole-hills, and *vice versa*; substance melted into shadow; the ideal absorbed the real. The process is often rapid, and, like a trip across the English Channel, most upsetting.

"Yesterday," said Nancy, after a significant pause, "I particularly noticed the sunset. The line of surf, with the light behind it, was purple, not white; and yet I knew, of course, that it was white. It is so with the human souls we meet: their color depends upon the

light, and our own eyes deceive us. And there are always the two roads, one leading to heaven,—on earth, I mean,—and the other to——”

“The land of regret. May you never set foot there!”

I spoke warmly.

“Thank you: you would——”

“Turn myself into a sign-post for your sake. Most assuredly.”

We gazed calmly and dispassionately into each other's eyes. Perhaps, all in all, it was the bitterest moment of my life, for I saw that she had guessed my secret and remained unmoved; and yet—the leaven of sweetness was there.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the request of Mrs. Gerard, I drove alone to meet her husband, a passenger on the incoming stage, which was due at the nearest town (a wretched village) about five in the afternoon. Burlington, so the doctor assured me, was, practically speaking, paralyzed, and unable to move his limbs without suffering intense pain. During the day he had spoken to none, taking what nourishment was offered, and submitting without a groan to the treatment prescribed. The nurse was a powerful man, fully awake to his responsibilities. Gerard doubtless had much to say to me, and I to him. Under these circumstances I consented to leave the house.

“Will he live?” was the first question of Gerard.

“The doctor thinks so.”

Then I told my story from start to finish, eliminating the murderous suggestions of the Greek. Gerard was intensely excited.

“Good Lord!” he burst out, “what an escape the lad has had!”

I concluded with the flight of Demetrius, and gave him the Greek's letter, which he read rapidly and placed in his pocket-book.

“Well,” he said, sharply, in the tone of a man who is puzzled but won't admit it,—“well, sir, what is your opinion? Mind, your honest opinion.”

“Demetrius,” said I, slowly, searching for a suitable epithet and selecting the one upon my tongue's tip, “is a damned coward.”

“And your reasons?” he snapped. His restless eyes sparkled as the adjective sputtered from my lips.

“He turned tail to save his own hide. The boy was taken to save appearances. When Mark was in real danger,—alone on the sands with Burlington,—Demetrius was indecently indifferent. But when the doctor apprehended violent symptoms, and our friend thought that he might be exposed to them, why, then——”

“He wilted, eh?”

“Yes; the naked coward obtruded itself.”

“You don't know him, young man.”

“Possibly not.”

“He is no coward. I have known Demetrius for thirty years,—a long time. I repeat, he is no coward.”

I touched up the horses with the flick of the whip ; and the action betrayed me, for Gerard laughed.

"Take it coolly," he said. "Young men, nine times out of ten, misconstrue the motives which govern human actions. Remember that I have made a study, a profitable study, of my fellow-creatures."

"All the same," I said, doggedly, "he is a coward."

"That's quite right. Stick to your colors, my boy. By the way, I am surprised that you should have taken Burlington to my house."

I could not excuse myself without accusing Nancy, so I held my peace.

"However," he continued, thoughtfully, "we have the man where we can watch him. You may yet earn that big salary."

"I expect to," I retorted, bluntly. I was cursing myself for speaking out so plainly. In damning the cowardice of the Greek I had also, by inference, damned the cowardice of my employer. My tongue, as usual, had outstripped my halting brain. I was still in my salad days and a novice in the art of dialogue.

"I suppose," said Gerard, carelessly, "that you have fallen in love with Nancy."

The question took me so completely by surprise that my stupid face flushed scarlet. I began to realize that this man, whose bodily presence was so contemptible, was, conversationally speaking, dandling me in his arms.

"I don't blame you," continued Gerard, in his most matter-of-fact tones. "She is a pretty girl, and very intelligent. It would interest me to know whether—er—she——"

"No : she doesn't."

"Thank you. I like to be posted. No, no : don't frown. I dare swear that she will say Yes ; and you may live to wish it had been No."

He had dropped his tone of banter, and spoke gloomily, in sour, raucous accents. This man had achieved much that the world prizes. His keen brain and extraordinary acumen had borne him triumphant upon the top wave of success. Now that he had brought his heavily freighted vessel into safe harborage, he had leisure to read the log and estimate the wear and tear. I watched him as he leaned back wearily against the well-padded cushions of the buggy, and made a small calculation. Divide wealth, as many millions as you please, by health, subtract time, and what is left ? Answer, the man beside me, haggard, wizened, prematurely gray.

So, after all, he had seen the complication of my falling in love with Nancy,—had counted the probability as gain, an extra rivet to bind me to his service. What a puppet I had been !

"I'm sorry the boy is from home," he muttered. "I should have enjoyed seeing him. Demetrius is over-cautious,—a fault on the right side."

He asked me innumerable questions about the lad, displaying his talent for cross-examination, and with it his remarkable love for his son. Mrs. Gerard, it appeared, had been kind enough to give me more credit than I deserved ; and her husband expressed his appreciation of my efforts in a characteristic fashion.

"You are not giving me value received," he said, brusquely, "but you've done all I asked, and more."

I wondered whether Mrs. Gerard in her letters had mentioned my excursion into Cupid's domain, and answered the question in the negative.

"I'm a generous man," Gerard continued, with that curious inflection in his voice which I had remarked when he had pressed upon me his rarest wines; "and my step-daughter—you have found out, of course, that she is my step-daughter—will be handsomely dowered. I dare say I shall give her a picture or two,—that Constable, perhaps,—if——"

"If——" I repeated.

"If she marries the right fellow."

What, I asked myself, did he mean? That there was meaning behind every word he spoke I could no longer doubt. Why did he remind me of a spider? Why—humiliating reflection!—did I compare myself to a fly? These questions were adequately answered later. Our talk for the present was over. The lights of the house were in sight. The familiar roar of the surf became louder and louder; and the dogs, a brace of handsome blood-hounds, bayed melodiously.

"By Jupiter!" said Gerard, sharply, "that is the voice of Demetrius."

I strained my ears in vain, but a large figure loomed suddenly in the foreground.

"That you, Demetrius?" my companion shouted.

"Yes," came the measured response: "it is I."

The Greek, however, had no intention of stating his business in my presence. He assisted his master to descend from the high buggy, and followed him respectfully into the house. I remained with the horses and helped the coachman, Jap Byers, an excellent fellow, to unhitch them—and his tongue. He chattered volubly.

"Slimy kind o' cuss, that ther Greek, Mr. Livingston. I'm a liar if he didn't scare the puddin' outer me."

"You don't look as if you were easily scared," said I.

"I ain't," he replied, "that's a fact; but the Greek he done it. An' it warn't right, neither. Him an' me never was frien's. When he comes a-sashayin' along as if he owned the hull earth, I aim ter look jest a leetle mite above his head, as if I didn't see his royal highness; an' that mads him, an' tickles me."

Jap laughed loudly. I had known for some time that he and Demetrius were unfriendly.

"So he scared you?"

"Yes, sir. Ye see, he bosses it around the house, but I'm the chief here, an' don't allow no monkey business on my premises. Well, sir, after you left, Mary, the housemaid, come out, an' she an' me had a leetle howdy-do. She's Danish, is Mary, an' not one o' yer scary ones. Why——"

"Get along with your story, Jap. I'm in a hurry."

"Mary was tellin' me about the doin's with the gentleman as was hurt, an' givin' me the hull song an' dance."

"Where were you, Jap?"

The honest fellow blushed. By the flickering light of the stable lantern I could see his freckled face blazing.

"We was in the hay-mow," he said, reluctantly.

"Where you generally sit, eh?"

"Yes," he admitted, with a sheepish grin. "Mary likes the smell o' the hay."

"Go on, Jap."

"D'ye think," he demanded, eagerly, "that ther Greek was on to the racket o' me an' Mary sittin' in the hay-mow? Gosh! I guess he was stuck on Mary hisself. Why, that accounts fer the milk in the cocoa-nut. Of course. Well, sir, when she got through tellin' me how the pore feller couldn't speak nor move, and——"

"She went into all those details?"

"Why, yes; an' she had it straight from Miss Nancy, too. Wimmen folks must talk, or they'd naterally go crazy. Well, sir, she'd got at last ter the end o' the yarn, an' I'd told her good-by, an' was wavin' her adoo as she stood in the door-way, when all of a sudden a big shock o' hay comes a-tumblin' down an' ketches me right 'twixt wind an' water. It come nigh killin' me, an' Mary too. Why, the girl 'most split herself a-laffin'. An', Mr. Livingston," his pleasant voice hardened, "that ther Greek, damn his soul, done it."

I expressed my astonishment.

"He done it outer meanness. I never suspicioned the cuss, knowin' that the hay was kinder poorly piled an' that I'd bin keerless about the handlin' of it. But jest before you druv up I happened ter start out fer the house, an' then changed my mind an' walked around the barn. Well, sir, as I come around that ther corner I saw the Greek, standin' like a statoo on a pedestial. Where did he come from? Why, from the mow, o' course. He piped me off ter the house, an' then crawled out. He must ha' known that Danish Mary an' I was frien's, an' he calkilated ter make an everlastin' scarecrow outer me before her,—the son of a gun! I dropped onter his racket right away, the second I seen him. He come there a-purpose. I'd 'a' thumped him good, if it cost me this place, but the dogs begun barkin', the Greek he speaks to 'em as if molasses candy wouldn't melt in his mouth, an' the next thing I knew he was talkin' with Mr. Gerard. But, cuss him, I'll git even."

"But, Jap, how do you know he was really in the mow?"

"Why, sir, when I come up with the lantern I see the hay-seed and sticker-grass on his coat."

I bade Mr. Byers good-night, and walked thoughtfully to the house. My deductions in regard to this affair differed materially from those of honest Jap. I could not believe that Demetrius had wilfully set rolling the shock of hay. If he had concealed himself in the barn for some specific purpose, would he court detection for the sake of playing a prank or to gratify a personal spite? Hardly. The hay, badly piled and undermined, had obeyed the laws of gravitation. Possibly in the ardors of eavesdropping the Greek had displaced the shock unwittingly. He had studied the habits of Jap and his "best

girl," and, wishing to learn the exact condition of affairs in the house, had turned his knowledge of sociology to good account. Very slimy, as Jap observed. An Anglo-Saxon blessed with the Greek's upbringing would have scouted such methods, but the secretive nature of Demetrius, stimulated by terror of Burlington, accounted satisfactorily for everything. The fellow was an out-and-out poltroon.

Mark Gerard dined alone with Nancy and me. He was in no mood to talk, and gulped down his dinner in gloomy silence. Since we parted in the stable-yard his manner had entirely changed. From his gestures rather than from his words I inferred that he was intensely nervous (I laid this to the charge of Demetrius), and unduly irritable. Nancy, too, seemed depressed and abstracted. She replied in monosyllables to my few questions.

"Nancy, go to your mother," said Gerard, as the coffee was brought in. "I wish to talk with Mr. Livingston."

We pushed our chairs from the table and lighted cigars.

"Demetrius," said Gerard, "is not a coward."

I merely bowed, having resolved, for the future, to curb my tongue.

"He proposes," Gerard spoke slowly, watching me narrowly between half-closed eyes,—“he proposes to take entire charge of—of this madman. You——”

He rolled up carefully the loosened wrapper of his cigar, and I, chafing at the delay, forgot my good resolutions and blurted out,—

"What disposition does he make of me?"

"Pshaw!" said Gerard, frowning; "what a hot-head it is! I,"—he emphasized the pronoun ('twas an effective trick of his),—"I, my lad, have pleasanter work for you. I shall send my family to Europe at once in your charge. Mrs. Gerard needs complete change; the boy must see something of the world; and Nancy, of course, will be counted in. What do you think of my plan?"

"Your plan," I said, dryly, "takes me by surprise."

Surprise—the word but feebly expresses the condition of my feelings. Had Demetrius dared to make this suggestion, in the teeth of what had occurred in the cave? And if so, in the name of the Sphinx, to what purpose, knowing, as he must know, that I should refuse to become a party to his infamous schemes? Was master in collusion with man? No. I couldn't believe that. What then? The scoundrel was a consummate judge of character, and he had had abundant opportunity to study the idiosyncrasies of Hugo Livingston. He probably counted upon my promise of secrecy, and—by Jupiter! the truth flashed upon me—counted further upon my opposition, and my subsequent dismissal from the service of Gerard. I would try and balk him.

"If Demetrius," said I, lightly, "is in the house, I should like to talk this over with him."

"Demetrius returned at once to Mark."

"How far is it to the island?" I asked.

"Not more than two miles."

I rose to my feet.

"Mr. Gerard, I must see Demetrius to-night. Within two hours you shall have your answer."

He nodded and puffed at his cigar.

"As you please," he said, indifferently.

The immortal Lincoln said that you could fool a part of the people all the time, and all the people part of the time, but that no man could fool all the people all the time.

In considering the relations which existed between Mark Gerard and the Greek, this piece of wisdom bubbled up out of my memory and lent an agreeable effervescence to my reflections. Gerard was a brilliant man in his way, but I had come to the conclusion that Demetrius was the stronger, mentally, of the two, and exercised a potent influence upon his master. I still clung to my theory in regard to the Greek's cowardice; otherwise I should hardly have trusted myself alone with him. He had no intention, I was convinced, of meeting or nursing Burlington. He was fooling Gerard. He should not, I decided, fool Hugo Livingston.

The night was perfect, an idyllic night for lovers. The moon lolled lazily in the sapphire heavens. The air was soft and odorous, languid with the perfume of a million flowers. And the voice of Spring whispered her old, old story.

"Where are you going?"

It was Nancy. She flitted towards me, a slender, Naiad-like figure, illumined by the silvery beams.

"Who would not wish to be abroad such a night as this, Miss Nancy? I'm off for a walk."

"I'll go with you," she replied. "Mamma is asleep, and my father"—her voice hardened—"doesn't want me."

I hesitated.

"If you don't want me, too——"

My scruples fled.

"I'm going to the island, Miss Nancy. Perhaps you would like to see Mark."

She made no reply, and we started, side by side, not a yard between us. In silence we paced down the path to the sea and descended the steps which led to the sands. I forgot Demetrius, forgot the nature of my errand, forgot prudence, forgot everything save the one intoxicating fact that I was walking alone, beneath the stars, with the woman I loved. But what I forgot Nancy bore in mind.

"Mr. Livingston," she said, in confidential tones, "I have watched for this opportunity. I want to ask you what I have not the heart to ask mamma, and what I won't ask my father."

"Is it something I can answer?"

"I think so."

"Is it something I ought to answer, Miss Nancy?"

"If you have my welfare at heart," she whispered, softly, "you will tell me the truth—all the truth—about this mysterious affair. Hitherto, Mr. Livingston, I've taken persons and things as I found them. Effects have interested me rather than causes. There is father,

for instance, who has lived apart from us all these years. I accepted that without inquiry, but now it seems odd. Where was the necessity? The reason, the cause, must be a strong one. Then, again, there is this mad socialist. What is he doing at large? And what is the nature of his grudge against us? I don't ask these questions out of idle curiosity."

"These questions, Miss Nancy, I cannot answer."

"You cannot?—or you will not?"

She spoke impatiently. I hesitated. What should I say?

"I'm old enough to know these secrets, if secrets they be, and strong enough to share my mother's burdens. Poor dear mamma! how old she looked to-night!"

"You can lighten your mother's burdens very materially by not attempting to shoulder them."

We paced on together, but Nancy had moved farther from me, as if repelled by my discretion. When she spoke, her voice had lost its warmth.

"I shall not bother you again," said she.

The fiend tempted me to reply.

"My own secrets, Miss Nancy, I would share with you willingly. One of them you surprised this morning."

I could not possibly have selected a less opportune time for such a bald statement. Truly, when love enters men's hearts their wits often leave their heads.

Nancy, with a woman's consideration, pointed out a loophole of escape.

"Mr. Livingston, is the tide coming in or going out?"

But my blood was up, and the fever of spring in my veins.

"Hang the tide!" I replied. "The tide of my life is setting towards you so strongly that I can stem it no longer. Nancy, sweet Nancy, I love you!"

A tremulous sigh escaped her lips.

"I love you!" I repeated, with a lover's foolish iteration. "I love you!"

CHAPTER VII.

THIS premature declaration of feelings which I had sworn to myself to suppress was brought about partly by the spring fever aforesaid, partly by a youthful and excitable temperament, and partly by the encouraging words of Mark Gerard that same afternoon. Upon his own confession he had anticipated some such explosion; and I was not the man to balk his fancy.

"I thought," my companion faltered, "that you were in love with another woman,—the goddess?"

"You are the goddess," I said, fervently. "And I began to worship at your shrine the very moment we met."

"Oh!"

"You seem surprised. If you had fallen in love with me, Nancy,

that would indeed have been surprising; but that I should fall in love with you is the most natural thing in the world."

"You must fall out of it again," she answered, gravely.

"Never!"

"Mr. Livingston, I say you must. Please don't be ridiculous."

"I can't help it," I replied. "You would make a graven image love-sick."

"And we were such good friends," she murmured.

"I don't want to press you——" I continued.

"I should hope not," she returned, her absurd sense of the ludicrous uppermost as usual. "Mr. Livingston, I'll try and forget this—this indiscretion. I've no love to give you. It's better to be frank, isn't it? Don't frown, and don't sulk. You are such a nice boy."

"Boy!" I ejaculated. "I am twenty-six. Do you know that Valerius Corvus was consul at twenty-three. Boy, indeed!"

"You provoke me, Mr. Livingston. Let's suppose for an instant that I could return this love of yours: are you in a position to support a wife?"

"I swear I could support a dozen—upon the terms you mention. Your love would spur me to Titanic efforts."

She laughed outright. And I lost my temper.

"If you look at this from a dollars and cents point of view, Miss Gerard, I have nothing more to say."

"That is spoken like a man," she said, mockingly. Truly, the fiend of mischief possessed her.

"Nancy," I cried, cut to the quick by her scornful words, "why are you so cruel? Is a man's love so small a thing, that you can afford to fling it aside?"

Her mood suddenly changed, and, halting, she confronted me with flashing eyes.

"For your sake," she said, with dignity, "I made light of your love. We are here together, living in the same house, meeting a dozen times a day. I did my best to patch up the woof of our friendship, but you have chosen to burst the stitches. I tried to spare you, and a man of tact would have appreciated my effort. I have no love to give you, Mr. Livingston, because—because my life is already pledged to another. I pity you from the bottom of my heart. Good-night."

She walked swiftly away, leaving me abashed and speechless.

"Hugo," I murmured, softly, "you are a fool."

Having registered myself among the vast majority of my fellows, I trudged moodily towards the island. My thoughts followed Nancy, but my footsteps pointed in the opposite direction,—a fact which furnished me with meat for reflection. Was I destined to love this fair woman and leave her? Morally and intellectually Nancy had become the magnet which swayed my faculties; what if my wretched body were constrained to bear me henceforward from—not to—her?

Chewing this bitter cud, I rapidly approached the island. Already I had come to the margin of the lake. Encircled with *tules* and bulrushes, it gleamed cold and placid in the moonshine. In the winter

its surface was covered with wild fowl,—geese, ducks, and occasional swans. To-night not a living creature met my eye. Solitude reigned supreme.

Skirting the *tules*, I came to a point of land so near to the island that a stone might be thrown from one to the other; and across the channel I noted a boat moored to a post, and a light twinkling in the window of the hut. To attract the notice of the Greek I shouted—louder than Stentor—thrice. At the third shout the door of the hut opened, and I could see plainly the huge body of Demetrius filling the entrance and outlined sharply against the background of light.

“Who is it?” His bass voice rolled sonorously across the water.

“I,—Hugo Livingston.”

He turned and entered the hut, shutting the door. For a moment I suspected that he meant to ignore my presence; but I was mistaken. He appeared again almost immediately and walked slowly towards the boat. A minute later he was by my side.

“Good-evening,” he said, tranquilly.

“I came here,” I began, bluntly, “to tell you that I am not the fool you take me for. You can impose upon Mr. Gerard, but not upon me. I saved you, only yesterday, from committing a dastardly murder.”

“I’m not ungrateful,” he returned, softly.

“What lies between you and Burlington is unknown to me. A furious personal hate upon both sides, I suspect,—a hate which the facts hardly warrant. Mr. Gerard has suffered torment at the hands of his enemy, but you are merely a paid servant.” I spoke harshly, aflame with repugnance. Demetrius listened to my words in respectful silence. “I say you are a servant, but you are usurping the functions of a master. How dare you lay a trap for me?”

“A trap?” he repeated. “I have laid no trap, sir.”

“You lie!”

He displayed no resentment. I thought—it may have been fancy—that a smile hovered upon his lips.

“You lie,” I repeated, “Demetrius, as glibly as honest men speak the truth. You pandered to your master’s fears, and urged him to send his family to Europe with me, knowing that I should refuse to leave Burlington at your mercy, the mercy of a coward.”

He spread out his hands with a deprecating gesture.

“Mr. Livingston, I swear that you do me an injustice. I agreed to stay here and watch this madman, but I had no intention of arousing his fury by going near him. The doctor and a competent nurse have him in charge. I suggested to Mr. Gerard that you should take Mark to Europe because you know Europe and because you can teach the boy what I cannot.”

“Yes,—honesty,” I said, with emphasis.

“What happened yesterday, Mr. Livingston, justifies these taunts. I’ve served Mr. Gerard faithfully,—he saved me from starvation, or a worse fate,—and, seeing his relentless enemy at last in my power, I—I lost my head. You saved me, as you say, from the crime of murder, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you.”

His extraordinary fluency of speech took me aback. Anglo-Saxons,

as a rule, express themselves so unreadily that a freely flowing diction almost bewilders.

"Keep your thanks till I ask for them. I promised to hold my tongue about what occurred in the cave, but your action to-night absolves me from that promise. Before I go to bed Mr. Gerard shall be placed in possession of the facts. We will see, then, what he will say."

In the moonlight I could see his lips whiten and quiver. I noted these signs of distress with much satisfaction. They proclaimed the absence of collusion between the Greek and Gerard.

"For God's sake, sir, don't tell him that."

"You've left me no choice in the matter."

He began to urge me to keep silence, employing such arguments as his prolific brain afforded. When he had exhausted these I shook my head.

"Will you think this over, sir?" he pleaded. "Sleep upon it, and remember that five-and-twenty years of faithful service are at stake."

"Very well," I replied. "I'll think it over. As for sleep, I watch to-night in Burlington's room. There will be no sleep for me."

He thanked me for the twelve hours' grace, but I cut him short.

"Mr. Livingston, pardon me, but are you not afraid of being alone with that madman? His injuries are not so severe as——"

"As you could wish, Demetrius. Rest assured, my friend, that the prospect of spending the night with Mr. Burlington does not scare me at all. I don't think he could move if he tried. And, in any case, I'm stronger than he."

"Yes," he answered, quietly, scanning me from head to heel, "you are a powerful young man; but in a fight the victory does not always rest with the strongest. I wish, sir, you could trust me. My friendship is worth having. Give me your word, Mr. Livingston, that you will not smirch my character, and make me your friend for life."

The oily smoothness of his tones disgusted me, and I answered, roughly,—

"Your friendship, Demetrius, has no value in my eyes. And I tell you frankly that one night will make no breach in my determination. As sure as I'm standing here I shall tell Mr. Gerard the truth the very first thing to-morrow morning."

"So be it," he answered, sullenly.

I watched him as he strode to the boat, a stately figure, but a personality that aroused in me nothing but distrust and aversion. He untied the painter, pushed off from the shore, pulled across the narrow channel, made fast the boat to the post, and entered the house. Then I swung upon my heel and walked rapidly away.

Mark Gerard, I found, had not left the dining-room. He had sat there smoking cigar after cigar, and the air was heavy with the fumes of his strong *perfectos*. The contrast between the salt breeze from the ocean and the overpowering atmosphere of that close dining-room was no more salient, perhaps, than the difference between the Hugo Livingston of a week ago and the tired, distracted individual of to-day. I accepted a cigar, in self-defence, and a chair.

"Well, my friend, you've seen Demetrius?"

"Yes."

"He's not quite the coward you thought, eh? I told you—didn't I?—that I was a coward myself, and I can recognize the symptoms in others. Demetrius does not know the meaning of the word fear."

"That remains to be proved."

"Just so. Will you give him the chance, and take my people to Europe? Place as many miles between this devil and Mark as you can. I should think you'd jump at such an opportunity."

"You are very generous, sir."

"Of course I am. I like you, Hugo. I recognize in you the qualities which I lack myself,—strength, courage, inflexibility. So it's settled, eh?"

"I'm at your service, Mr. Gerard."

"And I can use you to the best advantage. I like to use men. And I pay them handsomely. There is Demetrius."

"He must have grown rich in your service; and yet——"

"Speak out. And yet—what?"

"He has brains," I said, "and he might have aspired to be something more than your mere servant."

"He aspired, once, to be my partner. Lucky for him that I chose another man."

I waited, and the explanation came, between puffs of smoke:

"I educated Demetrius to assist me in my business. I was not thirty when I found him running barefoot in New York; but I recognized at once in him those qualities and faculties which, properly trained, bring a man to the front. But Demetrius proved too smart, much to my disappointment, and I had to show him his place. We were at Black Gulch then; and I was engaged in the most extensive mining operations. Demetrius was my right bower, but he continually overstepped instructions. He thought he knew it all—eh? Well, I had to have a partner; a man whom I could talk to and control; a conservative man, who would furnish the motive power, the running here and there, and let me do the planning in peace. Such a fellow was right to my hand,—poor Ferdinand Perkins. It must have been a heavy disappointment to Demetrius, but he stood it like a Trojan. Then came the murder of Perkins, and what followed. Demetrius himself applied for his present post, which he has kept. As you say, he's a rich man. He has no kick coming."

I glanced at my watch and rose.

"I sit with Burlington to-night, Mr. Gerard."

"Yes, yes." He winced at the man's name. "I don't envy you. Well, I'll go to bed. To-morrow I shall spend with Mark."

His softened tones as he finished the sentence provoked the exclamation,—

"You're a devoted father, Mr. Gerard."

He sighed.

"I live again, Hugo, in the person of my child. I've had a hard life,—plenty of shadow, lad, and little sunshine. I've peeped into

most things and found them hollow. Even my love for Mark, as you know, has been my greatest joy and my greatest misery. Good-night."

I pitied him profoundly as I walked up-stairs. Community of suffering, according to George Eliot, is the root of pity; and, smarting beneath the knowledge that Nancy could never be mine, realizing that life without her would prove saltless and sterile, I could put myself in the place of Mark Gerard and say with him, All is vanity.

What a paradox the man was! What a bundle of contrasts! He possessed in many material respects a mind of the largest scope—and also of the smallest,—a mind at once of the finest and coarsest texture. His financial combinations had gained him an international reputation. He was known as one of the pluckiest bulls in the stock ring. He had the tenderest affection for his son. But I knew him to be a sensualist and a poltroon. Perhaps he had the moral equipment which in these latter days proves the shield of success, the ægis against which the slings and arrows of a debauched and unscrupulous press rattle in vain.

The professional nurse assured me that the patient had rested easily and had taken a surprising amount of nourishment. The slight symptoms of fever had passed away, and the application of the liniments caused less pain. He lay upon his back, eyes and mouth closed, senseless, apparently, to the outer world. I received careful instructions as to diet and massage, and then the nurse left me.

The room was the one usually occupied by Demetrius. It had two doors and a window. One door communicated with the passage, and the other with Mark's bedroom, now vacant. Here, the nurse told me, I should find coffee and light refreshments. A drawn portière hung between the rooms, but the door was open, and a lamp burned brightly upon Mark's table, furnishing sufficient light for the room beyond, where Burlington lay. The nurse warned me to leave this lamp where it was: too much light, he said, was bad for his patient.

I took my seat by the head of the bed, with my back to the portière and facing the window. The lower sash was up, and I could see and hear the ocean. I mention these details as briefly as possible, but they are important, as the sequel will prove.

For an hour at least I watched Burlington's impassive features. I am no physiognomist, but, unless my experience was entirely at fault, this man had the head of neither a criminal nor a maniac. The brows were narrow but lofty; the mouth was beautifully modelled, but disfigured by deep lines running from nostril to jaw-bone. His hands were the next to attract my attention, and again I marvelled at the curious concatenation of circumstances which had warped a nature unquestionably designed for good rather than evil purposes. Perhaps the fact that Nancy's father was the object of my examination perverted my judgment; but sitting there in the dimly-lit room, with the lullaby of the Pacific in my ears, I came to the amazing conclusion that Burlington was guiltless of the murder of Perkins, that his wife had been the victim of circumstantial evidence, that Gerard had fallen

a prey to his natural pusillanimity. Then I suddenly bethought me of the telegrams, and my imagination wilted.

As my eyes still rested upon the sinewy hands with their strong spatulate fingers, Burlington addressed me by name. His voice was much stronger, and the intonation clear, indicating an unclouded brain.

"Are we alone?" he asked, not moving his head.

"Yes," said I; "but don't talk."

"I must," he replied, impatiently. "I've focussed all my strength for that very purpose. I want to see Mrs. Gerard to-morrow."

He was certainly mad, I decided, and must be humored.

"Yes, yes," I murmured, soothingly, "of course you shall see Mrs. Gerard."

"I don't know what the devil you mean by 'of course,'" he said, irritably. "There are serious difficulties in the way. She was once my wife, the very light of my eyes. And she left me,—*me*," I noted the accent of pride,—“for that slave of Plutus, Mark Gerard. I let her go, damn her, without a word. But she is not anxious to see me again, I'll warrant."

I was too astonished to reply.

"I may have to employ you," he continued, calmly, "as a go-between. Mark Gerard is welcome to my wife, but the girl is mine, and I want her."

"Nancy?" I gasped.

"Is that her name?" said he. "Yes, she's mine. I claim the girl."

He spoke so calmly, so sanely, that I forgot my duty as nurse, and spoke out impulsively:

"You claim that girl, knowing the reason which drove her mother from your house?"

"Do you know the reason, Livingston?"

"I do."

"Then, in the name of God, share that knowledge with me. Heavens! how my head reels!"

I tried in vain to calm him, but he demanded imperatively an answer to his appeal.

"Why did she leave me?" he repeated. "I made her a good husband. I dare say I was jealous of other men,—Gerard in particular,—but that was a proof of love. I worked like a slave for that woman,—worked till my health broke down, and then, just when I needed her most, she deserted me. The girl was born months after that, and I supposed she was the child of Gerard. To-day—this morning—I opened my eyes and saw my face stamped upon hers. She is a Burlington all over. I swear it. How dared that woman rob me of my child? I've lain here, Livingston, all this day, eating what they gave me, submitting to that awful rubbing, praying, ay, praying for strength to recover and claim my child."

"And Perkins?" I whispered.

His eyes met mine with the inquiring glance of a puzzled child.

"Perkins?" he muttered. "Ferdinand Perkins? The Greek murdered him. I know it. Don't let that man come near me. He's

my enemy, I tell you, my bitter enemy! But what has Perkins to do with me? Are you crazy? Curse that dog! My head is splitting."

The blood-hound was baying furiously, but suddenly ceased. A skunk, probably, skirting the barn, had provoked his resentment.

Not daring to pursue the subject further, I bathed Burlington's head, but to no purpose. The pain waxed fiercer and fiercer, till the man positively quivered beneath my touch. The doctor, foreseeing such a contingency, had sent a composing draught, with instructions. I hastily administered a full dose, and watched it take effect. Burlington, beneath the influence of the drug, closed his eyes, and within five minutes was peacefully asleep. I resumed my place by his side, and tried to muster my rampant thoughts. Æolus wrestling with his turbulent winds had a lighter task.

Outside, the moon and stars were obscured by fog, which had rolled in from the ocean, thick and dank with the spume of the sea, blotting from my view the shimmering waters, and banishing the grateful breeze. One might scarcely believe that one short hour ago the prospect had been clear,—that with the morning sun these clouds, so clammily oppressive, would be once more swept away.

Suddenly my ear caught the sound of a footstep, and I sprang from my chair with a muttered exclamation. Some one was in the next room!

At that moment the lamp was extinguished, and I found myself in bewildering darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE brain, if sound, performs its functions more quickly in moments of danger than at any other time, discarding the consideration of side-issues, and obeying blindly the instinct of self-preservation.

It flashed across me instantly that I was in deadly peril at the hands of the man whom I had accused of cowardice,—Demetrius. He alone had access to the house: he alone could quiet Sultan, the blood-hound: he alone had good reason to fear not only Burlington, but Hugo Livingston. Mark Gerard, I could no longer doubt, was the victim of a deep-laid plot,—a plot which already had wrecked three lives, and which was destined, perhaps, to destroy my own. If the Greek, inflamed with hellish ambition, had slain poor Perkins, he was capable of repeating the tragedy of Red Gulch here, in this bedroom. Obviously his plan was to kill both Burlington and me, and in such a manner that it would be supposed we had killed each other.

This conviction asserted itself as I awaited in breathless silence the attack of the Greek. I had dropped upon one knee between the door and the bed, and in my right hand was the small pistol which I always carried on my person. But a pistol is the least efficient weapon in such a fight as this. What would I have given for a double-barrelled shotgun, a good sabre, or a knife! If I fired in the dark, the flash of the powder would prove a death-warrant; the same grim logic applied to the striking of a match. I was satisfied that such a master-scoundrel

as Demetrius had laid his plans with extraordinary sagacity. He was taking desperate chances, but the crisis justified them. These rooms were cut off from the rest of the house, and nothing short of a pistol-shot would arouse Gerard and the servants. Demetrius must have counted upon the moon as an ally. From the darkness of Mark's room he might have approached me unseen and unheard, and then—a bold thrust of a knife would rid him of the man who had dared to unmask his villany. But the fickle moon had played him false. He probably, like me, was now upon the defensive. Who would move first?

I finally decided to take the initiative; for the suspense was intolerable. Demetrius, I reflected, was stiff in the joints, his muscles less supple than mine, his sense of hearing less acute. Youth was on my side, experience on his. The two players in the game were at least fairly matched.

Had it not been for Burlington, I could have easily escaped by the window and alarmed the household; but I dared not leave my patient. His somewhat stertorous breathing was the only sound which broke the silence. If I were killed or injured, he was at the mercy of the Greek.

I confess that a certain exhilaration possessed me as I crawled into Mark's room, and a sense that I was acting wisely braced my nerves. The Greek could beat me hollow when it came to scheming, but in a rough-and-tumble contest I confidently expected to get the best of him. As soon as I determined his whereabouts, I decided to rush the ruffian, and, if possible, strike the first (so often the last) blow.

But the unexpected, that element in human affairs which we invariably ignore, ruled otherwise. I had hardly crossed the threshold of the inner room when I heard a heavy footfall in the passage. At the same moment the voice of Jap Byers, calling me by name, echoed gruffly through the darkness, while a gleam of light pierced the gloom. As the door was flung open, revealing the thick-set figure of the coachman, lantern in hand, a crash of glass to my right set my nerves tingling. Demetrius had leaped through the window, glissaded down the roof of the veranda, and was already lost to sight. Jap and I confronted each other, our mouths agape, our eyes starting from our heads.

"If this ain't a picnic," said Jap, "what is it?"

"Attempted murder, Jap. You arrived in the nick of time."

"I heard that ther hound a-bayin', Mr. Livingston, an' I suspicioned that somethin'—a coon, maybe—was stirrin'. Well, sir, old Sultan wasn't givin' tongue fer nothin'; fer the next thing I knowed, there was that Greek sarpint a-crawlin' around the house. Thinks I, I'll watch you, mister, an' maybe take a hand myself in this yere game. I piped him off as he unlocked the back door, and then I saw, not five minutes ago, the light in Mr. Burlington's room go out. Gosh! I done some tall thinkin' right then. I dassn't cry out, 'cause that 'd ha' given the hull snap dead away. So I fetched the lantern, sashayed across the yard, and tried the door. It was unlocked, and then—why, then I jest follered my big nose till it led me here."

"How much time do you say elapsed between the putting out of the light and your appearance in this room?"

"Three minutes, maybe. Not more."

Good heavens! And it had seemed to me three hours!

Motioning to Jap to remain where he was, I hurriedly entered the front room and glanced at Burlington. He was sleeping calmly.

"Jap," said I, softly, "something must be done."

"That's right," said he. "Let's do it."

"You stay with Mr. Burlington. I must see your master at once."

Gerard occupied Nancy's room, who was sleeping with her mother. In less than five minutes I had recited the facts. He listened attentively, his glittering eyes bent sternly upon mine; that he fully assimilated my amazing narrative I could not doubt.

"Demetrius," I said, in conclusion, "murdered Ferdinand Perkins, partly from jealous rage, partly to pave the way for his own advancement. Everything else follows in natural sequence. He alone knew that Perkins, not you, would be left that fatal night; he was in possession of your cipher; he took advantage of your love for Mrs. Burlington to render you a service which he thought half your fortune would scarcely repay; he, with devilish cleverness, played upon the feelings of a nervous woman and hounded her to your arms; he made capital out of your shattered nerves; he——"

"Enough," said Gerard, hoarsely; "I am satisfied. My God! how cruelly that fiend has used me! And——" his voice failed—"and my little Mark is in his bloody hands! Come! not a second is to be lost."

He flung his clothes upon his lanky person, and sputtered out his fears. Demetrius, he felt assured, would hasten to the island, hold Mark as a hostage, and make what terms he pleased. I saw the force of this reasoning. As he said, not a moment was to be wasted.

"Mr. Gerard," said I, "you must stay here. Let me act for you. I shall take Jap with me, and you can rely upon my mother-wit to rescue Mark and bring Demetrius to the gallows. You are not——"

"Hugo," he rejoined, impressively, "you think I am a coward, not fit for such a desperate adventure as this will prove. My lad, Fate plays queer tricks with us. That night at Red Gulch paralyzed my nerves. This night's work has undone the mischief. I'm ready, by Jupiter, to encounter that monster single-handed. And, Hugo, I mistrust that hot head of yours. My child's life is at stake. Demetrius is desperate. If it comes to choosing between Mark's life and the capture of the Greek, how could I hesitate? You might precipitate more bloodshed. God knows there has been enough. Come."

A few minutes later we were on our way, Gerard walking with feverish strides ahead. The nurse was left with Burlington.

"Je-roosalem!" whispered Jap to me, "ye'll let me have one crack at the son of a gun, Mr. Livingston, won't ye, now?"

"I want more than one myself, Jap. But I'll try and remember you."

Gerard urged us continually to mend our pace. He carried a rifle,

—a catapult would have served him as well,—and muttered to himself as he stumbled through the darkness. Jap and I were well armed,—to the teeth, as the dime novels have it,—and Jap carried his lantern.

I had formulated in my own mind a plan which I dared not share with Mark Gerard. Left to himself, I foresaw that he would sacrifice justice to his love for the boy,—that the Greek would go scot-free, to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. And such a thought was exasperating. Taking advantage, therefore, of my patron's long strides, I dropped to the rear and submitted my scheme to the worthy Jap. He was good enough to approve it mightily, and eagerly proffered his assistance.

"If we don't corral the cuss, Mr. Livingston, I swear I'll—I'll never be able ter kiss Danish Mary again—and enj'y it."

I told him to be of good cheer and to carry out my instructions to the letter.

Before we crossed the low sand-dunes which lay between the marshes and the sea, Jap extinguished the lantern, and we held a brief council of war. It was decided to treat with the enemy under friendly cover of the fog, the whitest and largest of flags of truce.

"It would be wise," said I, "to advance in open order. The hut is provided with a large-bore duck-gun, and a charge of swan-shot might excite a panic."

"I'll take the centre," said Gerard, "and do the talking."

"I'll take the left," said Jap, "an' do the cussin'."

"And I'll take the right," said I, "and keep my mouth shut."

The fog was now so thick that an object a dozen yards away could not be seen at all.

"The first thing to determine is whether the Greek is here," observed Gerard. "Are you ready? Then—march!"

Our commander-in-chief halted at the identical spot where I had stood a few hours before, and I heard him sigh heavily as he realized that the boat was on the wrong side of the channel. The Greek had returned.

"Demetrius," he yelled, shrilly, "come out."

"I am here," was the instant reply.

I waited for no more, but ran noiselessly some fifty yards to the right. It was bitterly cold, but I stripped off coat, waistcoat, and boots. Then, holding my gun in my left hand, I pushed through the *tules* and entered the icy water. The channel was deep, and, at the place I had selected, broad. A swim was inevitable.

When I reached the island I removed my dripping underclothes and stole forward, naked as an Indian. I feared that the swish of wet cloth might betray my approach, and, besides, the clinging garments might impede the free use of my limbs. Demetrius must be taken, if possible, alive, and I decided to leave the gun within reach and to trust to my muscles and a knife which I thrust between my teeth.

What passed between master and man while I was executing these manœuvres I learned subsequently. Demetrius, as we had expected, submitted a cut-and-dried proposition, worthy, I must admit, of his subtle brain.

He denied nothing, and conceded nothing, but his conditions im-

plied admission of guilt. Briefly, they were as follows. Gerard and his party were to return to the house and stay there. He and Mark would take the morning train to the city. There, in San Francisco, he would leave the boy at some hotel—he naturally did not specify the hotel—and go his way. If—he laid great emphasis upon the conjunction—if any treachery were attempted, by telegraphic communication with the police, or otherwise, he swore solemnly to kill the boy instantly. He would use his own judgment as to when and where he would part company with Mark, and he demanded in addition a solemn pledge from Gerard that he, Demetrius, should be given plenary absolution for his misdeeds up to date.

Gerard, knowing the nature of the man, and trembling with apprehension for the safety of his darling, was about to accede to these impudent demands as I crawled within earshot.

“Let me have the boy now,” he pleaded.

Demetrius laughed. The scoundrel could twist the famous financier around his little finger, as a man twists a ring; and the occupation amused him.

“Mr. Gerard,”—he was never more studiously polite,—“Mr. Gerard, I am not a fool. You know that, sir.”

“Where is Mark?” panted the father.

“Asleep. Shall I wake him?”

“Put him in the boat, and you can go—where you will.”

“You speak for yourself, Mr. Gerard; but there are others, who are—er—interested in me. There is that very lucky young man, Mr. Hugo Livingston. Where is he, by the bye?”

“Here, you damned scoundrel,” said I, “here.”

I had him by the throat as I spoke, and a second later caught the strangle hold on him,—the hold which made Evan Lewis famous as a wrestler. He writhed and twisted; but the hold can never be broken between men of equal strength. Before a minute had passed he was limp as a rag doll. I gave his windpipe a last squeeze and flung him senseless to the ground. The fight was over.

Meantime Jap and Gerard—the latter could not swim—had plunged into the slough, and, the water reaching only to their necks, had landed safely upon the island.

Gerard rushed to the hut, but Jap remained with me. The Greek lay, an inert mass, at my feet.

“You’ve had all the fun,” said Jap, reproachfully. “But I’d like, sir, to tie him up good an’ fast.”

“We’ve no ropes,” I replied. The question of securing Demetrius had already perplexed me.

“There are ropes in the hut,” said Jap. “I’ll get ’em.”

“Bring a light,” I called after him, “and be quick about it.”

I could hear the voices of father and son, the breathless explanations and boyish ejaculations of surprise. Mark junior had the warmest affection for the Greek, who, as I have said before, had acquired a dominating influence over the lad. Obviously, Demetrius had counted upon capturing the gosling as well as the gander.

Jap soon rejoined me with lantern and a coil of bale-rope.

"Can you truss him properly?"

"Can I? You leave the cuss to me, sir."

Finally, tied hand and foot and still unconscious, we carried Demetrius to the hut and propped him up on the bed. Then Gerard, satisfied that his enemy was powerless, drew Jap and me aside.

"I've told Mark as little as possible," he murmured. "I did not wish to frighten him unnecessarily. What shall we do with Demetrius?"

The question demanded consideration.

"Jap can go to the house and as soon as it's light bring the carriage. He may as well start at once, eh?—Keep your mouth shut, Jap. No tattling till I give you leave."

The coachman grinned and shivered.

"Run along," said Gerard, "and bring dry clothes for Mr. Livingston and me."

The man untied the boat and pushed off. I had found a pair of overalls in the hut, and an overcoat belonging to Demetrius. In these I felt fairly comfortable, and my teeth stopped chattering. None the less it was bitterly cold; and I felt that my patron's protestations of gratitude might be deferred. Gerard, however, was feverishly loquacious, and could not be silenced.

"Cold?" he exclaimed. "By heaven, I never was so pleasantly warm in my life. If you want to feel cold, Hugo, get your heart frozen. My body is a small affair."

"My body isn't," I returned. "We can discuss these matters later, sir, unless you propose to thaw out your heart with a burning dose of pneumonia."

We had stood for fully ten minutes exposed to the raw fog, and I cut short his chatter by moving towards the hut. I thought, too, that I heard the voice of the Greek.

"Gad!" said I, "Demetrius has come to."

Gerard, startled at these words, ran nimbly ahead and entered the hut. I heard an oath, followed by a scream from the boy, and then—a horrid thud. As I burst through the door the Greek met me, a bloody knife in his hand, and a glare in his eyes the like of which I pray that I may never see again. One arm was still tied, and both legs, but he lunged viciously at my heart as I sprang at him. I turned the thrust with my naked left arm—I shall carry the scar to the grave—and countered him full on the point of the jaw. He fell like a stricken bullock, and, forcing the knife from his clinched hand, I hastened past him and bent over Gerard. He was lying upon the floor, mortally wounded, I could guess, but conscious.

"Secure him first," he gasped.

The boy was crying bitterly. I had to shake him vigorously before he answered my question.

"How did this happen?"

"I untied him," he sobbed. "I untied him. Oh, father, father! I didn't mean to do any harm."

"Never mind, my boy," said Gerard, faintly. "I'm ready to die now, anyway."

CHAPTER IX.

THE details I learned later.

Demetrius, it seemed, had asked the boy to loosen the rope which Jap, with hearty good will, had knotted so tightly as to cut the flesh. Mark, in absolute ignorance of the true nature of the beast, and moved to pity by the sight of his swollen and bleeding wrists, had consented to slacken one end. A powerful wrench had freed the Greek's right arm as Gerard entered the hut; and Demetrius, faithful to his oath, had grasped a knife and turned upon the boy. With both feet tied, he moved slowly and with difficulty, and Gerard had time to fling himself between the miscreant and his victim.

He saved his son's life by the sacrifice of his own, a sacrifice cheerfully consummated.

Demetrius was arraigned for the murder of his master and convicted. The day before execution his iron nerves gave way, and he was baptized, a trembling penitent, into the communion of the Greek Church. Before the ceremony, and in the presence of the warden of San Quentin, he confessed to the murder of Ferdinand Perkins. The motive was a jealous hatred of the man who had supplanted him, and, overshadowing that, the lust of gold. Familiar intercourse with a Cræsus had aroused a passion of envy. Gerard, doubtless, had dangled his dollars before the young man's eyes, and had trained his pupil in the constricted arena of the grossest materialism. But the prize, a partnership, had been given to poor Perkins. The fastening of the crime upon Burlington, who had begun to suspect him, was an afterthought.

He left all his money, a large sum, carefully invested, to the archimandrite of his native town; and he faced the hangman with a smile upon his pallid lips.

Gerard lingered several weeks, the happiest, so he assured me, of his life. The tangled skein was at length unravelled, and it was characteristic of the man that he accepted his sentence of death without repining or remonstrance.

"If Mark," he said to me, only the day before the final summons came, "if Mark profits by my experience I don't grudge the price. I've always held, Hugo, that reform rises, as I rose, from the ranks, but I've learnt that it falls, like the sunlight, from above."

Under the terms of his will I received a handsome legacy, sufficient to insure independence and abundant leisure to scribble, leisure also to brood. To exorcise the demon of unrest, I turned to sport, and spent the summer and fall upon the head-waters of the Saskatchewan, hunting and fishing. But around my camp-fire hovered the image of Nancy, alluring, mocking!

Upon my return to San Francisco a letter advised me of the approaching marriage of Burlington and Mrs. Gerard. I was invited to the wedding, and assisted at the quiet celebration that followed. Both Burlington and his wife welcomed me warmly, but Nancy—so I fancied—held aloof, and greeted me with chilling civility.

"I presume," said I, at parting, with a forced smile, "that you will be kind enough to send me a card for your wedding."

"My wedding?" she faltered.

"Surely that devotion you spoke of—that night, you remember—will——"

Her bosom began to heave as she turned from me.

"Nancy," I cried, taking her hand in mine, "it is well with you, Nancy, is it not? You are happy?"

"No," she whispered, "I am not happy."

"Not happy? If some fellow has dared to——"

"Don't look so fierce," she murmured. "Mamma has new interests now, and of course I feel a little out in the cold."

"It was your mother, then? For her sake you re——"

"Yes."

"Nancy,"—I took her sweet face between my two big hands,—
"Nancy, I'm going to marry you whether you like it or not. Do you hear that?"

Her eyes were upturned to mine, and in their luminous depths I saw the reflection of my own face. Was it mirrored likewise in her heart?

"Yes," she murmured, "I hear."

"And what do you say?"

"I think,"—a smile rippled across lips and cheeks,—
"I think, Hugo, that I shall like it."

THE END.

THE LAST DUELS IN AMERICA.

AMONG archaic things in this country we have come at last, happily, to class "the duello," as it was once proud to be called. "The field of honor," "the code of honor," "the satisfaction usual among gentlemen," and other such phrases, have become practically obsolete; and whereas formerly it would have been a very astonishing thing if a gentleman failed to send his "friend" with a challenge to any other gentleman who had insulted him, the astonishing thing now would be for such a challenge to be sent under any circumstances; although it must be said, in honest truth, that the duel itself (considered apart from its code) was much less objectionable than are many of the modes of violence that have succeeded it. So much may be conceded, without in any degree lessening the just condemnation of duelling as a relic of a barbarous chivalry.

It was "the code" which really gave the duel its specially malefic character. As long as this inexorable law prevailed, every gentleman was under bonds to honor to resent to the death any impeachment, however slight, of his truth, honesty, or courage. A few exemptions were allowed, it is true; but, on the whole, not to recognize the code, when occasion arose under it, was to be banned as a coward. Reversing the maxim of the civil code, the duello magnified trifles to wrongs that could be expiated only in blood. It was not allowed to treat such things with indifference or contempt; and any attempt to pursue that course toward an equal in social, political, or professional life, if it did not at once conclude the matter fatally against the person undertaking it, only shifted the mortal initiative to the other party. There was no alternative where it was so sternly commanded to fight or be dishonored. Even men like Clay had to obey the despotic rule; and beneath it such men as Hamilton had to fall.

England preceded us in abolishing the code; and if it still persists pretty generally upon the continent of Europe, it is the less to be lamented there by reason of the innocuous character of the contests, whereby duelling is transformed into an amusing sport, much less dangerous than meetings in the fistic prize-ring. Our newspapers, indeed, continue to announce duels as occurring among us; but in every case for over a decade past the alleged duel, on investigation, has turned out to be either a hoax of the blank-cartridge order, or a chance rencounter, or, perhaps, an affray between draymen, armed with their whips. Several inchoate "affairs" have been "amicably settled," and others have come to inglorious conclusion by the arrest of the parties and putting them under bonds to keep the peace. The last real duels in America, under the code, took place in Virginia, during the bitter struggle between the Readjuster and Funder factions over the State debt, when so much passion was evoked on both sides. These were not only begun and ended with punctilious observance of the code, as far as circumstances permitted, but were fought out "to blood."

The last duel occurred in Augusta county, early Saturday morning, June 30, 1883. The penultimate one came off near Richmond at sunrise on Sunday, June 6, 1880. Nobody was killed in either, fortunately; but one who was a principal in each of them was dangerously wounded in both. The last fatal duel was that between Mordecai and McCarty, which was fought near Richmond in 1872, wherein Mordecai was killed and McCarty very badly wounded.

After "reconstruction" in Virginia, all the political elements opposed to Republicanism organized as the Conservative party, and in this party the fight over the State debt and its collateral issues began. In 1879 the Readjusters of the Conservative party separated from it and formed a new party, under the leadership of General William Mahone. That same year, with the aid of a portion of the Republicans (for there were Republican Funders also), the Readjusters carried the State, securing good majorities in both branches of the General Assembly. In the year following, the Conservative Funders, in a State convention, declared themselves the Democratic party of Virginia, in full affiliation with the National Democracy. This was the occasion of an editorial in the Richmond *Whig* which led to the duel of that year. The *Whig* was the central organ of the Readjusters, and it was the only daily representative of its side on the pending issues. Except a few weekly journals, the *Whig* stood alone to battle with the press of the whole Commonwealth. What it lacked in numbers it sought to make up by the vigor and trenchancy of its articles. Thus, when the Conservative Funders formally declared themselves Democrats, the *Whig* came out with a leading editorial headed "Political Pirates," in which was the following paragraph:

"The career of these political buccaneers has been marked by every perfidy. In 1860 they abandoned the national Democracy in its supreme hour of trial, and plunged Virginia into secession, revolution, and war, to promote their own selfish purposes. Having thus precipitated us into a long and sanguinary struggle, they engrossed for themselves all the positions of honor, profit, and trust (and of safety as well), while the masses of the deceived people were sent to slaughter and privation. Never for one moment during the whole four years of strife did they forget the spoils; never for one moment did their partisanry yield to statesmanship or patriotism; and the Confederacy was left to drift to ruin amidst their petty jealousy of abler and better men who did not belong to their faction, and their own bickerings and differences over the plunder which they reserved for themselves, while the people starved and the army was unpaid and unsupplied. Even in the final collapse and catastrophe these creatures were true to the grovelling instincts of their natures, and the Confederacy, as a civil and political existence, perished miserably as its President, the Governor of Virginia, and the whole bomb-proof corps, grabbed the remaining swag and sneaked away in humiliating disguise and shameful trepidation."

This appeared in the *Whig* for Tuesday, June 1, 1880. It was not until the afternoon of the ensuing Friday that Mr. Bernard P. Green, of Warrenton, came to the *Whig* office and delivered to the

editor a note from Colonel Thomas Smith of Warrenton, in which, after quoting the concluding sentence of the editorial paragraph already given, it was said, "This is an unmistakable allusion to my father, William Smith, who was then Governor of Virginia. I use this, the earliest opportunity which circumstances afford, to demand the responsible author of this article.

"This will be handed you by my friend, Mr. Bernard P. Green.

"Your obedient servant,

(signed) "THOMAS SMITH."

The editor immediately responded, in writing. After acknowledging the receipt of Colonel Smith's note, he said, "To its inquiry as to the responsible author of an editorial article in the *Whig*, to which you refer, I have to respond that both as editor and author I am responsible.

"Your obedient servant,

(signed) "W. C. ELAM."

At this late day it may be said, in justice to the editor, that his references to certain high officials in the sentence excepted to had regard to them solely in their representative capacity. However, no explanations were then asked or offered. The next step in "the affair" was a peremptory demand for a public retraction of the matter indicated as offensive. In his second note Colonel Smith said, "I now demand from you a retraction of all allusion to my father of an offensive and injurious character contained in the article to which your attention has been called, and I require that this retraction shall be made in the editorial columns of the *Whig*."

The editor made an immediate reply to this demand also, as follows: "As I am not aware of any reason, but your demand, for a retraction of the matter in question, I must decline to make the retraction."

At nine A.M. next day (Saturday, June 5) Mr. Green delivered a final note from his principal, which concluded thus: "Mr. Green, who bears this, is authorized to meet any gentleman to whom you refer him, and arrange the terms of a meeting."

The editor had first called in Hon. C. H. Causey, then clerk of the State Senate, to act for him; but this gentleman's official position constrained him to decline going on the field. In the exigencies of secrecy and despatch, Mr. James B. Walters, an attaché of the *Whig*, was then called in. The place of meeting was fixed at a point between Oakwood Cemetery and the York River Railroad, not far below the city, and the time agreed on was six A.M. of next day, Sunday. Mr. Green suggested Saturday afternoon; but the demands of a daily newspaper on the editor and his friend could not be ignored for so small a matter as a duel. Mr. Walters (since dead) was an experienced newspaper man, and had been formerly editor of the *Norfolk Journal*. As noble a fellow as ever lived, he was as simple as a child in the ordinary affairs of this workaday world. But he and James Barron Hope had once been arrested while preparing to fight a duel, and he fully

understood the value of secrecy where a meeting was really meant. He engaged a surgeon and a carriage, and secured a pair of duelling-pistols. The surgeon originally engaged having to excuse himself at the last moment, Dr. Hugh McGuire Taylor came to the rescue: he was nephew and pupil of Hunter McGuire, the eminent Virginia surgeon, and himself one of the foremost in his profession.

The editor and his friend, accompanied by the surgeon on horseback, were promptly on the ground, where the other party had already arrived. They also had a pair of duelling-pistols, and in the toss-ups of the seconds they won "the word" and the choice of pistols, although, in strictness, the choice should have been with the challenged party. However, the editor was indifferent, and on the way out had expressed his intention not to fire at Colonel Smith. Thereupon Walters had stopped the carriage and threatened to get out unless his principal agreed at least to fire at some portion of the colonel's anatomy.

A spot was speedily selected and measured off by Mr. Walters, the positions being ten paces apart. It was afterward learned that this spot was the same upon which the fatal Mordecai-McCarty duel had been fought. Mr. Green, in taking his post to give the word, drew a revolver, and asked Mr. Walters to do likewise, as the terms of the meeting and the rules of the duello were to be strictly enforced. This demonstration was probably *en règle*, but it made the editor smile, in spite of the serious nature of the occasion.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked Mr. Green.

Both principals responding in the affirmative, Mr. Green then said,—

"One, two, three—fire! One, two, three—stop!"

The editor raised his pistol no higher than his right hip, aimed thus at Colonel Smith's legs, and pulled trigger at the word "one" after the command to fire. He missed, of course. Colonel Smith raised his pistol to his eye, took deliberate aim, and fired at "two" after the command to do so.

The editor reeled around to the left as his antagonist fired, and would have fallen upon his face, had not his second rushed up and caught him in his arms. The colonel's ball had struck the editor precisely in the centre of his chin, crushing that, knocking out four front teeth, and causing a comminuted fracture of the lower jaw-bone to both its angles, right and left. The immediate pain was nothing. The stroke of the ball and its entrance caused a curiously soothing sensation, rather than otherwise; and the editor recollects to this day his wonder at the apparently slow progress of the lead after he first felt it. The ball, by its impact against the chin-bone, had been flattened to a disk about the size of a quarter-dollar and as thin as ordinary tin, and finally embedded itself in the bottom of the editor's mouth, under the tongue. Curiously enough, when the pistols were loaded, Walters had urged Green to put in more powder. If that had been done, and the ball had hit as it did, it would have gone crashing through the editor's neck, and he would have fallen dead on the spot. But with more powder the chances are that the ball would have gone over the editor's head. So much difference does a little more or less make.

Dr. Taylor, desiring to be involved in the affair as little as possible, had taken position some distance from the field of battle ; but he had lent his horse to Walters, so that in case of necessity the surgeon could be speedily notified. Placing the wounded editor in an easy posture, Walters rode off at a gallop up the railroad after Dr. Taylor. It was a rough ride for horse and horseman, over ties, cow-pits, etc., and in leaping a cow-pit the revolver Walters had in a hip-pocket exploded one of its charges, the blazing powder setting his clothing afire, and the ball grazing the right hind-quarter of the horse and making him almost frantic. But Walters was too gallant to be dismayed by anything, and on he dashed. Meanwhile, Colonel Smith and Mr. Green were politely expressing their regret and sympathy to the prostrate editor, and kindly tendering any service in their power. Almost immediately two other friends of Colonel Smith appeared upon the scene, General W. H. Payne and his brother, Captain Alexander Payne. These gentlemen had been near at hand all the time, as it had been mutually understood that any of the friends of either principal might be. Everything that humanity and courtesy could dictate was said and done by all these brave men ; but the editor could say little, and that indistinctly, with pain and difficulty. Nevertheless, he managed to say that he was glad he did not hit his opponent, and that he preferred, if one was to be hurt, that it should be himself. He urged the party to leave without delay, as witnesses might discover them there and make trouble for them. They believed him to be mortally wounded ; but he knew better, as he felt that flattened ball beneath his tongue. Finally, and with reluctance, they withdrew, leaving the editor alone ; but within a few minutes afterward his second returned with the surgeon, and soon he was in bed at Mr. Walters's home, with his jaw cased and bound immovably. And so he remained for weeks, taking his only nourishment in a liquid form by suction through a glass tube.

The secrecy with which the affair had been conducted was remarkable, and it was not until Monday that it became even a street rumor. The editor's home was seventy miles from Richmond, as it still is, and he usually went there every Friday or Saturday afternoon, returning to his journalistic labors on Monday. On the Saturday of the challenge he had written a brief note home, merely stating that he was "detained by important business," so that they knew nothing of the matter there until Monday afternoon, and his wife did not join him till Tuesday evening. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," and to all such persons these details may seem petty and trivial ; but not so to any one who has undergone pain and danger at a distance from and without the knowledge of the hearts and hands that alone make life worth living or death worth fearing.

Within a few weeks, thanks to the surgical skill of Dr. Taylor and the assiduous attentions of the Walters household, the editor was able to resume his duties, without any disfiguration, save a small whitish spot where the ball entered the chin, and with no disability, except in mastication,—the loss of four front teeth and the looseness of several remaining ones interfering seriously with that important process. He

and Mr. Walters were arrested, and an examination into the affair was attempted before the Henrico county court (Hon. Edmund Waddill presiding); but it amounted to nothing,—the witnesses either knowing nothing, or declining to testify on the plea that their evidence might implicate themselves. The Smith party escaped all arrest; but it was understood that they remained out of the State until assured that the editor would speedily recover.

In a duel the expenses are great, as everything must be done with all possible despatch and secrecy, without regard to cost. Then there is the inevitable loss of time, the worry and anxiety of it all, the interruption of all ordinary concerns, the distress of family and friends, etc.; but if one of the principals be wounded, he feels more than compensated for all by the discovery that the vanquished may conquer mankind by their very disabilities and misfortunes. He sees all the best traits of human nature, and is forced to forget that it has any evil ones. All the cream of human kindness is freely his. Not only are his kin more than kind, but friends, strangers, and enemies strive with one another to alleviate his injuries and to cheer his confinement. He is tempted to wish that life were always thus. The truce is soon over, however; and in the case of this editor he had to resume battle with his pen before he was able to leave his room.

But a few days over three years had elapsed before the editor of the *Whig* was again called to “the field of honor,”—this time by a brother editor. The trouble here arose about the “nigger.” It was a leading Funder policy to stigmatize and discredit the Readjusters as “the nigger party,” and the Richmond *Evening State* at that period had seemed to make this policy its specialty. On the 20th of June, 1883, in a leading article, it said, “The *Whig*, which is the organ of Boss Mahone and his hail-fellows-well-met from among negro politicians and white renegades of the same order, is forever accusing the Democrats of raising the cry of ‘nigger.’ . . . For a long time petty Boss Mahone has striven through his organ to find a name for himself and his followers. ‘Liberal’ and ‘Administration’ have been tried without success. Let the Mahoneites seize at once their favorite and characteristic name, ‘Nigger.’”

The *State* further said, “In making this comment upon Boss Mahone, we wish it to be distinctly understood by all his corrupt henchmen that what we say and have said of him we mean and have meant of them, personally, individually, collectively, or in any other sense they may choose to feel. A more vicious, corrupt, and degraded gang never followed any adventurer than those that hang about the petty Boss. These fellows it is who, having never a scruple in promoting mixed marriages and mixed schools, and in opposing honest white men—honest colored men, we trust—in the strong desire to turn aside so dire an evil, accuse their opponents of using their own offensive word, ‘nigger.’”

The immediate object of this editorial was considered on all sides to be obvious enough; but the editor of the *Whig* preferred to be challenged; and therefore next morning's *Whig* contained an article which, after answering the *State* on the “nigger” issue, said, “Now we might be content with simply giving the lie to all this,—as we do,

generally, for the Readjuster party, and specially in so far as its charges are meant to apply to the *Whig*, or anybody connected with the *Whig* in a responsible way; but we wish further to say that the whole article from which we make these extracts is a tissue of general denunciation which would humiliate us if it were not accompanied by lofty pretensions of superiority in manners, morals, and letters, that are laughably ridiculous coming from a source so pitiable in all moral and intellectual resources; and we wish further to say that this denunciation is made with an air of such utter ferocity that it might alarm us, but for our recollection of the fact that the hero (the Bombastes Furioso) of the *State* has the singular reputation of having illustrated his untamed valor only by going on the field—without caps! while, on the other hand, the humble personage who now, on this occasion, has the honor to represent the *Whig*, its editorial corps, and the Readjuster party, is at least reported to have been so rash, once upon a time, as not to have forgotten the caps,—falling before a shot which he met in full face.

“Consequently—unintimidated and not utterly crushed—we laugh at the *State*’s vituperation and vamping, and beg to remark that not only does the *State* lie, but its ‘editor and owner’ lies, and the poor creature who may have actually written the article in question also lies,—all, jointly and severally,—deliberately, knowingly, maliciously, and with the inevitable cowardice that is always yoked with insolent bravado.”

The “without caps” allusion referred to the occasion when the editor of the *State*, having been challenged by Riddleberger (afterward United States Senator from Virginia), appeared on the field with his chosen weapons and all the necessary ammunition except the indispensable percussion-caps for the pistols. As Riddleberger had another duel on hand that morning (with Hon. George D. Wise), he declined to wait for the caps to be supplied, and a deal of ridicule had pursued the uncapped gentleman, although the mishap was wholly due to his second’s oversight.

The wife of the *Whig* editor was in the city at the time, and he frankly showed her his response to the *State* and told her what would surely ensue. She was much distressed, but agreed to keep counsel and endure the trouble as best she could. The business-manager of the *Whig* was also informed, and instructed what to do. That night, before the *Whig* went to press, its editor had secluded himself where the police would not be likely to seek him, but in easy communication with friends. After the *Whig*’s article appeared, no correspondence was necessary, and none took place. The “owner and editor” of the *State* was Mr. Richard F. Beirne. His friends, Mr. W. L. Royall and Hon. George D. Wise, were speedily in communication with Mr. Waverley N. Ragland and Colonel A. W. Jones, who represented the editor of the *Whig*. The terms agreed on were ferocious: to fight the afternoon of the next day (Friday), at a spot near Hanover Junction, twenty-six miles from Richmond, with navy revolvers, at a distance of seven paces, the parties, after the second shot without result, to advance and fire at will.

But the affair did not come off according to appointment. Both principals were punctually on the ground, Mr. Beirne accompanied by his seconds and a crowd of other friends, while the editor of the *Whig* had with him only one second (Mr. Ragland), Dr. Lewis Wheat (a pupil of Hunter McGuire), and two other friends, in case they should be needed. It had been impossible to obtain a pair of navy revolvers, and army revolvers had been substituted; but while the seconds were discussing the weapons, Mr. Beirne was arrested. This drove that gentleman to desperation. He could not afford to be the hero of two fiascos caused by default on his part. His chagrin was so great that he wept. He besought Ragland not to declare the matter off, and to allow him another time and place; and to this Ragland agreed, saying that the editor of the *Whig* was always at Mr. Beirne's service. Soon after, the editor of the *State* escaped from custody, and the editor of the *Whig* went to the house of a friend in the neighborhood to await further proceedings. That night the house was surrounded by deputy sheriffs of the county, and the editor and his whole party would have been captured but for the courage of a son of the house (young Mr. Denton), who stood at the front door and told the officers that they could enter only over his dead body. During the night the vigilance of the besiegers so relaxed that the besieged were able to reach their carriages and get away. Mr. Beirne was already flying to West Virginia. The editor of the *Whig* found hospitable refuge for a few days with Hon. Edmund Waddill (no longer judge, but subsequently member of Congress), at his residence in Henrico county.

After some further negotiations, it was agreed that another attempt to meet should be made, this time in Augusta county, Saturday, June 30. The original seconds on both sides were so closely watched that they could not get away, and the editor of the *Whig* had to make the expedition in a two-horse carriage, accompanied by Dr. Wheat as surgeon and quartermaster and Mr. John D. Snellings as commissary. The carriage was well supplied, and the party travelled chiefly at night, camping in the woods by day. Much of this precaution was probably unnecessary, but it was said that the authorities and others were making every effort to prevent the meeting. One dark and rainy night, having no lamps nor lantern, Dr. Wheat led the horses, feeling out the road with his feet, in mud knee-deep. The horses finally refused to go without whipping, and the party had to stop and go into camp. Luckily, the editor remembered where there was an unoccupied house near by, doorless and windowless, and this, after much groping in the dark, they found. The horses were haltered, without feed, to the wheels of the carriage, and the men got such rest and shelter as they could upon the bare floor. Within a few miles was the editor's residence; but, for many reasons, it was considered best not to go there.

By daybreak the party were up and away, on a by-road which enabled them to flank Gordonsville, and a push was made for Charlottesville, to obtain a necessary relay of horses. Snellings and the editor flanked Charlottesville by a long and roundabout walk through the fields, while the doctor dared the town. Having passed successfully,

the editor and his companion got over a stone wall by the roadside, and sat among some bushes, awaiting Dr. Wheat. As they sat there an open carriage passed by, in which was Judge T. T. Fauntleroy of the State Supreme Court, whom the editor had succeeded as Secretary of the Commonwealth; but the judge was looking another way. And here it seems proper to say that the editor in becoming a State officer never took the anti-duelling oath at all, as, when he qualified, his former disabilities had been removed by act of the legislature, and the present oath for such persons, that they will not engage in a duel, etc., had not then been enacted. However, he had placed his resignation in the hands of the private secretary of the Governor, to be tendered and accepted if deemed necessary.

Dr. Wheat appearing with fresh horses, the party pushed forward, hoping to pass the mountains that night. But it began to rain again after dark; and though Dr. Wheat (having procured a lantern in Charlottesville) led the way afoot with a light, the difficulties and dangers multiplied so in the intense darkness, amidst a storm of wind and water, with ever-recurring floods, precipices, and chasms, that advantage had to be taken of the first open plateau to stop and unharness the team, the travellers huddling together in the carriage to keep themselves from freezing, June as it was. Next day, happily, they reached the residence of John F. Lewis, Jr., not far from the appointed place of meeting, and in sight of the home of the late John F. Lewis, Sr., ex-United States Senator, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, etc. In this pleasant haven the party rested and recruited.

Meanwhile, the Beirne party were making a similar journey from West Virginia, with like difficulties and dangers.

But where was a second for the editor of the *Whig*? Dr. Wheat gallantly declared that he would act, if necessary. The difficulty, however, disappeared on the coming of Daniel Sheffey Lewis from Harrisonburg. The eldest son of the ex-Senator, he was then United States District Attorney for the Western district of Virginia; but he readily assumed the duties and responsibilities of second to the editor, and all final arrangements for the meeting in Augusta were perfected. But some degree of seclusion was still necessary to the editor, notwithstanding he was reported to be "a Mr. Green from Richmond." On a visit at Lynnwood was Hon. L. L. Lewis, President of the State Supreme Court, a half-brother of the ex-Senator; and a meeting between him and the *Whig* editor just then would have been awkward, to say the least of it. No doubt the judge inferred everything from what he necessarily saw and heard. But he was discreet, and made no sign.

Before day on Saturday the *Whig* editor's party was on the way to the appointed place in Augusta county. It was first to reach the ground, a wooded glade three miles west of Waynesboro'. Soon the Beirne party arrived, and as the sun rose the principals to the affair were in position, armed with Colt army revolvers furnished by the challenged side, but which the challengee had scrupulously refrained from handling in advance. Mr. Beirne, though not tall, was somewhat Falstaffian in girth, and it was suggested that the largest part of his body should be

fired at ; but this his opponent utterly refused to do, declaring that in no case would he aim higher than the gentleman's hips. Mr. F. M. Wright acted for Mr. Beirne on the ground. Every one there was from first to last "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat ;" in fact, for that occasion at least, all were the very pinks of courtesy, insomuch that one felt that he could hardly meet death in better company or in a more agreeable way.

Mr. Lewis won the choice of position and "the word." At the first exchange, the challengee fired at the word "one," Mr. Beirne following at "two." Just as Mr. Beirne fired, he flinched, as if some one had suddenly thrust a pin into the fleshiest part of his person, and it was afterwards confessed that his adversary's ball had penetrated his clothing and slightly grazed the flesh. Mr. Beirne's ball went wild. In the next exchange, however, Mr. Beirne made a centre shot, and his opponent missed entirely. After this second fire there was a moment of intense expectancy and suspense, for then it was that each principal was at liberty to advance and fire at will, without any further interposition of seconds. Both looked at each other steadily during this interval, and then the editor of the *Whig*, glancing towards his second, said, "I am hit." Striking the right thigh, the ball had gone straight forward through the lower part of the body and lodged in the left thigh ; and so the surgeon and Mr. Lewis were told by their principal ; but Dr. Wheat expressed the opinion that the ball had not gone beyond the right thigh, and that the feeling in the left was merely sympathetic. Meanwhile, after a brief consultation with Mr. Beirne, Mr. Wright came forward and declared that his principal was fully satisfied,—the Beirne party thereupon leaving the field.

When the editor was hit, it seemed to him as if a thrown stone had struck him, and then he distinctly felt the ball as it crawled on its way. At first he was about to attempt the further carrying out of the cartel, when he reflected that not only was it his part to await Mr. Beirne's movements, but that he himself might fall if he sought to take a step. The ball narrowly missed the femoral artery, passed in front of the thigh-bone, grazed the urethra slightly, and, after entering the left thigh, had been deflected downward and inward, being found on the inner side of that thigh Sunday morning by the editor himself. That day it was extracted, the wounded man refusing to take any anæsthetic.

As had been arranged beforehand (in case of necessity), the wounded editor had now been taken to Lynnwood, the handsome home of the senior Lewis. There he had every attention and comfort. Dr. Wheat remained constantly with him, and on Monday his wife was also welcomed to the hospitable mansion. The stream of visitors was constant, among them being General Mahone, who had not failed to visit the editor when he was wounded before. Everybody, except the wounded man himself, seemed to be very anxious about his condition. The general outcry was that Dr. Hunter McGuire should be called in, and that great surgeon said that he held himself in readiness to respond at a moment's notice, but that this notice must come from Dr. Wheat. Even ex-Senator Lewis, although Dr. Wheat was his nephew, frankly

told the editor that his case was so critical that he wished a more experienced surgeon should be summoned; but the editor declared he had the fullest confidence in the young surgeon, and would consent to no interference with him. The result justified this confidence; for, although after extracting the ball and supplying a catheter for the constricted urethra Dr. Wheat did nothing but apply antiseptics and watch the case, it was heroic treatment, and the most skilful possible. Soon the editor was well enough to be removed to his residence in Louisa county, and shortly after he resumed his editorial duties in Richmond, though still confined to his apartments. There visits and attentions showered upon him from all sorts of people, including the Governor of the State. As soon as he was able to take part in it, a public reception was given him, whereat several testimonials of regard were presented to him, and Judge Fauntleroy of the State Supreme Court delivered an address of congratulation. Every cloud has its silver lining.

But these duels (and all duels, let us hope) are now "a dream of things that were." Poor Beirne is dead; dear Walters is dead; Colonel Thomas Smith is a Territorial Chief Justice; Sheffey Lewis edits an influential newspaper; Dr. Wheat is among the most distinguished and successful of his noble profession; and the former editor of the former *Whig* (both going down together with the close of 1885, their mission, perhaps, accomplished) is "taking life easy" at his old home near Trevilian, Virginia.

Under the present laws of Virginia, all the parties to a duel in the State, or who go out of the State to fight one, or who, in either case, send, accept, bear, or otherwise have to do with a challenge to fight, are disqualified to vote or hold any office in the State, unless their disabilities be removed by act of the General Assembly,—which has always been done, however, up to date. Where a mortal wound is inflicted in either of the above cases, he who inflicts it is guilty of murder, and the seconds are declared accessories before the fact. But it all depends upon conviction (except the oaths of office), and testimony seems impossible to secure; for, although it is provided that seconds may be compelled to testify (and in such case shall not be prosecuted as accessories), nobody has been able to suggest a compulsory process, except the revival of torture.

The general anti-duelling oath required of all Virginia officers is to the effect that they have not been concerned in any actual or attempted duel since May 1, 1882, and will not be so concerned in any during their continuance in office. The especial oath, where the officer qualifying has been party to an actual or attempted duel since May 1, 1882, but has had his disabilities removed, is to the effect that he will not be concerned as a party to any such duel during his term of office.

But for the removal of disabilities, anti-duelling oaths would be potent restraints; but, as it is, the whole body of anti-duelling law is mere *brutum fulmen*. It is the happy change in public sentiment that has suppressed duelling, and nothing but public sentiment can keep it suppressed.

An illustration of a vigilance in striking contrast with that of the

authorities occurred in connection with the last duel. As the carriage bearing the wounded editor passed out of the gate of the grove in which the affair took place, there stood Eccles Cuthbert, then the Virginia representative of the New York *Herald*, and now Washington correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*. The only arrest of anybody for complicity in this duel was that of the colored driver of the carriage in which Mr. Beirne came from West Virginia.

William Cecil Elam.

HIGHWAYS OF THE SEA,

AND THE STEAM-SHIPS WHICH TRAVEL THEM.

AFTER his business has reached that prosperous condition in which it practically runs itself, the average American begins to think of travelling. It dawns upon him that the world is a big thing, and that if he expects to see much of it there is no time to lose. His first excursion beyond the limits of Hoboken and Coney Island is usually "the grand tour" of Europe. Then he comes home and after a while explores the United States and Mexico. Sometimes the treatment extends through several summers before a permanent cure is effected; sometimes the man finds that travelling isn't his peculiar weakness, and settles down to become an oracle in his own locality after the first trial.

The class of people he represents are travellers only in a limited sense of the word, but during their amateur journeyings they are sure to have met, on the various steamers, in railway compartments, and in the most comfortable quarters of the best hotels, certain strangers who seem at ease with all mankind,—who are apparently making no "grand tour," but who, in a comfortable, conversational way, will accurately describe the uttermost parts of the earth's surface, and remark, casually, that they "spent last June at Simla, and are now just running out to Manilla for the winter months." These are the real travellers, and it is to those who often express a desire to follow in their footsteps that I make a few suggestions concerning the highways of the sea.

The North Atlantic voyages are too short. One just begins to appreciate the restful delight of being at sea when the ship reaches port and the effect is lost. For this reason, and because the lines are all so well known, I shall not refer to them, except for comparison.

The first requisite in voyaging for pleasure is a comfortable steamship; and there are certain details of construction which make a steamer more or less so. For instance, a ship of 2000 tons and 1200 horse-power may do very well for a short coasting-trip of twenty-four hours or so,—especially if well fitted up,—but it is altogether too small for deep-sea sailing under the considerations of cargo, fuel, and engine space to which modern steam-ships are subjected. A 4000-ton steamer affords elbow-room for a sufficient number of passengers to amuse each

other during a six weeks' voyage, has ample space for provisions, refrigerating apparatus, machinery, coal enough to develop 5000 horse-power, half a dozen bath-rooms, large dining- and lounging-saloons, and may carry a full cargo besides. A ship of 4000 tons may be accepted as of the minimum size for comfortable sailing, and one of between 6000 and 7000 tons, with engines capable of developing 10,000 horse-power, may be considered the standard for any long voyage of the present day.

The enormous passenger and freight traffic between New York and Liverpool has rendered our 13,000-ton leviathans a business necessity, but the atmosphere of home life which one finds upon the somewhat smaller, long-voyage ships is lacking with them. If two hundred passengers are shut up on one steam-ship together for six weeks, even though the daily intercourse be broken somewhat by the ports touched at, they are naturally more tolerant of each other's weaknesses, and become better friends, than when they scatter in every direction after the sixth day.

As the city of London is the largest in the world, so it is also the chief centre of navigation. Starting from it, or from its supplementary mail ports of Liverpool, Plymouth, and Southampton, there are eight great ocean post-roads, including the route to the United States. From San Francisco and Vancouver there are three more,—making a total of eleven broad highways of the sea.

The two greatest of these are the Orient voyages,—London to Hong-Kong and London to Sydney. The route, which varies only in the different ports of call selected by the five leading steam-ship lines of England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, is as follows. Starting from London, Marseilles, Bremen, Barcelona, or Genoa, according to the line, from one to three Mediterranean ports are touched at, then Alexandria, Port Said, Aden, Colombo (Ceylon), Singapore, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama. The voyage to Sydney is identical with the above as far as Colombo. From there the first port made is Albany in West Australia, then Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney.

These two great routes, with their connecting branches, cover the entire Eastern hemisphere. At Gibraltar the traveller may transfer to a steamer for any port on the Mediterranean, Black Sea, or Madeira, Cape Verde, Canary, and Azores Islands; at Port Said, for any port on the Red Sea or the east coast of Africa, or any city of Turkey or Egypt; at Aden (which lies at the mouth of the Red Sea), for any port on the east coast of Africa, Cape of Good Hope, Persian Gulf, Sea of Arabia, etc.; at Colombo, for any port of India, Burmah, Seychelles, Mauritius, Madagascar, etc.; at Singapore (in the Malacca Strait), for any port of the East Indian Archipelago, China, Japan, or the northeast coast of Australia; at Melbourne and Sydney, for any port of Tasmania, New Zealand, South Sea Islands, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, California, Vancouver, Buenos Ayres, or Rio Janeiro.

It should be remembered, however, by the prospective traveller that each of the five leading steam-ship lines aforesaid runs steamers direct to many of the ports enumerated. For instance, a person wishing to go from London to Calcutta would secure a state-room

on one of the magnificent ships which make that their terminal port, and proceed over the same course as the Hong-Kong liners as far as Colombo. This would also apply to Bombay, Kurrachee, Busrah, Rangoon, Cape of Good Hope, and the northeast coast of Australia. The connecting points are mentioned for the benefit of the passenger who sails, as the fancy seizes him, from one port to another.

Now as to the Orient ships themselves. The greatest, and I believe the oldest, line is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which has a fleet of fifty-eight ships, representing a total tonnage of 230,000 and 240,000 horse-power. Other leading lines have larger fleets, but the average tonnage and engine capacity are smaller. For instance, the Messageries Maritimes, of Marseilles, has a fleet of about seventy-eight ships, with a tonnage of 226,000 and 185,000 horse-power; the Norddeutscher Lloyds, of Bremen, seventy-six ships, with a tonnage of 200,000 and 180,000 horse-power; and the Navigazione Generale (Florio Rubbatino), of Genoa, one hundred and ten ships of very small tonnage, with the exception of the four or five China ships of the fleet.

Besides the P. & O. there are two other great English lines to the East,—the Orient Steam Navigation Company, to Sydney, which has a fleet of eleven magnificent steam-ships (all over 5500 tons register and developing from 7000 to 10,000 horse-power, excepting the two smallest ships, which it keeps in commission for yachting trips alone, and the British India Steam Navigation Company, which has a fleet of one hundred and four ships, with a total tonnage of 170,000, but inferior engine-power.

The choice of steamer in which to make the six weeks' Orient voyage is to some extent a matter of nationality. I have known a gentleman to express an invariable preference for the Italian line, simply because he was born in Ravenna and liked Italian cooking, regardless of the fact that his national steamers are small and dirty. On the score of size, comfort, safety, cleanliness, and congenial society, I should recommend the English ships. The officers on the German lines are courteous and are unquestionably good seamen and navigators, but I have a strong antipathy to German cooking, the way the ships are fitted up, and the fellow-passengers one sometimes meets on them. The French (Messageries) steamers are, as a rule, scrupulously clean, the cooking on them is excellent,—especially for the warm climates,—and the officers are gentlemen and experienced sailors; but if I happen to be caught in an Indian Ocean white squall, or if fire breaks out between decks at sea, I have a preference for a British captain on the bridge, two stalwart British quartermasters at the wheel, and a Scotch or English chief engineer below.

The larger and newer ships of all these lines are simply floating palaces, with every contrivance that modern ingenuity can supply for the comfort and safety of their passengers. As the voyage is almost entirely through warm latitudes, they are especially fitted up for the tropics. Each state-room either has a row of glass transoms, which may be opened to give free circulation of air, around its walls, or, as on the Orient liners, the walls themselves are made of V-shaped slats,

between which the air passes as through a Venetian blind. There are from six to twelve separate bath-rooms for each sex, provided with solid marble tubs, hot and cold, salt and fresh water. The daily bath before breakfast is one of the greatest luxuries of tropic voyaging. The dining-saloons are usually upon the hurricane deck, and are lighted by large, square windows in place of the usual port. Each ship is provided with perfect refrigerating apparatus, so that fresh meat, fruit, and vegetables are daily features of the *menu*. The officers are selected from among the best families of their respective countries, and are educated gentlemen as well as experienced sailors. Among the stewards there are always enough who are good musicians to form an excellent orchestra, which furnishes operatic selections during the dinner-hour, and dance-music whenever required. A competent surgeon is also included among the ship's officers. One feature which has always been very popular on the P. & O. ships is the employment of Lascars and Hindoos as seamen and stewards. Their strange, Oriental costume, turbans, and manners make one feel that he is at last *en route* to the fascinating land of the Arabian Nights.

Of the P. & O. fleet, the handsomest ships are the *Caledonia*, a new twin screw steamer of 7600 tons and 12,000 horse-power, the *Australia* and *Himalaya*, 7000 tons and 10,000 horse-power, the *Arcadia*, *Oceana*, *Victoria*, and *Britannia*, 6500 tons, and a dozen or so more, the very names of which recall many a delightful evening in the far East, many an Arcadian afternoon under the deck-awnings, to their former passengers.

Of the Orient liners, the *Ophir* (7000 tons), *Ormuz*, *Oroya*, and *Orizaba* (6000 tons) are some of the finest specimens of naval architecture afloat. The *Ormuz* held for some time, if she does not now, the record for the fastest passage between London and Sydney, and in all my wanderings upon ships of every nationality under the sun I never made such a delightful voyage as the one upon her in 1891. The unvarying courtesy of her officers and the home-like atmosphere of everything about the ship are among my pleasantest recollections of life at sea. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, of the *Norddeutscher Lloyds*, was built for the Orient trade and formerly ran to Sydney, but is now, I believe, in the Atlantic service. Other fine ships of this line in the East are the *Karlsruhe*, *Darmstadt*, and *Oldenburg* (5300 tons), and the *Bayern*, *Sachsen*, and *Preussen* (4600 tons).

The French (*Messageries Maritimes*) ships—*Armand-Behic*, *Ville de la Ciotat*, *Australien*, *Polynésien*, and *Malaisien*—are twin screw ships of 6428 tons register and 7000 horse-power. They have been in commission but two or three years, and are floating palaces, like the new boats of the P. & O., Orient, Union, and Castle lines.

The great Spanish line, *La Compañía Transatlántica*, has several fine steam-ships running from Liverpool through the Canal to the Philippine Islands. The largest of these are the *Buenos Aires* (5200 tons), *Isla de Luzon*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (4500 tons). The engine-power on these ships is limited, but passengers will find the wines exceedingly good and their fellow-travellers possessing much of that Andalusian charm which makes Seville and Granada green spots in

one's memory. There are many far worse islands rising from the sea than the Philippines.

The smaller steamers in which one travels from Singapore and Batavia through the East Indies and along the northeast coast of Australia are in the service of the Netherlands India Steam Navigation Company and Rotterdam Lloyds, the British India Steam Navigation Company, and the Queensland Royal Mail Line, also the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, of Japan. The South Sea Islands, New Zealand, and Tasmania are reached from Sydney or Melbourne by ships of the Australasian United Steam Navigation Company and the Union Steam-Ship Company of New Zealand. Ports on the east coast of Africa are reached from Aden, Bombay, or Colombo by ships of the British India Steam Navigation Company, Messageries Maritimes, and Navigazione Generale, or from Cape Town by branch steamers of the Castle and Union lines.

Third and fourth among the ocean post roads come the routes from European ports to South Africa and South America *via* the Atlantic islands. The stopping-places are Southampton (or Plymouth), Lisbon, Funchal (Madeira), Teneriffe and Las Palmas (Canary Islands), St. Vincent, Ascension, St. Helena, Cape Town, South African ports, Madagascar, and Mauritius, on the one branch, and Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and Rosario, on the other.

The two leading lines to South Africa are the Union Steam Navigation Company and the Castle Mail Packet Company (Sir Donald Currie's). The Union line has several magnificent ships, the newest of which are the *Norman*, a 7500-ton twin screw ship of 14,000 horse-power, and the *Scot*, twin screw, 7000 tons and 12,000 horse-power. The *Norman*, which is the latest of the Union liners, has a beautiful dome above the dining-saloon, similar to those of the *Paris*, *New York*, *Ophir*, *Himalaya*, and *Armand-Behic*. Of the Donald Currie ships, the finest are the *Dunnottar Castle* (5500 tons), *Hawarden Castle*, *Norham Castle*, and *Roslin Castle* (4200 to 4800 tons); and I believe there are two new ships about to be placed on the line, if they are not already in commission. Both the Union and Castle lines run connecting steamers to Madagascar, Mauritius, Réunion, and Zanzibar.

As a matter of familiar comparison, it may be stated that of the ships entering the port of New York *La Normandie* is about 7000 tons, the *Lahn* 5000, the *Spree* and the *Havel* 7000, the *City of Berlin* 5500, and the *Aurania* 7500; but it must be remembered that the new ships of the Eastern and South Atlantic lines, while none of them exceeds a tonnage of 7500, are fitted with every improvement known in the science of ship-building, and are vastly better ships in every way than those of the same size which were built a dozen years ago.

The principal English lines to the West Indies and South America are the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, sailing out of Southampton, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and those of Messrs. Lamport & Holt, the funnels of which, with their broad bands of black, white, and blue, are such a familiar sight along the water front of Brooklyn.

The Royal Mailers touch at or connect with every port of the West Indies, the Mosquito Coast of Central America, and the north coast of South America; while their ships on the River Plate service, with those of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, touch at all important ports from Para and Pernambuco down to Buenos Ayres and Rosario, the P. S. N. boats continuing the voyage down through Magellan Straits and up the west coast to Valparaiso, where they connect with branch steamers of their own company and the *Compañía Sud-América de Vapores* (Spanish) for all ports between Valparaiso and Panama.

Among the finest of the Royal Mail ships on the West India service are the *Atrato* (5200 tons), *Orinoco* (4500 tons), *Don*, and *Para* (4000 tons), and on the River Plate service, the *La Plata*, *Nile*, *Thames*, and *Clyde* (6000 tons).

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company is connected with the Orient Steam Navigation Company, already referred to among the Eastern lines, and runs fine large ships of practically the same size, among which are the *Orellana* (5000 tons), *Iberia* (4700 tons), *Liguria* (4700 tons), *Sorata* (4100 tons), and *Aconcagua* (4100 tons).

Other steamers belonging to the principal French, German, Spanish, and Italian lines also run to the West Indies and South America. The Messageries ships *Brésil*, *Plata*, and *Portugal* (5500 tons) sail from Bordeaux, and stop at Vigo, Lisbon, Dakar (Senegal, West Africa), Pernambuco, etc. The *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique's* steamships *Amérique*, *France*, *Labrador*, *Canada*, *St. Laurent*, and *Versailles* (4000 to 5000 tons) sail from St.-Nazaire and Marseilles to all the prominent ports in the West Indies and on the Gulf of Mexico. The *Norddeutscher Lloyds* ships *Strassburg*, *Weser*, *Ohio*, *Baltimore*, etc., run to Brazil and the Plate, but they are 3000 tons and under in size,—too small for comfort on so long a voyage.

The principal French line to the west coast of Africa (which runs also to South American ports) is the *Chargeurs Réunis*, of Havre and Bordeaux; and in its case I am inclined to make an exception regarding size. The ships of this company vary from 2500 tons to 4000 (about the size of our own Mallory Line to Texas), but they are models of neatness and comfort. The middle Atlantic voyage is usually a mild one, and a traveller might enjoy himself very much with these genial Frenchmen.

Of the trans-Pacific lines there are three, the Canadian Pacific, the Pacific Mail, and the Oceanic (Spreckels's line), which charters one mail ship (the *Monowai*, 3500 tons) from the Union Steam-Ship Company of New Zealand. Most Americans are familiar with the three beautiful "Empresses" of the Canadian Pacific (twin screw, 6000 tons, 10,000 horse-power), which are sister ships of the Orient liners to Australia, and the good old ships of the Pacific Mail, *China*, *City of Peking*, *City of Para*, and *City of Rio Janeiro*,—the two latter having been purchased from the United States and Brazil Mail Steam-Ship Company.

Besides the Spreckels steam-ships to the Sandwich Islands, Samoa, New Zealand, and Australia, there is another line over the same route

from Tacoma and Vancouver, but, unfortunately for the travelling public, the ships of these lines are much too small and too old for the Australian voyage, which takes from twenty-two to thirty days. These four lines, with the Pacific Coast Steam-Ship Company, touch at every Western American port from Alaska to Panama, and connect with the great English, French, and German lines in Japan, China, Australia, and the South Sea Islands.

The last and longest of the ocean post roads girdles the world each voyage. This is the track followed by ships of the New Zealand Shipping Company and Messrs. Shaw, Saville & Albion. Starting from Gravesend and Plymouth, these ships touch at Lisbon, Teneriffe, Cape Town, Hobart (Tasmania), Wellington (New Zealand), Rio Janeiro (around Cape Horn), Teneriffe, and Plymouth. The largest of the New Zealand Steam-Ship Company's fleet are the Ruahine (6200 tons), Kaikoura, and Rimutaka (4500 tons). The finest of the Shaw, Saville & Albion ships are the Arawa and Tainui (5000 tons), and the Coptic, Doric, and Ionic (4800 tons). As a matter of personal preference, I should recommend these boats, but by either line this voyage is an exceptionally fine one, and affords opportunity to see almost every part of the world by transferring at the connecting points.

A description of our own American coast lines to the West Indies and South America has been omitted, because they are so well known, and full information concerning them is so easily obtainable of any tourist agent in the United States. There are also innumerable smaller lines, the ships of which cross the ocean in every direction.

With the foregoing data, it is a simple matter for people who really wish to pry into strange corners of the earth to do so at their ease, and by the time they have purchased their letters of credit, and packed up a shirt, tooth-brush, travelling-rug, and pith helmet, they will find that most of the companies enumerated have added yet finer and larger ships to their fleets. There is a sense of personal affection which grows upon one with each succeeding day upon a fine modern steam-ship,—a feeling of rest, security, and homely pleasure,—until, when one steps ashore at last, the pang of homesickness is real. Intensifying this feeling is the fascination of life at sea, which after the first really long voyage seizes upon the traveller and grows stronger and stronger year by year, until to be once more on blue water, out of sight of land, becomes one of his dearest hopes.

Clarence Herbert New.

TO A SINGER.

THOU hast a gift of gifts : go seek for bliss
 In far, strange lands, through long and weary years,
 Thou wilt not find a sweeter boon than this,—
 The power to move thy listeners to tears.

Clarence Urmy.

RESACA.

I.

MANY an old soldier may remember the house: it stood on a hill overlooking the railroad and the distant bridge across a deep, narrow Southern river. There was a red clay wagon-road winding along between some angular fields and the dense bushy woods of the knobby foot-hills close to the mountains.

In some of the fields the wheat was young and green, and in others the corn was ankle-high, showing careful husbandry and a propitious season.

This house of which you are reading was a house of sorrow, for it had lost its master and his four stalwart sons, all killed in battle, and at the time when my story begins three women were the occupants of the place, and they had three faithful negro servants to depend upon.

One must reflect a moment in order to get the full import of the phrase "a faithful negro servant," as applied to the slaves remaining with their masters at a time when it would have been so easy for them to assert their freedom. I speak with knowledge.

Let no white man for an instant suppose that the negroes were not keenly alive to their chains and intensely hungry for liberty. In the secrecy of the cabin the subject of bondage and the possibility of escape was the burden of discussion. Necessarily the negro was to a degree deceitful; but he was not treacherous; he simply desired and discussed freedom furtively while he openly simulated a good-natured and almost jolly contentment.

The masters of the South were deceived by their slaves in many instances, but the deception was always of a negative sort. Many masters actually thought that their trusted and happy negroes would refuse liberty even if the North should succeed in the war. A few actually did refuse it, out of great love for master and mistress and a sentimental attachment for the old plantation.

Mrs. Farrow and her two daughters, Julia and Margaret, had great reason to trust Uncle Duff, Aunt Saluda, and Sam, three as coal-black and genial Africans as ever sang their way through slavery; for there had been a great test when Sherman's army, on its way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, had succeeded in taking away from the Farrow plantation nearly everything in the shape of chattels except these slaves, who hid in the woods until all the soldiers were gone, then came shyly back to their cabin and their humble domestic allegiance.

Sam was a short, stout fellow, neither man nor boy, rather sluggish, but always smiling, when not guffawing, and perfectly willing to work if he must. As for Uncle Duff and Aunt Saluda, they were typical old slaves of the "up-country," self-conceited, fond of a pipe and a 'possum, and always ready to do some act of kindness in behalf of their white superiors.

From the Farrow homestead you could see almost to Resaca in one

direction and nearly to Dalton in another direction. When the fighting was on, it shook the whole country. Up there at Rocky-Face and then over at Snake Creek Gap the noise did not seem to be a mile distant. When at last it began at Resaca, the house felt the concussions so much that the glass was broken in the windows and the boards rattled on the roof of the porch. The first gun down by the bridge hurled the three negroes into the white folks' house as though they had been shot from it. Their eyes were white, their faces shrivelled with terror, and their mouths agape in utter consternation.

"De good Lord!" gasped Uncle Duff; "dey's er-comin'! dey's er-comin', sho'!"

Aunt Saluda and Sam were too frightened to say anything or even make a sound.

Mrs. Farrow went to the door and looked forth over the plantation to the river. A ring of white smoke was floating above and beyond the bridge. Farther down the stream a body of cavalry was under shelter of the bank. Just then she could not think of what was happening, for in her heart had surged up the memory of her dead husband and sons.

A railway train came up the track, the engine behind, and stopped in front of the house. A regiment of infantry rushed out of the cars and formed across a field. The engine whistled, and the train went back the way it had come.

Uncle Duff, hearing the noise, began to pray; Aunt Saluda joined him fervently; Sam listened stupidly and in suffocating terror.

Fifteen cannon thundered together, over beyond the bridge, and a flight of shells in the air made a prolonged whirring noise, followed presently by a rapid spluttering of musketry in the woods at the lower edge of the plantation. The regiment went across the field at double quick step, knocking over the fences as they came in the way.

"Oh, good Lor', ef ye kin spa' de ole man er leetle bit longer——" began Uncle Duff, but his prayer was interrupted by an explosion on both sides of the river, rival batteries thundering at one another, and opposing lines of infantry exchanging long rolling volleys.

Mrs. Farrow saw the cavalry scurry away from their lurking-place under the river bank and disappear in the woods, while four or five heavy field-guns, drawn by panting and overworked horses, trundled rapidly along the red clay road, the drivers whipping and swearing.

After a few rounds there came a short lull in the bombardment, during which a singular serenity pervaded the air and sky.

"Dar, now, Lor', stop de wa' right heah, an' lef' de ole darky——"

But Uncle Duff sprang to his feet as another awful cannonade began, and a shell burst on the railroad-track in front of the door. He forgot his prayer.

"Hell an' fury!" he cried, "dat's dangerous! Gi' me my hat, fo' de Lor' sake! I's gwine outen yer!" And he rushed through the back door-way and across the garden to the woods, followed by Sam and Aunt Saluda.

Mrs. Farrow did not notice the flight of her slaves: she was

fascinated by the scene before her. As for Julia and Margaret, they sat on the edge of a bed in dumb horror, clasped in each other's arms.

All day the fight raged beyond the river and beyond the woods and among the hills to the west. Officers and couriers rode back and forth along the road, and now and again a train of cars backed up to bring soldiers or supplies or to take away the wounded. The earth shook, and the air palpitated strangely.

The house was not in the battle-field, but stray shells fell near it at intervals. Some of them burst, others merely buried themselves in the ground or bounded along with a heavy thumping sound peculiarly suggestive of energy.

Over in the hills, apparently between Resaca and Snake Creek Gap, the firing was ceaseless; it sounded like a heavy throbbing wind with rain and hail and rattling thunder and the rending of forests and the crashing of rocks and hills. Ever and anon there was a charge announced by thousands of voices yelling and by the redoubling of the musketry at some point.

All day and into the night the firing was kept up at tempest pitch, while the women at the Farrow house, huddled together and silent, listened and listened.

It must have been near midnight when utter silence fell over the valley and hills, silence quite awful after such a din. It was the silence of death.

"I hope it is over at last," said Mrs. Farrow, her voice sounding hollow and as if it were lost.

"If our side has gained a victory I thank God," responded Margaret.

"I have been praying for it, oh, so fervently!" Julia exclaimed, with her hands still clasped in a supplicating way.

"But I fear, I fear," faltered the mother, "I fear that we have lost. Something tells me that our army is going back."

The young ladies looked at each other and shuddered. They had read of how women fared who fell in the way of soldiers after battle, and their imagination was inflamed with the thought. Even at that moment footsteps were heard at the threshold and gruff voices demanded admittance.

Mrs. Farrow arose and turned toward the door. Her daughters clung to her with nervous hands.

"No, no," they cried, in sharp, desperate whispers; "you must not let them in."

"Kick it down if they don't open it," exclaimed a heavy, determined voice. "Hurry!"

"I'll open it. I'm coming," answered Mrs. Farrow, shaking herself free from the arms of her daughters. She had heard a groan. "They have a wounded man," she said, going to the door and unlocking it.

Four soldiers, dressed in the Federal uniform and bearing a young officer on a litter, came promptly in, followed by a fifth, who carried a gun.

"Put him on the bed there," said Mrs. Farrow, in a trembling voice, and she hurriedly smoothed the pillows.

They obeyed. Both the young man's legs were bandaged at the thigh. He was moaning and in an almost insensible condition. The soldiers who bore him seemed to be in a great hurry and nearly exhausted.

"They'll be on us in a minute. Make haste!" the leader said, fretfully.

"Madam, I trust him to your humanity," he added, turning to Mrs. Farrow. "We shall have to leave him. There's nothing else to do."

"Good-by, captain," they all said in turn, but the hurt man moaned as if he did not hear them.

"Please be good to him, madam," the leader added, in a low, regretful tone. "We are sorry to have to leave him; he is the best and the bravest man in the world. Will you nurse him kindly?"

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Farrow. "I will do my best."

"Thank you, dear madam," he said, and then they went away as mysteriously as they had come, leaving their burden behind.

It is difficult to realize, in this time of peace, a predicament like that,—a Union officer left in an almost dying condition to be cared for by women whose nearest and dearest ones had died, as it were, by his hands, and who now felt that an invader was at their door ready to do worse than kill. This was not an uncommon thing in those days, however, and many a wounded man was nursed back from the shadow of death to life and happiness by the bereaved women of his enemy.

Thus it was that Captain Hugh Long, a gallant Union soldier, came into the Farrow home. He was wounded in a cavalry skirmish on the outskirts of the battle of Resaca. His companions, one of whom was a surgeon, finding it impossible to do better with him, dressed his hurts as best they could and took him to the house, thinking that they should report his whereabouts to the proper officer at once; but they were captured twenty minutes later and were hustled away to Atlanta.

Next morning there was a fight, a furious struggle, at the ferry, a mile or two below the bridge, and then Johnston fell back and Sherman advanced, the two grand armies sweeping on down past Calhoun and Adairsville, leaving the Farrow place desolate indeed; for the stragglers and foragers and thieves came and pillaged the house and plantation, taking everything eatable and wearable, as well as all the horses, mules, and cattle.

Meantime, Uncle Duff, Aunt Saluda, and Sam were hiding somewhere in the woods. They crept back to the house, however, when the armies and wagon-trains and camp-followers had all disappeared. Wild-eyed, haggard, trembling, the poor things came to the door just at dusk.

"Missus, mis-s-sus," whined Uncle Duff, "'fore de Lor' we done 'mos' starve ter def. Is der any col' brayd er taters in de cubby?"

II.

It is a memory set far back in a hazy perspective, but it can never quite fade from the hearts of those who experienced it,—that desolation left behind it by the grand invading army of Sherman. Pen cannot picture it, words, no matter how cunningly phrased, are powerless to describe it, or even strongly indicate it. Looking out from the doorway at Farrow place, the view was like that which one imagines when one reads the Bible words, "Thou art given over to a desolation, and henceforth there shall be none coming in or going forth." The wheat-fields were trampled bare, the long green rows of corn had disappeared; not a rail of all the fences was left; no domestic animal was in sight, and the stillness and silence were rendered all the more emphatic by the balmy mid-May weather which hung over mountain, hill, and valley.

This complete destruction of the material support of the household at Farrow place matched perfectly with the moral depression in the hearts of those who were left in the midst of the desolation.

After the awful storm and nervous excitement the reaction was almost unbearable.

The wounded man lay on the bed, his face as white as the sheets, and his eyes closed. He seemed scarcely to breathe, and his moaning had ceased entirely. Luckily, his wounds, a fracture of each leg, had been properly cared for in the first place by a good and conscientious surgeon, or he must have died at once. As it was, he lay for days and weeks more dead than alive, quite unaware of his place or of his condition. Indeed, he was one of the lost in battle, one of those who disappeared, leaving no clue behind by which friends might learn the truth that lurked under a screen of awful doubt and suspense.

In his Northern home loved ones mourned for him with just a faint flicker of hope in their dark sorrow. He might be heard from yet; he might have got lost from his command, or, if a prisoner, he might have escaped and set about working his way homeward. Love clings to all such and even more shadowy suggestions.

To the household at Farrow place his presence was a distressing, a terrible reality. Not one of them, black or white, knew anything about how to dress such wounds as these, and the sufferer was absolutely helpless, nay, worse than helpless.

After the first few days, however, optimistic as the statement may appear, it became a peculiarly sweet duty, shared by all the household, to wait upon and minister to the sick enemy. He was a stalwart and handsome man, in the June of life, and he was a very pathetic picture as he lay there wasting slowly away to a shadow of himself.

The ladies relieved one another, watching beside him in turn, whilst the negroes set about trying to get certain patches of the plantation into cultivation again. Some hoes were the only implements left, but these could be used to good effect by such strong and willing workers.

A strange thing happened that summer in North Georgia, which saved from starvation the unfortunate people over whom the armies had run. There was an unprecedented season of showers, and the

young corn, that had been trampled into the earth by camping thousands of men, horses, mules, wagon-trains, and artillery, came up again green and strong. In many instances it even matured finely without any cultivation. It looked as if Nature knew what was demanded of her; and, there being no live stock to eat or trample the corn, fences were not needed.

To Uncle Duff's great delight, the wheat, too, revived somewhat, so that patches of it matured the grain.

"De good Lor' know he people," said that pious soul; "an' he gwine ter see 'em froo de tight places."

He prayed loud and long, night and morning, and sang melodious old hymns of praise; but one day when a Federal force was passing with some cattle for the army, now down near Marietta, and a scudding force of Confederate cavalry attacked them, the old man rushed into the house in a blaspheming mood, crying out,—

"Dod blast dey eberlastin' souls, dar dey come ag'in, debbil take 'em!"

The conflict between Uncle Duff's piety and his proficiency in the art of phrasing expletives was very fierce just at this point:

"Bress de deah Lor', wha' we gwine ter do now? Des as I gits dat co'n all nice an' dat wheat all ready, yer come de debblish sojers ag'in, a-shootin' an' a-stealin' an'—an'—a-cussin' an' a-rarin' an' a-trompin' ober de fiel's! Lor', I done pray an' pray fo' yo' ter keep 'em away, an' wuz a-relyin' on yo' a-doin' it, an' yit yer dey is ag'in, dam' 'em, jes' like hell bust loose er pu'pose!"

Sure enough, there they were, a long line of blue stretching across the river-bottom fields and into the woods, with four cannon on the hill a little farther away, and three more right in the road, not a quarter of a mile from the house.

And promptly on the moment, like three black crows, away flew the negroes again, disappearing in the woods in search of the hiding-place known only to them.

The wounded captain by this time had begun to convalesce. Indeed, he was far along toward recovery, owing to the tireless attentions of the ladies; but he could not get out of his bed, and his wounds required constant care.

The first gun of the skirmish startled him; his face lit up, and he tried to lift himself so as to look out of the little mullioned window hard by. He felt the stimulus of battle.

"What is it?" he asked, breathlessly. "Is Sherman falling back? Is the army in sight?"

Mrs. Farrow went to his bedside and tried to explain, but she was almost speechless with excitement, almost overcome with the thought that at last, perhaps, the invaders were being driven out of Georgia. But before she could formulate a statement with a view of quieting the captain, the cannon began to thunder, and the sound of musketry rattled off across the fields like the pattering of a rapidly receding shower.

The old terror returned to the breasts of the young women, but they could not refrain from looking out on the conflict.

III.

Captain Long had been in a delirium a great part of the time that he had lain at Farrow place, and now, when, with dilating eyes and flushed face, he almost fiercely struggled to overcome his weakness and sit up, his attendants thought his trouble had returned to his brain.

The battle, as is often the case with the meeting of small forces, was intensely fierce and stubborn. The field-pieces were firing at short range, not more than three hundred yards, and the dismounted cavalry were blazing away at one another, the lines almost within a stone's throw as they faced, one sheltered by a slight depression in the field, the other by a scattering wood and bushy hill. The Confederates were nearer the house than were the Federals, and appeared to have the advantage in both numbers and position.

Like the girl in *Ivanhoe*, Mrs. Farrow, with wildly beating heart and fascinated gaze, kept watch and reported the progress of the fight to the wounded man, who all the time was trying to command the window, a thing quite impossible.

Suddenly two light field-guns were rolled up to the very gate of the yard, and there swiftly whirled into position, aimed, and fired. The house fairly rocked under the concussion.

"They are coming! they are coming!" cried Mrs. Farrow, as the Federals poured out from their cover and rushed up the acclivity toward the guns, that were being served with grape. Now the bullets began to hit the house and sing through the door-way and window; a shell struck one of the cannon, and, knocking off a wheel, flung it over into the yard, where it fell upon a man and crushed him to death.

The uproar became appalling; it was like an earthquake and a cyclone combined; but it was soon over. The Confederates drove the Federals back upon the river, and there captured most of them and all their cattle and provisions.

To the Farrow household the result was merely another wounded captain left on their hands.

This Captain Number Two was a Confederate, and had fallen almost in the door at Mrs. Farrow's feet. She saw him come dashing up the road in the hottest of the fight, mounted on a thin, wiry horse. As he reached the yard fence he gave his animal a lift and cleared the top rail easily, shouting some orders in a ringing voice. The next moment a swarm of bullets hummed past, and he fell with both arms broken and an ugly wound in his side; but he managed to get upon his feet and totter into the house.

Two or three of his men, seeing his mishap, followed him. A surgeon was soon found, who bound the broken limbs.

Strangely enough, both of these captains had the name of Long; and there they lay side by side on the same bed. They managed to look into each other's eyes, and then they glared and made meaningless motions with their lips.

"Tom Long, what the devil are *you* doing here?" exclaimed the Federal, in a breathless way, a peculiar light in his eyes.

"Well, Hugh! Well, I'll be—— Where'd you come from?" responded the Confederate. They then gazed hard at each other in silence.

"Hurt badly?" inquired the Federal, a little later; and by this time his voice was almost tender. But the Confederate had fainted from loss of blood and the agony of nerve-lesion: he could not answer.

The negroes came back again when all danger had passed. Uncle Duff arrived first, Aunt Saluda and Sam following at safe intervals.

"Bress de good Lor'!" cried Duff, "wha' we gwine ter fin' nuff ter eat, wid anudder all-shot-up whi' man on our han's? Tell me dat!"

It was hard indeed; for this last fight had destroyed all the supplies that the household had gathered together, and trampled down all the growing grain of the fields.

"Got ter hab some eatables, eben ef we got ter—ter—jes' got ter comfuscate it," said Duff to Sam. "Eatin' is got ter go on, ef de debbil lib under de table."

That very night a sack of corn and a side of bacon came from some mysterious source beyond the mountain. Aunt Saluda made hominy in place of bread, and fried slender bits of bacon. Some basket fish-traps in the river furnished a good supply of catfish.

"Stealin', yo' calls dis heah? S'pose'n' it is sorter like it? Dem po' shot-ter-pieces sojers a-layin' dar in de baid hab got ter eat," argued Uncle Duff with his own conscience, as he crept off every night on distant predatory excursions from which he rarely returned empty-handed.

Meantime, the two bedfellows had found a subject of quarrel.

IV.

"Well, Tom Long, I never had expected to find a brother of mine, an own blood brother, fighting as a rebel against the flag of his country!" exclaimed the Federal. "I'm everlastingly ashamed of you, Tom!"

"And what are you doing away off down here in Georgia where you've no business, Hugh Long?" retorted the Confederate. "You're a nice fellow, I must say, bumming around and burning houses, stealing cattle, robbing pig-pens and hen-roosts and truck-gardens! Don't you feel rather small? I should if I were you."

"I've not been doing anything of the sort," exclaimed Hugh. "I'm no thief, thank you, sir. I'm a Union soldier."

"Well, I take notice that wherever you fellows go, you don't leave much," said Tom, sarcastically, and he turned his head so as to glare at his brother.

"Leave much!" cried Hugh; "leave much! There's been nothing to leave but goober peas and a few measly, knotty sweet potatoes. Your whole blamed country isn't worth a good cow! Leave much!"

"And what sort of a country is yours, I'd like to know? I've

been there. Nothing but snow in winter, mud in spring, dust in summer, and ague in the autumn! Blast your blasted country! Go back and live in it, and let ours alone. What do I care for your infernal country!"

"Tom Long, you're a traitor!"

"Hugh Long, you're a liar!"

Hugh actually struck Tom, and Tom kicked savagely at Hugh. They made the bedstead creak as they struggled.

"Heah, now! Heah, now!" spluttered Uncle Duff; "dis not gwine ter 'mount ter nuffin'. We's not er-gwine ter hab no fightin' an' flouncin' roun' heah, so yo' mought jes' es well stop!" and he clutched the combatants and shook them savagely. "Be quiet, now, er I jes' smash yo' bofe! swa' ter glory I will!"

The young ladies stood by aghast, but Uncle Duff, with that masterly insight common to old house-servants, saw that each had her preference in the struggle.

"Yo' gent'men done disgrace yo'selbs afo' de young missuses! Jes' look how dey's done er-cryin' dey eyes out! Hain't yo' 'shame' o' yo' no-'count selbs now? yo' po' triflin' whi' trash! Da's jes' w'at yo' is!"

The young women ran out of the room with their hands over their faces.

"Swa' to de Lor', gent'men, ef I wuz er whi' man I'd jes' erbout poun' de life out'n bofe ob ye, dat I would, fo' er fac'!" growled Duff, as he stood leaning over the bed. "Yo's a pooty-lookin' mess, now, ain't yo'!"

The irate brothers felt the situation and began to laugh, despite the pain their struggle and excitement had stirred up in their wounds. Duff took breath, and continued:

"Heah I done been er-stealin' bacon an' co'n an' chicken an' taters fo' yo' all folks, an' Saluda she been er-cookin' fo' yo', an' de young missuses dey been er-tookin' keer ob yo'; and den w'at yo' doin'? W'y, heah yo' is a-cussin' an' a-fightin' jes' like two drunk po' whi' folks! Hit's outdacious, gent'men, p'intedly outdacious! Yo's bofe a-actin' de dam fool!"

"Well, you get out of here, or I'll break your black neck!" exclaimed Tom. "I'll wear a hole in the floor with you, you impudent old scoundrel!"

"How yo' gwine ter, w'en yo' got bofe arms broke?" inquired Duff. "Yo's no mor'n a ole woman des now."

Hugh laughed uproariously, and despite himself Tom joined him. Duff, however, remained quite dignified and solemn. He straightened himself up, folded his heavy arms, and said, in a measured voice,—

"Mebbe yo' don't observe dat I's er free pusson,—dat I done got my pussonal liberty, same lak any whi' man? Ef yo' hain't notice dat, mebbe yo' better begin yo' noticin' now. Dey's no use er-scufflin' ergin' Providence."

"Talk up to him, Duff. I'll stand by you," said Hugh, still chuckling heartily. "You're a free man, and pretty nearly white."

Tom was furious, but he curbed his tongue, for just then Mrs. Farrow came in and sent Duff about his business.

"That is a very intelligent old colored gentleman," observed Hugh. "He seems to take in the situation."

"A despicable old negro fraud," said Tom. "I should like to strap him. I will strap him just as soon as I am well. I'll settle with him!"

Mrs. Farrow quickly changed the subject of conversation. She had grown to like both the captains while nursing them. In some way they had almost dropped into the places of her dead sons. Her efforts in their behalf had served to blunt in a degree the point of her sorrow, by keeping her mind occupied.

As for the young ladies, the most natural thing in the world happened to them. The captains were intelligent and handsome men, evidently honorable and true-hearted, with a great fund of humor and not a little sly moonshine in their hearts.

Tom, being hurt only in the arms, got well first, and immediately went away in search of his command. Hugh had to linger on. Indeed, he was still on his crutches when the news of Lee's and Johnston's surrender reached the Farrow household. By this time Margaret had agreed to marry him.

Meanwhile, not a word had come from Tom, and Julia's face had grown sad and thin; but Tom was all safe and sound, nevertheless, trudging his weary way from North Carolina, over the mountains and streams, as straight as possible back to Farrow place.

V.

Those were hard days,—much harder, indeed, than the days of battle. It would be a strong imagination that could portray them in anything like real lines. From Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah through the Carolinas northward to Richmond, the whole country was a desolation, burned, trampled, pillaged, and then left at the mercy of a set of deserters, robbers, and thieves, the offscourings of both noble armies.

For a year after the surrender all the mountain region of the South was the home of countless bands of desperadoes, who lived by robbery, horse-stealing, illicit distilling, and almost every other unlawful practice. Through this region and among these wild adventurers Tom made his way slowly and with many an enforced delay. He did not expect to find his loyal brother still lingering at Farrow place, but the first person he saw was Hugh, sitting on the little stoop, talking to Margaret. The Western and Atlantic Railroad had been put in order, and letters had passed between the Union soldier and his parents in the North. He had informed the latter of Tom's disloyalty, but they had not seemed to be willing that even a rebel son should eat the husks of the prodigal. They certainly exhibited, so far as they could in a letter, more concern about Tom's welfare, seeing that it was in doubt, than about loyal Hugh's.

"That's the way mother and father always were," said Hugh: "they always liked that scapegrace Tom better than me." With the

words in his mouth he looked up, and there stood Tom right under his nose.

No man could have been more picturesque than was Captain Long as he halted at the steps of the stoop and eagerly gazed into the house.

"Where is Julia?" were his first words.

He was brown and stalwart, long-haired, shaggy-bearded, and dirty. The coat that he wore was out at both elbows and had lost one division of its tail; his trousers, besides having got rid of most of one leg, were pinned together by wooden pegs and patched and pieced with parti-colored rags; a dilapidated "homespun" shirt, collarless and buttonless, was particularly baggy and frayed where his vest would have been if he had had one, and his hat was comically tattered, what there was left of it. Such boots as he wore would disgust a professional tramp; one had a long leg, the other was notably short, and both were without soles in great part, disclosing the absence of stockings.

Hugh knew Tom's voice as soon as he heard it, but it was hard to recognize his handsome brother in that mongrel-looking being standing there ragged and unkempt as a drunken beggar.

"Where is Julia?" he repeated, with a strange grim smile, which was almost a scowl.

There was a little low cry, the rustle of a dress, and Julia almost overturned both Hugh and Margaret as she rushed past them and flung her arms around Tom's neck. Tears gushed out of Tom's eyes.

Uncle Duff from the kitchen door, where he was smoking his cob pipe, saw his young mistress perform this reckless feat, and was utterly disgusted thereat.

"Bress de Lor'!" he muttered, "bress de deah Lor'! Ef I'd er 'spected 'at dem young leddies wuz er-gwine ter tek up wid any sich low-down po' whi' trash, I'd er let dem dar cap'ns bofe starve right dar in de baid, sho's yo' bo'n, Saluda, dat I would, fo' er fac'! Heah I been a-stealin' bacon an' co'n an' chickens and taters all dis time, an' dis yer's w'at it comes to, dog-gone de luck! What do freedom 'mount ter, anyhow? Dern po' eend ter all dis shootin' an' fightin'!"

But, in spite of Duff's vigorous objections, the brothers married the sisters, and are to-day very happy men.

Hugh gets a pension; but Tom says he doesn't care, so long as his wife is so much prettier than Hugh's.

Maurice Thompson.

DISTANCE.

DISTANCE bides not afar in space;
 Oft may we meet it face to face,
 Touch its warm hand, look in its eyes,
 List to its greetings and replies,
 No farther than the nearest heart,
 And yet a thousand worlds apart.

Ida Whipple Benham.

BED AND BOARD IN RUSSIA.

OUR first thought on arriving in St. Petersburg, in view of the protracted stay which we had in contemplation, was to seek quarters elsewhere than in a hotel. Our idea was to find board with some nice Russian family, for the sake of the constant practice in the language, "experiences," and the "atmosphere."

We were very speedily forced to renounce that plan. The boarding-house is one of the questionable benefits of civilization which remain unknown to Russia so far. It is safe to say that if it did exist it would not be kept by a Russian. Russians of the better class have not discovered the "genteel" myth of receiving a few paying "friends" into the bosom of their family "for company." We wasted a great deal of time in inspecting several recommended families who were willing to make the experiment "to oblige us," and we took the precaution of dropping in upon them at meal-times. One look was enough. It was but too plainly apparent that, though their ignorance of any language but their own was all that we could desire, their ignorance in some other respects was far beyond all reasonable requirements.

However, we profited by our investigations to the extent of viewing localities and styles of living which we should never have beheld under any other circumstances. We advertised. That was not a very prompt mode of action, because the advertisement only appeared on the second or third day after it had been handed in, owing to the necessity for submitting it to censorship. The replies were not satisfactory. We turned to the advertisements of furnished lodgings, expressed in the hieroglyphical and economical style peculiar to the Russian "Wants" column: "To let: fur., 3 hand. apart. sun. si. st." (furnished, three handsome apartments, sunny side of the street), and so on. That is as near as I can come to the style in English.

Though it was late in the season to find desirable furnished lodgings, we saw a sufficient number of what struck us as extremely undesirable rooms to make us feel very incapable and helpless. We came to dread the sight of the huge apartment-houses, after we had climbed a few dozen miles of stairs in our search. Private houses are rare, by comparison, in St. Petersburg.

When Peter the Great began his new capital, with such indomitable energy that the workmen were forced to excavate the earth with their hands and carry it away in the skirts of their coats for lack of proper implements, he determined not to let events take their own slow course in the matter of providing a suitable population and buildings on a scale worthy of the occasion. He ordered the rich nobles, who already possessed magnificent establishments in their beloved Moscow, to remove to St. Petersburg and to erect there mansions in proportion to their wealth. In order that there might be no parsimonious miscalculations in this combined census- and tax-affidavit, so to speak, he prescribed a certain number of feet frontage on the street for every

hundred serfs owned by the noble builder. The list of serfs from the last revision formed a solid basis for his royal calculations, and could not be disputed by recalcitrant grandees. The latter obeyed these orders with great reluctance, and this probably accounts for the very plain architecture of the two or three buildings which are still extant, without remodelling, from Peter's day, including a couple of his own "palaces," which resemble brick and stucco copies of the plainest, cheapest sort of an American frame house in the country, with the gables at right angles to the street.

The fashion of huge buildings was perpetuated in the apartment-houses, which often have entrances on two or three streets, and are all constructed round a spacious court-yard, or several court-yards, in the centre, which furnish abundant light and air. As in the case of private houses, therefore, we may always assume that the street frontage represents only half, or two-thirds at most, of the actual area occupied. In private houses much room is required for the very numerous servants, certain classes of whom are allowed to keep house with their families in little suites of rooms opening on the court-yard.

In apartment-houses, the lodgings which open on the court-yard rent for a lower price, because the entrance is through a *porte-cochère*, or, at night, through a wicket therein. This is an unobjectionable, rather an aristocratic, arrangement in a private house; but elsewhere the court-yard may contain too many stables, workshops, or even a large number of cows to supply dairy-shops, which profess to deal in Finnish—that is to say, in pure, country—butter, cream, and milk. In this case, also, the winter's supply of wood for the great house is sure to be stacked in piles a couple of stories high, so close to the less desirable lodgings that the prefect of the town was obliged to issue an order protecting the poorer inhabitants, and regulating the position of the wood-piles at a proper distance from the building for light and air.

Our researches revealed the fact that very few "furnished" lodgings provided either towels, bed-linen, coverlets, or pillows, or anything, in fact, beyond the bare bedsteads and furniture. Of course we were aware, theoretically, that this is a reminiscence of the days when every landed proprietor travelled accompanied by an entire housekeeping outfit and staff of servants, when he undertook those long carriage journeys which preceded the days of railways, and which are still compulsory in some parts of the empire. Nevertheless, in practice, we were not prepared to accept this, beyond towels, and we protested that no traveller should be obliged to drag such bulky objects about with him, in these days of improved transit facilities. The logic of this argument was not very strong on our side, it is true, but most travellers will agree with us nevertheless. The Russian lodging-house people, in return, seemed to regard us with amazement and pity because we did not possess these things and declined to purchase them. Their idea must have been that we were accustomed to sleep in our clothes, like their own peasants.

In some cases they were willing to provide the bed-furnishings, for a consideration; but they regarded one towel a week, and one change

of linen a month, as ample. That arrangement did not meet with our approbation either. We were hard to suit, I admit.

Then there was the problem of food. The use of the samovár twice a day, and of the tea-things, the services of the servant, to fetch bread, cream, and any other light food desired for the morning meal and for tea, are included in the price of the lodging,—nominally. In practice, the lodging-house-keeper pays the servants nothing, and expects them to live upon fees from the lodgers. But the solid meals? There was the rub, especially for women. Some of the lodging-house-keepers were willing to furnish the mid-day breakfast, or even dinner. But their ideas proved, on investigation, not to coincide with ours. In their opinion, for example, a fine course dinner consisted of cabbage soup, boiled beef, and a pancake for dessert, at the same price asked in the hotels for a genuine meal. I hinted to one woman—an old Little Russian, who was so fat that she had passed the spherical stage and become square, who pronounced corridor *kalydor*, and other words to match—that this bill of fare seemed to be somewhat limited and monotonous.

“But think of the view!” she retorted.

It appeared that her lodgers were expected to feast upon the sight of the Anitchkoff Palace,—the Emperor’s residence in winter,—opposite, and upon the window of his study in particular.

I admitted that it would be truly luxurious to feast upon glimpses of the Emperor and his family,—when they were to be had; “but,” I inquired, “how is one to subsist until their arrival from Denmark, and during their absences?”

The old woman vaunted the beauty of her “suites of apartments.” She constructed a “suite” from a single room by partitioning off the corridor end and the door from the window end by curtains of striped calico, thus making a “drawing-room” and a bedroom. None of the lodgings which we inspected were cheap in either situation or price, but the above description, with individual exceptions and variations, represents their general character with sufficient fairness.

We were daunted. Going out to our meals was the resource left to us. We had counted upon this, in fact, as a valuable means of making observations. But how were we to subsist in case of bad weather, if there happened to be no hotel in the immediate neighborhood? The hotels were unobjectionable. But just at this point in our researches we discovered that restaurants were not. We told our *izvóstchik* to drive us to a first-class restaurant. At the door, our woman’s instinct sounded the alarm, and we inquired whether it was intended for ladies. The manager courteously assured us that it was; and during our very good breakfast we were not apprised by so much as a glance, from waiters or guests, that we were doing anything out of the way. It remained for a woman to assure us, on our mentioning the subject intentionally, for the purpose of eliciting remark, that “ladies *never* went to the first-class restaurants unaccompanied by gentlemen,” but that we, as ignorant foreigners, would be pardoned. If such was the case with the best restaurants, what would be the result of patronizing any other sort? Life in St. Petersburg, outside of hotels or private

housekeeping, seemed to be a problem easy enough of solution for a man long domiciled there and possessed of numerous dinner invitations, but not for two strange women. We resolved to remain at the hotel until we should have bought a little experience to keep us out of scrapes. We began to suspect that there must be a storehouse of that commodity awaiting our purchase.

Later we attacked this lodging-house puzzle with spirit, and solved it. We found well-furnished, well-situated, spacious lodgings. We got our breakfasts and dinners at the hotels, varying their monotony by incursions on the forbidden restaurants from time to time. Our reliance upon our sedate appearance and conduct and our foreign extraction was never misplaced. But the plain truth of the matter is that a woman sojourning alone in the Russian capitals (either Moscow or St. Petersburg) would be obliged to cook her own meals (with an oil stove, or something of that sort, personally or through her maid), put up at a first-class hotel, or keep house, if she were at all particular as to the variety and quality of her food.

Out of all the apartments which we occupied at various times and in different places only one ever voluntarily furnished us with bed-linen, towels, and pillows. That landlady was English, and she had a double bed—and bedbugs. We never saw a bedbug anywhere else in Russia, and the only other double beds we came across were those of the Emperor and Empress in the Imperial palaces. Single folding iron beds are the rule in hotels and the like. We were, at last, obliged to buy and carry about our bed-linen. It came into play in various country hotels, which are run on the antique plan. Sheets and pillows are also indispensable on the steamers, to freshen up the hot, velvet-covered, pillowless divans into the coolness and comfort consistent with sleep.

In our lodgings we accumulated a mass of experiences and warnings, so that we felt very wise at the end of it all. But I have not a doubt that if we were to start afresh, with all due precautions, we should discover new tricks to conquer beyond those illustrated in the selection of incidents which I shall relate.

The first thing we learned to shun in choosing lodgings was the huge, cylindrical iron stove, which is used for economy. Sometimes it is covered with paper to match the walls. This device does in fact conceal the otherwise inevitable huge patches of scorched paint around the fire-doors, but the odors of toasting paste and paper, added to that of the burning iron, are intolerable. Another objection to this sort of stove is that it overheats a room terribly at first, and cools off so suddenly afterwards that one is alternately roasted and frozen. The ordinary mode of heating is by birch wood, burned in large stoves of tiles, which reach from the floor to the ceiling. This stove heats to such perfection of temperature and atmosphere that one learns in Russia for the first time what it is to be really comfortable in winter and yet to escape the perennial American cold in the head or sore throat, superinduced by overheating on one side and by a cold draught on the other.

This question of heat is obviously of the first importance during a Russian winter. In one set of apartments we discovered, too late, that

the only means of heating our parlor consisted of a small grate, and that the landlady considered one scuttle of coke a proper allowance of fuel for twenty-four hours, "because the house was on the sunny side of the street." In vain we argued that the hard-rimmed, pewter platter of a sun, which can be gazed on with impunity with the naked eye, is not capable of adding much heat, even when it is above the horizon for five hours, to say nothing of the remaining nineteen hours and of stormy days. Illness prevented our quitting that house at once, and we meekly sat wrapped in our fur cloaks, which were proof, as we knew, against cold 35° below zero Fahrenheit. The landlady went about wrapped up in a thick shawl,—to keep out the heat, I presume, as she was constantly telling us that the former occupants had forbidden the "boots" to build even that coke fire more than once a week, lest they should suffocate with warmth. I suppose Russians would have known how to deal with her: retaining the price of fuel from the rent is the remedy, I was informed afterwards. I must state, in justice, that she was English, though her household and food were entirely Russian.

It was here that I received lessons in finance and other departments from Akim (Hyacinth), the muzhík (boots). I prefer to think of him as Hyacinth when I recall his appearance while engaged in making that coke fire and in other duties. His garments consisted of a scarlet cotton shirt, belted and worn with the skirts outside of his black velvet trousers,—the ordinary costume of "boots." The trousers were made from two breadths of the velvet sewed up straight and falling to the ground, unhemmed, about his bare feet. When in full dress, these trousers were tucked into tall, wrinkled boots, and puffed over. Blue eyes, light brown hair worn in the deep, circular Russian "bang," a ruddy complexion, good features of the strong Russian type,—such was the personal appearance of Hyacinth-Akim. Every morning he brought in the samovár and made the fire, much against his will, "in the middle of the night," as he was pleased to designate eight o'clock. I gave him money for bread, cream, newspaper, and, occasionally, for eggs. There were two bakers' shops in our block (one in our house, on the street level), half a dozen more in the immediate neighborhood; there was a dairy-shop round the corner; and newspaper men were sprinkled about abundantly. Yet my coffee had always boiled far too long on the samovár, which sometimes went out, and I had lost all patience, before he returned, in three-quarters of an hour or so. The rolls which he brought were invariably stale, the cream was mediocre, the eggs were always very small and generally bad. "Russians like them that way: they are choice eggs," was his reply to my remarks; and it is a fact that some Russians, even among the cultivated gentry, prefer what Théophile Gautier found so often in Spain,—"feathered eggs." Akim declared that fresh rolls left the oven only at ten o'clock, "when *gentlefolks* drink their tea." His surliness was proof against my constant remonstrances. But on Easter Monday he astonished me with fresh and early rolls. That day Princess Blank chanced to say that her household always "drank tea"—the expression for the first meal of the day—at eight o'clock.

“And do you have stale rolls?” I asked.

“Never. Why?”

I stated the case. Then the princess and her husband, being versed in the guile of Russian servants, explained that my Hyacinth probably kept two kopeks out of every five which I gave him, and spent the extra time that had tried my patience so sorely in scouring the neighborhood for stale bread, which is sold more cheaply. At Easter time no bakers work, and Hyacinth had been obliged to feed us on fresh rolls for once, because all the stale bread was exhausted. Inquiry at the shops developed the fact that the first batch of rolls left the oven at half-past six o'clock in the morning. I also experimented at the dairy-shops with cream and eggs. I got large and perfectly fresh eggs for the price paid (ostensibly) by Akim for his shabby, antiquated specimens. I worried a newspaper vender, and found that I got a reduction of a kopek: I suspected that Akim had received a reduction of two kopeks. The Russian papers are dear, even at their subscription prices, in proportion to their size, which is generally four pages, sometimes six. In proportion to the amount of news which they contain, they are extortionate, the one I patronized costing thirteen dollars a year.

Hyacinth-Akim fell out with me the next morning, when I said that I wished rolls from the six-thirty batch, from a bakery which I specified,—fresh rolls, like what I had had the day before, not stale, such as he had been serving me. He took the hint at last.

“Do you think I put your money in my pocket, *sudárynya*?” he asked.

“You know best,” I replied. “I don’t care what you do with it, provided you bring me fresh bread and eggs and good cream.”

Thereupon Hyacinth “struck,” and the landlady sent another *muzhík*,—who may have pilfered coppers also; but I never knew or cared to know, in view of the quality of the food which he brought me. I must say that Hyacinth was one of the only two surly members of the peasant class whom I encountered. I never saw him smile but once. That was when he watched my third attempt to burn up an Easter cake which I had bought, in my ignorance, as of superfine quality, and which even the fire refused to consume.

We had another experience, still more amusing, at another set of lodgings, kept by a Frenchwoman. She had forgotten a good deal of French, and had not acquired much Russian, during her long residence in St. Petersburg. Her moustache was the most Frenchy thing about her. Our entertainment began very promptly in this case. On reaching St. Petersburg from Moscow at the end of the Russian December, we found this Frenchwoman’s well-situated, beautifully furnished, and desirable apartments vacant and advertised. The rooms were partly heated by wood-burning furnaces in the cellar (the house being new), and we could have fires in the drawing-room grate and in the bedroom stove whenever we liked. It is usual to have a grate in the drawing-room of apartments, and it is objectionable only when it is relied upon to supply all the heat, and when the half-lignite coal is used instead of birch wood.

The place was so attractive that we were suspicious. Why, when lodgings are so desperately scarce in winter,—why were those rooms vacant? We asked if there had been illness there.

“Non,” said Madame, “Bog znáet [God knows] qu’il n’y a pas eu un brin de balyézn [sickness].”

“Has any one died here, then?”

“Jamais, níkogda! j’ai imyéel deux ou trois locataires qui ont demeuré u menyá pendant deux ou trois god [I have had two or three lodgers who have lived with me for two or three years].”

“How comes it that the rooms are vacant at this season?”

“Eh bien, le monsieur qui zanemál yikh [occupied them] était v sluzhbye [in the service] d’un gouvernement étranger. Zhest nedyel tomú nazád [six weeks ago] on lui a donné bnezápno [suddenly] une position à Vienne. Oui, il a obtenu un g-r-r-r-rand rang à Vienne, yay Bógu [God is my witness]!”

We engaged the rooms, as there was nothing else to be had, sent our luggage there, and returned to the hotel to breakfast and to get our passports. The passport clerk, when we gave him our new address, in compliance with the law, remarked that some one had died in those lodgings, or in that house, very recently. We reflected that his remarks might be a ruse to detain us in the hotel: how could he know about that particular house? But the hint coincided too closely with our own misgivings to be disregarded. We went back, and, foolishly, questioned the Swiss. As Madame had had two adjoining apartments thrown into one, there were two Swiss, or hall-porters, one at each entrance to that big building. Instead of this proving to be an advantage in the present case, both Swiss professed an ignorance more dense than our own. “There has been no funeral, no illness, here, God is my witness. Ask the other Swiss: he may know,” each said.

Mounting the stairs, beyond the Swiss’s line of vision, we pulled the bell at a door labelled “Prince ——.” There, in reply to our questions, they told us that a man had died a few days before in our new lodgings, of something sudden, they believed.

We attributed the whole list of contagious diseases to that man, as we drove in haste to the police station of our quarter. At the station we found everything so decorous and dignified that it seemed an impertinence to ask troubled questions. Before a very large image of the Virgin and the Christ-child, in a massive, gilded rococo frame, burned a shrine-lamp,—the lamp which, in theory, should be always burning, but which, in practice, is frequently extinguished. The Emperor’s portrait gazed mildly down from another wall, and would certainly, it seemed, have looked surprised had the officers’ tall boots squeaked or had their bows been a shade less courtly.

We explained the situation, and asked if they knew the facts in the case.

“Certainly,” was the reply. “When the doctor comes in he will tell you all about it.”

The doctor read us his record from the official books. An old gentleman (not a dapper young diplomat) had really died in our new sitting-room, of heart-disease. The doctor had been present at the

inquest, described the furniture, and read out the price of the rooms, which convinced us not only that he knew about the death, but that we were not being overcharged. This was surprising, but refreshing to a degree which can be realized only by those who are unskilled at chaffering and who detest it, in a country where "prix fixe" is a reality only on a few signs, and where the foreigner unacquainted with values usually pays dear for his ignorance. The doctor was much amused at our story, and declared that the Swiss had been bribed by Madame, and that the death had occurred only two—not six—weeks before.

When we got back to the lodgings, I had Madame summoned, and said to her,—

"I give you one last chance to tell me the truth. What became of the last lodger?"

She repeated her asseverations, in her usual vehement mosaic of French and Russian, calling in Liza, the maid, and another lodger, to support her, which they did with a perfect volley of "God knows" and "he is gone to Vienna." I incidentally discovered that Liza had learned French from Madame, and that she was anxious to conceal the fact: this prevented my mentioning secrets in that tongue thereafter.

I wickedly enjoyed their perjury, and, when they had quite finished, I pointed to a spot on the rug, and said,—

"He died just here." I must have hit the mark, for the three women looked absolutely terrified.

"He is gone to—heaven," I went on. "Madame, I am amazed that a Frenchwoman should consider Vienna and heaven as synonymous."

Then they weakened and half admitted the fact; and I, not knowing how witches might be regarded in that latitude, clinched my remarks by referring her to the police for any details which might have escaped her memory during the "fortnight" which had elapsed.

Madame gave a final flare-up at my "not trusting her word of honor," and at my having been so vulgar as to apply to the police, but ended by excusing herself: she "was afraid the rooms would remain unlet if the truth were told; people were so fidgety." We afterwards discovered that the hotel passport clerk lived in the neighborhood and had seen the funeral; and to this fact we were indebted for our amusement.

We remained, in spite of Madame's lies and fears, and were very comfortable, on the whole. She told us there was a club near by, whence our meals could be sent in. One dinner, which we suspected of coming from Madame's own kitchen, but which had nothing French or even first-class Russian about it, settled that question. When we got her, occasionally, to cook simple dishes for us, she displayed a heaven-bestowed talent for spoiling them.

The birch-gas fumes from the cellar furnace made us ill, if we opened the little brass register-boxes in the walls. This was because false economy prompted the yard-porter to close the flues before the wood had burned down to coals. But Madame was willing to roast us all day long with a roaring fire of birch logs in the grate. The secret of this was that she hired her apartments "with wood," and

could use as much as she pleased without extra cost to herself. This is a very important point to consider in hiring apartments, either for housekeeping or for lodging. In advertisements of the former, the advantageous fact "with wood" is always stated as an inducement. We found it a very good question to put in hiring lodgings, "Is wood included in your lease?" If the landlady has to buy her own fuel she will infallibly try to harden one's constitution to cold, after the fashion of the English landlady whom I have mentioned. That sort of woman will say, when questioned about fires, "The stove will be heated when it is necessary, and to the proper degree." She always expects to be the judge herself; and, in her opinion, a microscopic fire once in three or four days, even in the coldest weather, is sufficient. We had four landladies of that pattern,—two in Moscow, Russian, and two in St. Petersburg, one English, the other a Pole. In the last case we were told that we could not have a fire because the young man in the next room was going to have one, and it would suffice for us also. In very many cases the great porcelain stoves are built through the wall, with the express object of heating two rooms. But the young man's stove did not extend through to us; in fact, it was not even situated on that partition wall, our huge parlor and bedroom being dependent for their heat on a stove in their own party wall. It was especially necessary because one wall of the bedroom was permanently chilled by the hallway, which was open from top to bottom of the house and never had its street door closed except during a few hours at night.

That was the trouble in our Moscow lodgings. They seemed particularly desirable at first sight, because they were situated on a corner. But in one, where we had a whole stove to ourselves on account of the wall, they would not light it without a daily fight, because a whole fire for two persons seemed to them too extravagant. In the other, where we felt quite safe, because we had half of some one else's stove in each room, they would light neither when those sets of rooms chanced to be vacant simultaneously, on the same principle.

Occasionally these lodging-houses profess to furnish breakfast and dinner, if one wishes, in his own rooms. But the food is very bad in quality and stinted in quantity. We tried it in several places, but only once in each. At a house in Moscow (where we refrained from engaging rooms) we were shown the bill of fare. The chief among the scanty items chanced to be *ryábtchik*, a plump little game bird of about the size and build of a quail. It was set down at a price "per portion" which was equal to that in the best hotels.

"How many portions are there in a *ryábtchik*?" I asked.

"Several," was the not unexpected reply; and I knew that the bird would not be fresh, but would be of the cheap sort which has been frozen for months in the market and has half thawed out. They are likely to be poisonous in that state. A Moscow merchant was recently arrested for dealing in that sort of *ryábtchik*. He explained to the police that "he was ripening the birds for his English customers, who preferred them when fragrant." But the uncultured, hard-hearted police would not accept this version of the matter. They fined him and destroyed his "high" game.

I must confess that even our avidity for "experiences" and "local color" was conquered by the Moscow lodgings with which we experimented, and we fled back to the hotel. However, if one wishes to combine the more spacious and reasonable lodgings with the comforts of a hotel, and avoid the trouble and confinement of housekeeping, the way to manage is to use the "Colonial" (or Delicatessen) shops as an auxiliary to the samovár for the noon breakfast, and dine out at the best places. This method has the advantage of uniting experiences, local color, and comfortable quarters. With the samovár one can make far better coffee, if one prefers that to tea with the morning roll, than can be had at most of the hotels. Eggs can be enclosed in a muslin bag and boiled by the steam of the samovár, without touching the water. Coffee is dear and hard to find good, which is one explanation of so many Russians drinking unsubstantial tea in the morning. Economy is another reason.

And the dinners? Well, the only really good cooking is to be found at the restaurants, where, as I have said, unprotected women are not expected to go. I refer especially to St. Petersburg. In Moscow, where pure Russian dishes and receipts prevail, most of the hotel food is not only good, but at times delicious. But in St. Petersburg it is a mixture of German and a little Russian, neither first-class. He who says German in cookery says grease, boiled meat, raw sausages, and a dessert of half-sweetened pie-dough deluged with cherry-juice, which figures on the bill of fare as a pudding. Hotel vegetables amount to very little, especially in winter, and the German compote, which goes with the roast, has been promoted to the dignity of a dessert, where it appears as a "macédoine" composed of three preserved cherries and one plum, eked out with sugar and water. There is an admirable strain of thrift, no doubt, in this promotion of the worthy compote; but it has no other merit.

The curse of all hotel cooking in St. Petersburg is boiled beef. There are other dishes, of course. But the stomach weakens at this point. In St. Petersburg it is quite possible to get boiled beef by ordering mutton-chops, and the head-waiter will provide a seasoning of argument. At one favorite *table-d'hôte* breakfast, roast sucking pig, stuffed with black buckwheat groats, is served every other day, and one must go early if he be attached to this hearty delicacy, so great is the demand for it on the part of the Russians, who are attracted thither by it. But boiled beef is the Russian, as it is the German and Austrian, Proteus. It appears on the bill of fare, under different names, at least three times every day in the year, after having already done yeoman service in the soup, with one onion fried from early morn to dewy eve to make a strong but thrifty flavoring. It scores at least eleven hundred economical and intellectual triumphs for the Germans every year, and the stomach, which cannot, like the eyes, be defrauded by fancy titles, at last flees, howling, from the struggle with slow, nauseating starvation. But in Russia the enemy is less fertile in stratagem. It masquerades most frequently under the name of "cutlets," or "*bitki*," with a prefix of a distinguished name, preferably that of a slashing military man, as is fitting. Pozhársky cutlets (Mínin,

the butcher-comrade of Prince Pozhársky, is most unjustly forgotten), Skobeleff cutlets, Dolgorúky cutlets, and the whole race of cutlets and *bitki*, may safely be avoided. But, alas! the anxious query as to any unfamiliar dish, "Is it chopped?" generally brings the answer "Yes." Then one knows that it will turn out a hard, dry ball of chopped boiled beef, variously seasoned, and fried in grease, sunflower-seed oil being often used in Lent and other fasts, for the soul's sake, when sinners will persist in eating meat.

There is no doubt that we could have multiplied our studies of Russian servants and customs indefinitely, had we cared to trammel our liberty of action by undertaking to keep house. But furnished apartments with kitchens are not often available, or otherwise than by the year, and it would have been foolish to buy a complete outfit of furniture for a short time. We found that Russian housekeepers got on admirably with their servants, but that foreigners complained almost as bitterly as we complain in America. Nevertheless, it seemed to us that, in spite of all their peccadilloes, Russian servants were angels of light compared to the majority of those at home. They work untiringly, and are amiable about it. They may be slow, though they did not strike us in that way, but they certainly atone for that by their willingness to abjure "days out." They do not expect to be fed on the fat of the land. They eat their cabbage soup, black bread, and buckwheat groats with contentment. They are clean, quiet, respectful. They never answer back,—always excepting my Hyacinth.

The wages for a good plain family cook are eight or nine rubles (four dollars to four dollars and fifty cents) a month, and she is expected to furnish her own tea and sugar, or not, according to contract. Some of the more pampered servants are beginning to stipulate for a cup of coffee every morning, but they would never dream of buying it for themselves if refused. A good lackey costs from twelve dollars to fifteen dollars a month, and the price of the other servants is in proportion. Of course in fashionable establishments much higher wages are paid to men-cooks and all classes of servants. Nowhere are there so many servants kept in proportion to the population as in Russia; nowhere is one so well waited on, so spoiled with good treatment from the servants, as there.

Whatever our unmade experiences in housekeeping might have been, they would probably have been in line with what we observed in other ways, as we did a good deal of housekeeping-shopping, first and last.

Before we drifted into the mysteries of "self-help," as illustrated by furnished lodgings, we had a long experience of hotels. We also had it, at intervals, later. In fact, the two sorts of experience were sandwiched in pretty impartially. Therefore I feel very well qualified to pronounce upon the degree of knowledge of things truly Russian which can be acquired in a hotel towards the making of an authoritative book on the country, such as several persons have professed to give us. It is not extensive, to put it mildly.

The ordinary traveller has no choice. He goes, perforce, to the hotels, where he is likely to get along with the stock of languages (or

language) at his command, and where he will be cared for in the way to which he is accustomed, and that will prevent his giving vent to a libel before he has been in the country twenty-four hours, and becoming embittered for good. Indeed, they are all regulated on the European plan, as nearly as possible, with a special view to the requirements of the average traveller. The latter's mistake lies in imagining that after a stay of three or four days in them (or of two or three weeks) he is competent to describe the food, manners, and customs of all the Russians at all seasons of the year. In reality, he discovers very little about them, even during the season of the year at which his visit is made. He is apt to see spurious marvels, like the American who said to me that it was "very strange not to find any ice-cream in a land so near the North Pole, where one of the ingredients, at least, was presumably to be had in sufficient abundance." The explanation was simple: he knew no language but American, though he was college-bred; the ice-cream on the hotel bill of fare had probably escaped his notice during his protracted stay of four days, and his eyes, tongue, and guide had proved useless elsewhere. He was prepared, nevertheless, to incorporate his wonder at the phenomenon in his "Notes of Russian Travel." He was equally well informed on other matters, and assured me that, though St. Petersburg was too "cosmopolitan" for his purpose (a serious article on "The Pulse of Russia at the Present Time"), he intended to make his studies of the pure, unadulterated Russians in Nizhni-Novgorod, Minsk, and Warsaw. Probably he had a tourist ticket. It may be that his observations in Minsk and Warsaw satisfied him; but, as it is notorious that the inhabitants of those towns are almost exclusively Jews and Poles, with little that is Russian beyond the official language and the government, and as the mixture of races at the Nizhni fair is even greater than in St. Petersburg, the Russians to whom I repeated this unconscious jest complimented me, amid tears of laughter, on the brilliancy of my inventive power in the line of utter absurdities. When I assured them that I was incapable of such coruscations of wit, they said, with cheerful resignation, "Oh, well, we are used to being misrepresented."

Isabel F. Hapgood.

FROM THE VALLEY O' THE SHADDER.

THE window over the veranda was opened with a sudden dash, and the head and shoulders of Miss Jane Bates were thrust through the aperture.

"Nancy!" she called, in a tone of suppressed frenzy,—“oh, Nancy! *can't* you manage some way to keep sister Becky down-stairs for a few minutes? Poor little Dick Swiveller's havin' another fit.”

Nancy, on her knees scrubbing the veranda steps, dropped her brush precipitately and sprang up.

“Land sake! it's too late, ma'am; she's done started up-stairs this minute.”

"Oh, Nancy, what ever shall I do?" moaned Miss Jane, imploringly.

"Chuck 'im in the closet, quick," suggested Nancy.

"Oh, but he's havin' such an awful fit, frothin' at the mouth an' clawin' straws out o' the mattin'! Oh, I dassn't touch 'im!"

"Throw a quilt over 'im an' roll 'im up, then he can't scratch you," urged Nancy.

But there was no available quilt at hand, and Miss Jane glanced distractedly from the struggling little creature on the floor to the snowy spread on her bed. The sound of a stately step at the head of the stairs roused her to action. She dragged the immaculate spread to the floor, rolled the unfortunate little animal in it, and was just closing the closet door on both with frantic haste, when the door of her room opened, and Miss Rebecca Bates looked in, with eyes that saw everything, even the wee corner of white bedspread visible beneath the closet door.

"What's the matter, Jane?" she demanded.

"M-matter?" stammered Miss Jane.

"Yes, matter. What is the matter with you?"

"N-nothing, sister Becky."

"You look flurried."

"I-I've been talkin' to Nancy, through the winder."

"Oh! You better be careful, Jane. At your time o' life it ain't safe to indulge in such excitin' pastimes; it might bring on heart-failin', er nervous prostration."

Poor Miss Jane knew that ironical tone too well to venture a reply. She tremblingly turned to the window and began arranging the disturbed curtains.

"What's become o' your bedspread, Jane?"

"I t-took it off; it needs washin'," stammered Miss Jane, and immediately whispered to her conscience, "It does need washin'—*by this time.*"

"Needs washin', eh?" went on the measured, merciless voice of Miss Rebecca. "Since when 've you took to keepin' your wash in your closet?"

"Clo-closet!"

"Take care, Jane! if you don't stop tryin' to say big words I'm afeard you'll choke. You've really got to be more careful. At your time o' life——"

A faint little wailing "meow" came just then from the depths of the closet, reaching the ears of both spinsters simultaneously, with distinctly different results. Miss Jane grew red, then pale, and the hands that draped and re-draped the curtains trembled visibly. Miss Rebecca simply paused in her speech and glared at her sister for the space of two seconds, then she strode forward and laid her large, firm hand on the closet door. The next instant a little white kitten staggered weakly out into daylight, trailing a corner of the spread after him and aiming straight for Miss Jane. She caught him up in her arms and burst into tears.

"Poor kitty! Poor little Dick Swiveller!" she sobbed.

Miss Rebecca took on the air of an outraged sovereign.

"Has that cat been havin' a *fit*?" she sternly questioned.

A nod of the head and a fresh burst of tears was Miss Jane's sole reply.

"Is it the *first* fit he's had?"

"N-no."

"Jane *Bates*!"

There was genuine consternation, mingled with stern reproof, in Miss Rebecca's voice and attitude. Miss Jane cowered and shrank, but clung to the kitten.

"Jane," said Miss Rebecca, drawing her head up to its highest altitude, "you are the first Bates who, to my knowledge, ever broke a promise, er stooped to sneakin' trickery to hide a fault. What've you got to say fer yourself?"

"Nothin', sister Becky, only—only——" Miss Jane's thin little voice broke and fell to a squeaking whisper—"only he's so little an' helpless, an' so unfortunate, I c-couldn't help it."

Miss Rebecca's lips curled scornfully.

"Well, you'll help it now. No Bates is goin' to break her word for the sake of a cat, if *I* know it. You'll kill that cat now with your own hands, accordin' to your promise."

"Oh, sister Becky, I can't! I can't!" wailed poor Miss Jane.

"You can, and you shall. You rec'lect as well as I do the solemn bargain we made the day you brought the critter home. I told you we didn't want it,—that it would only git fits an' have to be killed, like all the cats you've ever had; an' I told you that, as we'd turned off the hired man, there'd be nobody to kill it; an' you up an' promised as brave as brass that you'd kill it yourself, the *first time* it had a fit. You've broke your word, an' now it's my business to see that you mend it."

"But, sister Becky, he's so little, so young; he'll outgrow the fits if we give 'im a chance. Maybe he'll never have another, sister Becky. Let's wait a few days, anyhow, an' see," pleaded tender-hearted Miss Jane.

"That's old; I've heard it before," sneered Miss Rebecca, untouched. "I was a fool to give way an' let you keep the varmint when you brought 'im home, because the fact is it's bad luck for us to have cats, bad luck for us an' the cats too, as I've told you often before. It's settled, you understand, that you've got to kill that cat, an' right away, too. Now, how'll you do it? Take your choice o' shootin', hangin', poisonin', er drownin'."

Miss Jane shuddered and pressed the kitten to her breast.

"Mayn't I give 'm away, sister Becky?"

"No," thundered Miss Rebecca. "You don't poke off no fitty cat on nobody. I'm ashamed of you, Jane Bates! Don't you know that breakin' your solemn word is—is *perjury* in the sight o' the Almighty?"

Miss Jane straightened up and her lips tightened. She went slowly from the room and down the stairs, the kitten still in her arms. Miss Rebecca followed her closely.

"Nancy," said Miss Jane, almost quietly, "will you bring me the chloroform you had left after your toothache?"

"Yes'm."

"An', Nancy, bring one o' sister Becky's rubber boots from the closet under the stairs."

"Yes'm."

"What on earth do you want o' one o' my boots?" demanded Miss Rebecca.

"I can't chloroform the kitten without a boot, sister Becky; an' since you've sent the hired man away there's no boots on the place but yours."

"Jane Bates, are you cracked? Chloroform a cat with a gum boot!"

"In a gum boot, sister Becky," gently corrected Miss Jane. "I've read somewheres that that's the way to do it. Thanks, Nancy. Now please hold the boot while I slip 'im in."

Down into the dark depths of the gum boot plunged little Dick Swiveller, head first. Then Miss Jane suddenly remembered that she ought to have put the sponge in first, saturated with chloroform.

"He's such a tight fit, I can't ever get it in past 'im," she said. "I'll have to shake 'im out."

But Dick Swiveller refused to be shaken out. He was not only a "tight fit," but he had set his little claws into the flannel lining of the boot, and he hung on desperately. Miss Jane shook and twisted and squeezed the boot, but all in vain.

"Gimme holt o' his tail," said Miss Rebecca, grimly. But Miss Jane stood guard over the defenceless little caudal appendage.

"You shan't hurt 'im, sister Becky," she said.

"Well, I'd like to know what you're goin' to do, Jane Bates?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sister Becky," admitted Miss Jane, helplessly.

"You might sew up the top o' the boot an' smother the little beast."

"Oh, sister Becky, please don't say such awful things! You *can't* mean it!"

"Cut a hole in the toe o' the boot an' poke the sponge in," suggested Nancy, who, by the way, was a young person fertile in expedients.

"Oh, Nancy, the very thing!" said Miss Jane, with a sigh of relief.

"Hold your tongue, Nancy, till you're spoke to," snapped Miss Rebecca. "I was just goin' to say, Jane, that as you've got the critter in there an' can't git 'im out, an' as I don't care to wear a boot with a cat in it, the boot's ruined anyhow, an' you may as well cut a hole to put the sponge in. Anybody could think o' that, I reckon," with a withering glance at Nancy,—“if they want to be fool enough to ruin a three-dollar pair o' boots fer a cat. Fer my part, I don't see what we're comin' to!"

Miss Jane, penknife in hand, bent down and carefully made an incision across the toe of the boot. Miss Rebecca gasped at sight of

such ruthless waste of good material, but held her peace and watched the insertion of the chloroformed sponge with intentness.

"Hold the boot-leg shut, Nancy," she commanded: "he's tryin' to back out."

Nancy held the boot-leg, and poor little Dick Swiveller's efforts to escape the deadly fumes were vain. Miss Jane, on her knees beside him, grew very pale and trembled violently.

"It's like—murder!" she whispered. "I don't see why it *ain't* murder!"

"Don't be a fool, Jane," was her sister's withering rejoinder. Some moments of silence ensued, during which the unfortunate kitten gradually succumbed to the powerful drug, and all sign of life and motion ceased within the boot.

"There, now, he's dead as a door-nail," announced Miss Rebecca, conclusively. "Chuck 'im in the crick, Jane, boot an' all; I'll never wear it again."

"Nancy," quavered Miss Jane, "would you—just as lief——"

"No," interposed Miss Rebecca, with a stern shake of her iron-gray head. "No, you'll do it yourself, Jane."

And Jane did it. She took up the dreadful boot with gingerly touch and went slowly out, through the door-yard and across the county road, to where the creek rippled and glinted in the red light of the low afternoon sun. She gazed into the swift water and shivered. She shut her eyes, held her breath, and threw the boot as far as she could.

Miss Jane had never cultivated the art of throwing; it was against Miss Rebecca's principles for a female Bates to cultivate any art that was not strictly feminine and lady-like; hence Miss Jane had a most imperfect knowledge of the amount of force required to project an object a given distance, and it was certainly not through any design of hers that the boot and its ghastly burden alighted, with a soft thud, in the tall rushes on the opposite shore of the stream. The "thud" and the fact were alike lost upon Miss Jane, for as the boot left her hand she turned and fled precipitately to the house, fully persuaded that she had consigned the lifeless remains of her pet to the chill sepulture of the "crick."

As she ran, her thin lips quivered and tears rolled down her face. When she was safe inside her own room the conviction that possessed her burst again into words:

"If it ain't murder, I'd like to know *why* it ain't."

She sat down by her window, and the hands that had been wont to caress little Dick Swiveller now lay empty and idle in her lap. She saw the sun go down behind a bank of purple clouds; saw the clouds gradually rise and spread over the firmament, and a stormy night close in. Still she sat on, gazing out into the fast-gathering blackness and finding it a fitting background for visions of her meagre, miserable life, past, present, and prospective.

"I s'pose I can't never have another kitten," she said to herself, brokenly. "Becky won't let me. Oh, it seems as if I don't want to live if I can't have nothin' to—to—love."

It had been dark nearly an hour before she finally aroused to the

consciousness that the rain was beating in upon her and soaking the sleeves of her print gown. She closed the sash and drew the curtains, and, groping for matches, lighted the lamp. Then she began taking the hair-pins out of the hard little knot of hair at the back of her head. The thought crossed her mind that she had never had enough of anything that tends to make life beautiful and desirable, not even hair.

"But if I had ever so much I reckon Becky wouldn't let me do nothin' with it," she muttered, with a pathetic little sigh of resignation.

But, though her hair was not abundant, it was soft and wavy, and as she brushed it she recollected how little Dick Swiveller had delighted to play with it whenever he had found it straying unconfined over her pillow.

"Dear little thing, he never knowed there wasn't enough of it," she thought. Again her eyes overflowed, and she fell on her knees by the bed and sobbed.

But suddenly she flung up her head and choked the sobs back to listen. Was she dreaming, or was she haunted? A faint little "meow" that had a startlingly familiar sound came to her from somewhere out in the stormy night. A curious chilly sensation ran over her. A murderer, however irresponsible, doesn't like to hear the voice of his victim crying in the night; and Miss Jane regarded herself as a murderer.

But presently she so far overcame her trepidation as to open the window and put her head out to listen. For a minute or two all was darkness, and there was no sound save that of the rain and wind. Then gradually her eyes made out a small white object on the veranda steps. "Nancy may 've left a rag——" she began, but paused as she became conscious that the white object was moving.

"M-e-o-w!"

Miss Jane's heart leaped into her throat.

"God bless my soul!" she gasped, and, seizing a shawl, she crept stealthily out into the passage and past Miss Rebecca's door, then on down the stairs and through the deserted living-room to the door that opened upon the veranda. As softly as possible she undid the fastenings and opened the door a few inches, and in a moment the small white object had crept through and was rubbing its cold, wet little sides against her feet.

"M-e-o-w!"

"God bless my soul! It's little Dick! Alive! *Alive!*" she almost shrieked, her first impulse being to proclaim the miracle from the house-tops. But a second thought suggested Miss Rebecca and the advisability of keeping the wonderful resurrection a secret from her. Of course she must tell Nancy. Such a secret was too great for one slender breast to hold. But in the mean time the little wailing mouth must be stopped, or sister Becky would surely hear. A fire! warm milk! that was what was needed; and, smothering the wet little creature in her shawl, she groped her way to the kitchen.

The coals smouldering in the wide fireplace were easily kindled

into a blaze, and soon little Dick Swiveller was drying himself on the warm hearth and lapping milk with a relish that proclaimed him anything but a spook kitten.

A great load had rolled off Miss Jane's heart. She might be a murderer still, in act, but not in result. Her poor little victim still lived, chloroform, gum boot, and "crick" to the contrary notwithstanding. Oh, how she loved the little creature for coming back to her! how she fondled him and shed joyous tears over him, while she cast about in her mind, nervously, for some way to insure his safety henceforth for evermore! So engrossed was she with him and her thoughts that she did not hear the soft opening of the door, nor the cat-like tread of Miss Rebecca, until that personage was standing over her and saying, coolly,—

"Huh! come to, has he? I reckon you hadn't sense enough to tie a stone to the boot! Give 'im to *me*."

Miss Jane clutched the kitten and sprang up.

"You can't have 'im, sister Becky!" she said, and there was a look in her eyes that Miss Rebecca had never seen there before. Every bit of the instinct of motherhood that heaven had implanted in poor Miss Jane's soul sprang now into sudden life, and the look in her eyes meant desperation. But Miss Rebecca was incapable of interpreting the look. Dick Swiveller himself had not less of the maternal instinct than she. So she only repeated more loudly the command,—

"Give 'im to *me*, Jane."

"You can't have 'im, sister Becky."

"Jane *Bates*!"

Miss Jane was very pale, and Miss Rebecca could see that she was trembling violently; but her eyes did not waver and fall as was their wont before the terrible orbs of her sister.

"Sister Becky," she said, lifting her hand impressively, "don't you try to fly in the face of a miracle like this. Hain't you ever read in your Bible that all bein's are created free an' equal, an' have a right to life, liberty, an' the pursuit o' happiness? Hain't you ever read them words in your Bible, sister Becky?"

"Don't know but I have," admitted Miss Rebecca, for the words certainly had a familiar ring about them. "But that don't refer to cats, Jane."

"Yes, it does, sister Becky; an' 'Thou shalt not kill' refers to cats too, just as much as to people; an' if it don't, I'd just like to know *why* it don't!"

"Stuff an' nonsense!" cried Miss Rebecca, contemptuously. "I've had enough o' this foolery, Jane Bates. Gimme that cat."

A flash shot from Miss Jane's pale-blue eyes. She took a step forward.

"Take care, sister Becky," she said; "take care! If you touch 'im, I'll—I'll *run off*!"

For an instant Miss Rebecca was staggered by the unheard-of audacity of the threat. Then she laughed, as disagreeably as only Miss Rebecca Bates could laugh.

"Run off!" she echoed, scoffingly. "*You* run off, at your time o'

life! You look like it! I reckon you'd run back a deal faster 'n you went. Now——"

Miss Rebecca broke off to make a grab at the kitten, but Miss Jane eluded her and darted to the door.

"It's no use, sister Becky," she said, turning her head for an instant; "he's been murdered once an' drowneded, an' he shan't be ag'in. He's come back to me from the Valley o' the Shadder, an' I'm goin' to stan' by 'im."

Before Miss Rebecca could reach the door it had closed forever on Miss Jane Bates and little Dick Swiveller. Miss Rebecca locked it, and went back to her bed chuckling. But she lay awake, listening all through the stormy night.

Meantime, poor, frightened, desperate Miss Jane went plashing along through the storm and darkness, keeping to the middle of the muddy county road to avoid losing her way.

"I'll take 'im to the parsonage," she said to herself. "I've always been sorry Becky had that fallin'-out with the minister's wife, but I declare it seems 'most providential now; Becky won't durst to go there after 'im."

But the parsonage was two miles away; the rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind blowing hard in Miss Jane's face: so that before she had covered half the distance she was soaked, chilled, and almost exhausted.

"I reckon I—can't—make it," she gasped, at last, and sank down on the wet bank at the roadside. "Becky said I'd come back; but I won't—not if I die—right here."

She buried her cold face in the kitten's warm fur, and the little creature purred responsively. Perhaps it was the kitten's purring, or the rain beating on her uncovered head, or both, that kept her from hearing the sound of approaching wheels until suddenly a one-horse vehicle, with a single occupant, was almost upon her. She staggered to her feet and tried to climb up the bank, but slipped and fell back into the road, almost beneath the feet of the startled horse. In a moment the man had sprung from the buggy and was lifting her up.

"Hope you're not hurt, ma'am?" he said, sympathetically, in a voice that Miss Jane knew,—a voice that she had once known better than she knew her own, but which of late years had not often sounded in her ears.

"Oh, Eben, is it *you*!" she said, with a little sob of gladness.

"Why, Jennie Bates, is it *you*!" he echoed. "What is up? Why in the world——"

"Oh, Eben," she interrupted, "won't you let me ride with you as far as the parsonage? I'll explain as we go along."

Miss Jane blushed a little, under cover of the darkness, as she felt herself lifted in a pair of strong arms and snugly tucked into the buggy. Then, as they moved slowly on, she introduced little Dick Swiveller, and told, as coherently as she could, the tragic tale of his death and resurrection and her midnight flight.

"I reckon you think I'm foolish, Eben," she said, in conclusion, "to take on so over a kitten; but I can't help it. This ain't no

common case, ner no common kitten. It's just as if the poor little thing 'd come back to me from the Valley o' the Shadder, an'—— Oh, Eben, he's all I've got in the world!"

Eben Richards cleared his throat once or twice as if about to speak, but he did not do so, and finally Miss Jane said, timidly,—

"As you don't say what you think about it, Eben, I reckon you think I've done wrong."

"Jennie, if you'll let me, I'll tell you exactly what I think about it," he answered. "I'm just thinkin' what a dear, lovin' little woman you are, an' how I'd almost be willin' to swap places with that kitten, fer the sake o' knowin' that you cared fer me a little. I hain't changed a bit, Jennie, since that night, twelve years ago, when your sister Becky come between us an' sent me to the right-about. I hain't cared fer no other woman, though goodness knows I hain't had any hopes about you, knowin' how you've always let your sister rule you with a rod of iron. But now, Jennie girl, you've made a break fer liberty at last, an'—— Why, here we are at the parsonage!"

As he lifted her from the buggy his arms closed about her as though they meant to stay.

"Jennie, you've been a many a year gittin' ready to come to the parsonage with me; you ain't goin' to go back on me now, are you, dear?"

"Oh, Eben, don't, please don't," pleaded Miss Jane, tremulously. "Sister Becky'd say it was dreadful, at my time o' life, an'——"

"Sister Becky be—smothered!" quoth Eben. "Your time o' life, indeed! How about my time o' life, Jennie?"

"Oh, but it's different with men, you know, Eben. Why, I'm thirty-seven, Eben."

"What of it? You're twelve years younger 'n that to me, dear; you're the same little blue-eyed girl I made love to so long ago. Kiss me, Jennie girl."

It is probable that in that supreme moment the conviction was borne in upon Miss Jane that she was born to be ruled by somebody, for she meekly complied with Eben's command. And little Dick Swiveller, finding himself in rather cramped quarters, lifted up his small voice in protest. He said,—

"M-e-o-w!"

Carrie Blake Morgan.

SORROW.

DEATH takes her hand and leads her through the waste
Of her own soul, wherein she hears the voice
Of lost love's tears, and, famishing, can but taste
The Dead-Sea fruit of life's remembered joys.

Madison Cawein.

OFFICIAL RESIDENCES FOR AMERICAN DIPLOMATS.

IN his annual message to Congress last December, President Cleveland said,—

“I am thoroughly convinced that, in addition to their salaries, our ambassadors and ministers at foreign courts should be provided by the government with official residences. The salaries of these officers are comparatively small, and in most cases insufficient to pay, with other necessary expenses, the cost of maintaining household establishments in keeping with their important and delicate functions. The usefulness of a nation’s diplomatic representative undeniably depends much upon the appropriateness of his surroundings, and a country like ours, while avoiding unnecessary glitter and show, should be certain that it does not suffer in its relations with foreign nations through parsimony and shabbiness in its diplomatic outfit. These considerations, and the other advantages of having fixed and somewhat permanent locations for our embassies, would abundantly justify the moderate expenditure necessary to carry out this suggestion.”

The President’s views on this subject are shared by all those who have examined it with any care and impartiality. Let me give, in proof of this statement, the opinions of a half-dozen members, now in Europe, of the American diplomatic service.

Hon. James S. Ewing, United States Minister to Belgium, writes,—

“I think there can be no question in the mind of any well-informed person as to the desirability of carrying out the recommendation made by the President. It would give dignity and stability to the American embassies and legations, and place them on an equality with those of other nations. It would enable our ambassadors and ministers to live in much better style and taste, and free them from constant annoyances and humiliations. I think that the present salaries paid by the United States to its diplomatic agents, though much less than those of any other of the great powers, would still be sufficient, if these agents could be relieved from having to meet high rents and the expenses of keeping up the houses and furnishing them.”

Hon. W. E. Quinby, American Minister to the Netherlands, gives this opinion :

“I am decidedly in favor of official residences. A permanent residence gives to the country possessing it a more important status in the capital. It is essential to the representative in that he has not to devote his energies, on his arrival in a foreign land, to a long, and sometimes vain, search for a suitable domicile, and this at a moment when he most needs all available time for familiarizing himself with the duties of his post. Moreover, such residences must ultimately be a saving to the country.”

Hon. George W. Caruth, our representative at Lisbon, says,—

“The President’s statement of the case accords with the experience of every minister abroad with whom I have talked on the subject.”

The United States Minister to Greece, the Hon. Eben Alexander, writes as follows from Athens :

"It is desirable to have American legations equal everywhere to those of other countries, if we are to have legations at all."

A distinguished American diplomat at another European capital says,—

"As the representatives of the great nations receive, as a rule, more than double the sums paid to our agents, and as, in addition thereto, they are given splendid houses, thoroughly equipped and furnished, it is impossible, under such circumstances, for an American diplomatist to appear socially on equal terms with them ; and they do not fail to bring that fact home to us in many offensive ways. Unless our government can afford to support its ambassadors and ministers in the condition to be expected from a great nation, it would be far more dignified to recall them all and leave only *chargés d'affaires* in their stead." *

Many other good reasons, besides those already mentioned by the President and the ministers, in favor of the proposed innovation, might be given.

Thus, it is within bounds to say, strange as it may sound at first, that the official resident system is far more democratic than the one now practised, for it would place poor diplomatists and rich ones on the same level so far as the chief external features of their official life are concerned. Every European capital offers, or has offered, examples of a short-pursed American ambassador or minister sandwiched in between two long-pursed ones—his immediate predecessor and his immediate successor—in a way that is very humiliating to him. Nor can official and diplomatic circles refrain from indulging in a disdainful smile at a nation whose representative shines in a grand *hôtel* during one administration, to be extinguished in an *entresol* during the next.

Again, in some of the capitals cabinet ministers have official residences, often, as in Paris, organized on a really palatial scale, so that our diplomatic agents are thus in some instances placed on a greatly inferior footing to the very officials with whom they have to transact business. When it is remembered how much can sometimes be accomplished by social attention, we should not deprive our representatives, as we so often do, of this delicate but effective instrument.

But perhaps, after all, the strongest argument in favor of President Cleveland's demand is the general one that the United States, having long since attained the rank of a first-class power, can no longer appear with decency, in this matter of diplomatic outfit, like a second- or

* Mr. W. J. Stillman, the London *Times* correspondent at Rome, is the only American with whom I have spoken on the subject, and I have spoken with many, who seems to be adverse to President Cleveland's recommendation. "Until we have a diplomatic service with some fixity about it," he says, "I do not see the necessity of giving it local habitations of a fixed nature. Our people do not understand well enough the function of diplomacy to be willing to provide for it worthily." This rather pessimistic estimate of American diplomacy and diplomats is made up, it seems to me, of non-sequiturs.

third-rate one. The case calls for the application of the old adage, When in Rome, do as the Romans do. And what is it that the great powers do in this affair of official residences? Let me cite a few examples, taken, almost at hazard, from the capitals of Continental Europe, beginning with Paris, where the system is more largely developed, perhaps, than anywhere else.

The British embassy of Paris occupies a large *hôtel*, richly furnished, with a great court on one side and an extensive garden on the other, the property running from the Faubourg St.-Honoré through to the Champs-Élysées. It was purchased by the Duke of Wellington when he was sent as ambassador to Louis XVIII., in 1815, and cost, with a house and stables in the neighboring Rue d'Anjou, but 600,000 francs. It is estimated that the buildings and grounds would now fetch several times what was paid for them.

The ambassador of Austria-Hungary is perhaps still more grandly provided for than is Lord Dufferin. In 1889 the Duchess of Galiera gave to the Emperor her magnificent *hôtel* in the Rue de Varenne, valued, with its garden (the largest private one in Paris, I believe), at 12,000,000 francs.

The German ambassador occupies a grand establishment in the Rue de Ville, with a terrace overlooking the Seine and the Tuileries Garden beyond; the Russian ambassador, a similar residence in the Rue de Grenelle; the Pope's nuncio, a *hôtel* nearly opposite that of Austria; while several other countries—even China and Japan—rent, in different parts of the city, more modest, but permanent, residences.

Glancing for a moment at a few of the royal capitals, we find at Brussels that England owns her minister's residence, while Germany, France, and some other countries rent good houses for their representatives. The English legation is a fine *hôtel*, which cost about \$50,000, and has been occupied for some ten years.

In Madrid, England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, Portugal, and Mexico have official residences. The first four nations own their embassies, which are thought to have cost about \$250,000 each.

At the Hague, Germany, France, and Japan have official residences, the first since 1890, the second since 1894, and the last longer than either of the others. The first two countries own theirs, while the Japanese legation is rented for \$1250 per annum. The German legation cost \$32,000, and the French one about the same. I understand that negotiations have just been completed for the purchase by the British government of an official residence at the Dutch capital.

At Athens, though none of the nations own their legations, all, except the United States, lease residences for a long term of years. The rental of these legations averages about \$3000, while most countries pay also for the heating, lighting, service, official balls, etc. When it is remembered that, while our minister's salary is but \$6500, many of his colleagues receive \$15,000, even the Servian and Dutch *chargés d'affaires* getting rather more than our representative, it is no wonder Mr. Alexander exclaims, "There is no reason why our ministers should not receive salaries sufficiently large to enable them to live in

reasonable comfort, to pay their social debts to their colleagues and to the people among whom they reside, and to entertain visiting countrymen and women in a modest way."

In Lisbon, England is the only country owning its legation. It was purchased in 1879 at a cost of £10,000, and is handsomely furnished by the government, though the running expenses are paid by the minister, whose salary is £3750, while that of our representative is \$5000, or nearly three-quarters smaller.

The situation in Constantinople is peculiarly interesting. England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, poor Italy, little Holland, modest Sweden and Norway, and barbaric Persia all have permanent embassy or legation buildings, while the Great Republic, as we like to have our country called, goes about house-hunting, in the person of its minister, at every change of administration. The embassies of England, France, and Russia are about half a century old. Austria acquired hers by the treaty of Campo-Formio, in 1797. The British embassy cost £60,000, the German 3,000,000 marks, those of France and Russia perhaps from £30,000 to £40,000, while the Swedish legation is estimated to be worth £10,000, and the Dutch £8000. These prices have to do only with the buildings, as the land in every case was a gift from the Turkish government.

Most of the above-mentioned countries have, besides, official summer residences, ten miles up the Bosphorus, whither the chancelleries are transferred for four or five months in the year. Spain and Montenegro also have summer residences. Those of France, Germany, Austria, and Montenegro were presented by the Turkish government. It cost 100,000 francs to build the villa of the Russian ambassador; the very extensive park was a gift. All these country edifices are of wood, with the exception of Austria's, which is of brick.

Let us see what it costs to carry on these dual establishments. The official expenses of the British embassy in Turkey, exclusive of the ambassador's servants and entertainments, are about £2500 per annum. The Russian ambassador has an allowance of some 50,000 francs for annual expenses, and attached to the embassy is a salaried intendant who superintends the disbursement of this sum. Add to this the handsome salaries of the leading ambassadors,—the British, £8000; the French, 150,000 francs; the Russian, 200,000 francs, and the Austrian, about the same as the French,—and it will be seen on what a magnificent scale European diplomacy is conducted at the capital of "the unspeakable Turk." Mr. Terrell, with his modest \$10,000 and rented house, is of course hopelessly thrown into the shade, socially, in such surroundings.

It will be seen, therefore,—without giving any further examples,—that all the great powers and several of the secondary ones have pronounced decidedly, and, in most instances, long ago, in favor of the official residence for diplomats. Viewed from this stand-point, the United States should follow suit. It is a striking case of *noblesse oblige*.

Once admitted that we must have these permanent embassies and

legations,—and we will have to come to it soon, just as we did in 1893 in the matter of ambassadorships,—the question will arise whether we should buy or rent, or do both. The supporters of the innovation, who are now pressing it upon Congress, favor, I believe, the second system, the renting of residences. They fear that the measure will fail if the proposition to buy and own in the name of the Federal government is broached. But just as we are led to accept the general idea of official residences because the old European nations have found by experience that it is good, so, it seems to me, we should be governed by their experience in the putting of the idea into practice. In that case we will decide neither to rent exclusively nor to buy exclusively, but to do both; for that is what England, France, Germany, and the other nations do.

England in this matter would seem to lean towards purchasing rather than renting diplomatic residences; for she rents only at St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, and Athens, while she owns her embassies or legations at Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, Constantinople, Brussels, Lisbon, and many of the consulates in the East. France and the other leading European countries also follow both plans. A very competent member of the English embassy in Paris said to me concerning this phase of the matter, "It depends, of course, very much on local circumstances whether a country should buy or rent its official residence. In places where there is no difficulty in finding a house, it may perhaps be cheaper to hire; but where there are few houses, for which there is competition, it is certainly cheaper to buy."

Then comes the very important question, What will it cost to rent or buy residences? This matter has already been touched upon several times in this paper, but may well be examined a little more closely.

I am informed that from \$2000 to \$2500 per annum would secure in Athens a good permanent home for our minister. In Lisbon, it is thought that a suitable house would cost, if bought, about \$25,000. But perhaps we shall get a more complete idea of what this system calls for, if practised on a large and thorough scale, by citing the expenditures in this direction of one or two of the great powers.

In all parts of the world France has not less than seventy-three buildings—embassies, legations, and consulates—belonging to her. To keep them up and construct new ones—for France is continually building or buying—requires an annual expenditure of about \$100,000, a remarkably low figure under the circumstances.

For the fiscal year 1894–95, England spent on her diplomatic and consular buildings in Europe £10,976, and in 1895–96, £10,794,—an average in the first instance of £998 per post, and in the second of £981. The items going to make up these totals are rents, repairs, insurance, allowances to ministers in lieu of furniture, etc.

In estimating what this innovation would cost us, we must not overlook an important outlay under the present system which could be placed on the credit side of the new system. I refer to the saving on office hire for our embassies, legations, and consulates; for if we had official residences the diplomatic and often the consular offices would be

under the same roof with the ambassador's or minister's apartments. In almost all the capitals of Europe this is the practice, especially as regards embassy and legation offices. The English embassy *hôtel* in Paris offers a notable example of this custom, the diplomatic, consular, and commercial bureaus all being centralized in the Faubourg St.-Honoré.

Another item on the credit side of the account would come from the proclivity of the wealthy American to give money for public objects. There has already been at least one instance of this kind in this very matter now under consideration. Before our civil war, a member or two of the Paris American Colony offered the government a plot of ground if the United States would construct thereon a suitable legation building. I venture to say that more than one gift of this kind would be made if it were known that Congress would accept it and do the rest.

Representatives of a parsimonious disposition may object to this whole scheme on the ground that if official residences are given to our diplomatists, Congress will next be asked to increase their salaries. But does this follow? It is true, however, as has already been seen, that our agents are paid far less than those of the greater European governments. Thus, France gives her ten ambassadors 1,410,000 francs, an average salary of 141,000; England, her eight ambassadors, 1,482,500 francs, an average of 185,312; Germany, her eight ambassadors, 1,225,000 francs, an average of 153,125; while we pay our four ambassadors a little over 350,000 francs, an average of a little over 87,500 francs,—less than half what the English ambassador receives, and a little more than half what the French or the German ambassador receives. And, in addition, the ambassadors of these foreign nations are furnished, as we have seen, thoroughly appointed mansions.

Turning to the next diplomatic grade, that of minister, we find, if not such a remarkable difference, at least a very considerable one, between the salaries of the European and the American diplomatists. Thus, the twenty-four French ministers receive a total of 1,236,000 francs, an average salary of 51,500; the thirty-one English ministers, 2,000,000 francs, an average of 64,534; the twenty-four German ministers, 1,225,000 francs, an average of 51,041; while our twenty-six ministers cost us 1,222,000 francs, an average of 46,923 francs,—our average being much less than the English and below those of France and Germany. Nor should it be forgotten that here again most of the foreign ministers reside in government houses.

As a rule, the advocates of this measure of official residences for our diplomats do not favor an increase of the salary of these agents, for several good reasons that need not be gone into here. But on this very account they are all the more urgent in asking Congress to give a friendly ear to the President's recommendation, and thus to elevate the social position of our diplomatic service and at the same time to enhance the reputation of the United States in the eyes of all foreign nations.

Theodore Stanton.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

I.

"**L**OVE," observed Willy Somerset, puffing a cigarette,—“love, having eluded a man in his youth, is not likely to descend upon him in his dotage.

“Hey?” said Colonel Levitt, severely.

“I remarked,” was the satisfied rejoinder, “that I don’t put any faith in this romancing of stock-brokers aged sixty-five.”

“May I inquire what you know about it?”

“Certainly,” suavely, uncrossing his legs and crossing them again the other way.

“I’ve never been sixty-five and a stock-broker,” Willy began.

“That’s an entirely superfluous statement,” remarked the colonel, with asperity.

“Unless some of us believe in reincarnation,” put in an interested third party.

“Shut up, Partridge,” commanded the colonel, affably.

“But I base my opinion on the philosophy of the thing,” Willy went on, “which is a safer dependence than any old man’s testimony.”

“You’re an ignorant young cub,” was the colonel’s serene reply.

“‘Cub’ is good!” said two, in unison, mindful of Willy’s father, who had been “bearing” the market until Willy was reduced from Mumm’s Extra to St. Julien for dinner.

Willy understood the gibe, but he preferred to ignore it.

“May I inquire, Colonel Levitt,” he went on, coolly, “what you know about the question at issue?”

“There is no one, my dear lad, for whose benefit I would more willingly part with any of my modest store of knowledge.”

The men were sociably settled in one of the club windows, each man tilted in his chair at an angle of forty-five degrees, and all four were smoking. There were not many members about, and nothing was doing, so the colonel was encouraged to tell a story if he had one, or to make one if he hadn’t.

“I have a friend——” he began.

“Does he ‘write pieces for the papers’?” broke in Cutter, suggestively. Cutter was an editor, and this formula was familiar to him.

“No,” was the imperturbable reply, looking at Cutter straight: “he edits a paper; and a beastly poor paper it is, too.”

Cutter subsided.

“I have a friend,” the colonel went on, impressively, “who is not sixty-five, but somewhere over fifty, and he’s got one of the worst cases of love-sickness I’ve ever seen.”

“Is he bald-headed?” inquired Willy, thinking of ballet-girls.

“He is not, sir, but *you* may be if you continue to interrupt me.”

“Shut up, Willy,” commanded Cutter, sharply.

The colonel looked from one to the other.

"When the gentlemen have finished——" he said, bowing politely.

"The next man who interrupts treats the crowd to dinner. Go on, colonel," said Partridge, who was a judge, in his most judicial manner.

"My friend was in the war," the colonel began,— "went through it, pretty much,—and when he came out his father was dead and he had to knuckle down and look out for his mother and sister and two youngsters wanting to go to college. Well, he put those kids through Dartmouth, and shouldered things generally, and before he knew it he was a plodding old sober-sides whom it would have shocked the community to believe capable of romantic feelings.

"Have you ever noticed what an influence it has on a man when the community form an ideal for him and expect, without knowing that they do, that he will conform to it? Well, the community got to thinking of Dave as the support of his mother and young brothers, and, by Jove, I don't believe Dave would have had the cheek to get married if he had wanted to.

"But he never wanted to, that I could see. The girls understood his position and took no pains to flaunt their coquetries for his benefit, and, while he was by no means unsociable, his ways of life did not take him into intimacies with any women-folks. I don't believe he ever knew a woman well enough to fall in love with her.

"By the time his mother died and his sister married, he was a confirmed clubman, and when the kids started in for themselves Dave just quietly moved his pipes and box of books to a room in the club, and there he's been ever since. Everybody told everybody else he was 'a confirmed old bachelor,' and, by George, if he didn't fall into the rut public opinion had cut for him, again!

"Several months ago a friend of his invited him home to dine. This friend is a widower; a maiden sister keeps house for him, and—would you believe it?—Dave met his fate. He did, for a fact. This friend of his is that mustiest of fiends, an old-book collector, and that hypocrite Dave, who doesn't know a first edition from a barrel of pork, has taken to trotting to his friend's house on all sorts of fool errands about this and that 'old treasure.'

"Now, the 'old treasure' Dave is after is only forty years old or thereabouts, which is not so very aged for a rare one, but Dave thinks this treasure is not duplicated anywhere on earth. He thinks there was only one copy struck off from this perfect plate, and that that copy was designed with special reference to his owning it. In fact, I never saw any one so possessed to get anything as Dave is to get that limited edition. The rank old hypocrite!"

The colonel was enjoying his story, and so were his auditors.

"The rank old hypocrite!" he repeated, chuckling gleefully.

"The friend thinks Dave is a maniac like himself. He's mistaken in the kind of maniac, that's all. But he's pleased with that arch-deceiver my friend, and encourages him to come, and—and—that's all."

"All?" said Cutter.

"All?" echoed Partridge.

"Ye-yes, all," said the colonel, helplessly. "You see, Dave doesn't know what to do next."

"Do next?" demanded Willy. "Do *next*? Why doesn't the old fool *ask* her?"

"Young man," inquired the colonel, severely, "have you ever asked a woman to marry you?"

"Half a dozen," said Willy, cheerfully.

"How d' you do it?" was the breathless query, forgetting severity in interest.

"Well, you see, it depends on the woman," Willy returned, indefinitely. "Moonlight nights are good," he went on, encouragingly.

"Moonlight nights?" feebly.

"Yes. You take her down by the water, if she's sentimental, and gaze on the moon, and then you quote some poetry, if you know any, and presently you squeeze her hand, and—oh, she'll help you along a little bit, if she's any good."

"I see," said the colonel, pensively; "but I—he never goes down by the water with her; never goes anywhere, in fact. You see, she doesn't know—hasn't the least idea."

"Oh, she hasn't?" carelessly. "Well, then, you have to go about it differently. 'Reveries of a Bachelor' is good, and so is 'Prue and I.' Read 'em aloud, you know, and grow touchingly husky if you can. Then make a pathetic remark or two about your loneliness, and if she's at all sympathetic that'll fetch her."

"It will?" doubtfully.

"Usually does," said Willy, encouragingly.

"But how shall I—how should he go to work to read sentimental books aloud to a lady who hardly takes any notice of his existence?"

"The deuce she doesn't!"

"No," falteringly. "You see, she thinks he comes to see her brother, and she's just civil to him, and that's all. The rank old hypocrite!"

The colonel sighed like a furnace,—however that may be. He seemed to be in deep sympathy with his friend.

"Then he'd better cultivate a passion for fancy-work, since he's so good at hypocrisy," suggested Partridge: "splashers, or wool slippers, or tidies, or 'God-bless-our-home's.'"

"I don't believe she's that kind of a person," said the colonel, drawing himself up with a superior air.

"Well, then, it's his business to find out what kind of a person she is," returned Partridge, winking his off eye at Cutter.

"I advise him to find out what she affects, whether it's 'homely friendless,' or Ibsen, or social settlements, or Christian Science. Great governor's ghost, man! the days are past and gone when you can lay siege to a woman as you would to a fortress, and win her. It's the slickest man that gets the bun in these days, you bet."

"I see," remarked the colonel, in a tone which indicated that whatever he saw was the reverse of encouraging.

"Oh, it's something of a trick to win a woman," Cutter put in, decidedly.

"And it's more of a trick to keep one," Partridge added, grimly.

"Dog-gone you fellows," shouted the colonel, irascibly, "is this the best you can do to encourage a man when he's dumpy?"

"Who's dumpy?" inquired Willy, with wicked innocence.

Colonel Levitt reddened.

"I think I know your friend," remarked Cutter the pitiless.

"I'd never have thought it of you, Levitt," began Partridge, in mocking reproach.

"I've never surprised the world yet, but I'll do it some day, by Jove!" said the colonel. "If she'll have me," he added, reflectively.

"Here's success to you, old man!" cried Cutter, rising and holding out his hand.

"Thank you, Cutter," the colonel answered, shaking it warmly.

"Call on me for any experienced help," said Willy, very much in earnest.

"And remember I'm your legal adviser," Partridge reminded him, as he shook his hand.

"Let me treat to a toast," said Cutter. "Colonel, what'll you drink while we toast your success?"

II.

Willy Somerset had been as good as his word. The young rogue made the acquaintance of Eldredge Arnot, under the colonel's hesitating introduction, and in less than two weeks irrepressible Willy had enticed Arnot to visit the library of a musty friend of the Somersets, while Levitt was instructed to "sail in and win while the coast was clear."

He was sailing, very fearfully, at half-past eight, when he rang the bell and inquired, hypocritically, for Mr. Arnot.

"Out, is he? I'm very sorry. [O recording angel, turn your deaf ear!] Will you ask if Miss Arnot is at home?"

Miss Arnot was at home, and glad to see her brother's friend.

"I wish you might have gone with him to-night, Colonel Levitt," she said, with pleasant interest. "He went to see somebody's new acquisitions from a great English sale. You would have been so interested."

"Yes, indeed," murmured the colonel, altogether dead now to the sense of truthfulness.

Miss Arnot was knitting some big fleecy blue-and-white thing, for the perambulator of a new young niece, she explained. She wore a dark dress and a witching little white Swiss apron with yellow bows on its tiny pockets. The colonel thought he had never seen anything quite so pretty.

"Books are interesting," he told her, "but you can't think what a pleasure it is to a lonely old clubman to be welcomed into cheer like this and have the opportunity to spend a little time in a lady's company."

He was quite surprised at his own ease of manner, not having counted on the wonderfully assuring influence of a self-possessed, cordial gentlewoman in her own home.

The atmosphere was so friendly, and the surroundings were fairly inspiring to the homesick man. There were crackling chunks of cannel coal in the grate, cleaving neatly every little while and sending up broad new sheets of blaze which toasted one's shins and warmed the cockles of one's heart. The big lamp on Miss Arnot's table had a huge yellow shade which threw a softly pretty light on the immediate surroundings and made fascinating shadows in the remoter parts of the room.

Watch, a splendid Scotch collie, shaggy as a small lion and as noble of mien, lay close beside his mistress, blinking contentedly in the fire-light, and near, also, sat Colonel Levitt in a capacious arm-chair, even more than content,—quite deliciously overcome, in fact.

Poor old colonel! He felt as if heaven must have opened and taken him in, in some mysterious way. He had an almost irresistible impulse to pinch himself and see if he were dreaming.

They talked of many things, and he was astonished to find how easy, how delightful, it was to converse with an intelligent woman.

Once, while Miss Arnot was telling him something, he let his thoughts stray, without meaning to, to a consideration of some of the other women to whom he had talked of late years. Who were they, that this woman should seem so different?

There were the Sally Frizzletops of young "buds" he occasionally met at teas and receptions when the wife of his best friend gave one and his friend expected him to attend. There were the Mrs. Frizzletops, who mostly talked about their Sallies, and a few ancient Miss Frizzletops, who talked to him hysterically about finance and asked fool questions about politics, in the pathetic attempt to interest.

Miss Arnot shook her head smilingly and said finance, except as connected with shopping, was a sealed book to her, and that although her sympathies were Republican she hadn't the least idea in the world why they were.

"Of course not," the colonel argued to himself, delightedly. "Only uninteresting women try to bid for masculine favor by talking about masculine subjects, and only silly Frizzletop women think themselves so charming that men should be made to talk to them about feminine subjects. It was wonderful, now, to see how many things, interesting things, a woman like Miss Arnot could find to talk on,—things neither masculine nor feminine, but common ground.

"Listen to what she was saying now, about individuality and a man's duty to make the moral law fit him instead of spending his life in a vain endeavor to make himself fit the moral law. 'As if man were made for the laws, and not the laws for men,'" she said.

"Don't you think, colonel," laying down her knitting for a moment and looking at him with distracting earnestness, "that an inflexible law is unjust,—either socially or morally?"

"I do, indeed," answered the colonel, solemnly, just as he would have answered if she had asked him did he think the moon was made of green cheese.

"I do, indeed," he said, and then reflected, with a swift, sudden dismay, that this was the woman he had meant to ask to marry him.

Marry him? The idea! He wondered, bitterly, what he had been thinking of.

"I'd eat my head before I'd let her think I am an ass," he told himself. "But I *am* an ass, all the same," he added, "a blankety-blank ass, and it'll be a wonder if she doesn't find it out pretty soon. I guess I'd better go before she has any further chance," he concluded, wishing he could kick himself.

"Oh, you infernal old idiot!" he muttered to himself as he went down the steps.

Miss Arnot had bidden him such a cordial good-night and urged him so hospitably to come again, expressing her enjoyment of the evening, that the poor old colonel was remorse-stricken.

"You infernal old idiot!" he reiterated, half crying.

When he got back to the club, Willy was there, having just left Mr. Arnot.

"Well?" he queried, blandly.

"*Well?* you miserable young donkey,—'well?' How many wells made a river when you went to kindergarten?"

"Well, by—darn!" said Willy, in drawling amazement. "Did you get the mitten?"

"Willy Somerset," said the colonel, huskily, drawing himself up in the dignity of offended pride, "Willy Somerset, there are some things in the world in which gibes have no place."

"I beg your pardon, colonel." Willy held out his hand in such winning contriteness that the colonel forgave him at once.

"That's all right, lad," he told him. "You meant no harm, I dare say, but I'm such a confounded old ass! Oh, Lord! *such* an ass!"

"Why, what have you done?" asked Willy, apprehensively.

"Done? Willy! Done?" the old man wailed, covering his face with his hands for very shame. "Oh, why did you let me make an idiot of myself?"

"Why, what on earth have you done, Colonel Levitt?"

"I haven't 'done' anything," was the reply, so wearily that Willy almost laughed in spite of himself.

"But the idea of my thinking of marrying Miss Arnot! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

The colonel covered his face again.

"Isn't she as nice as you thought she was?" queried Willy, thinking he began to understand.

"'Nice'? Why, Willy, I wish you could see her. If she were only just a plain, commonly nice woman I wouldn't mind asking her so *very* much; but I'd no more sail up to that woman and ask her to marry me than I'd take ship for England and ask her Majesty."

"Oh, I guess it isn't as bad as all that," returned Willy, cheerfully.

The colonel shook his head.

"Oh, come, now! If she's so awfully worth having, she's worth trying for. You wouldn't want her to drop into your arms at the first 'will you?' anyway. I've had that kind, and they're no good. It's

the ones that hold out that you appreciate when you get 'em, and you enjoy the hustling, too, after you get started, though you do get down in the mouth some of the time. I'll keep you jollied up, though, and we'll win yet, you bet."

Willy looked so confident that the colonel began to have a faint hope.

"You see, you just keep going all you can, and by and by, if you act right, she'll begin to tumble to what you're about. See? Then the rest'll come easy. You needn't think so precious little of yourself as you do. Why, most women would be tickled to pieces to get a man like you. I tell you," went on the wise young worldling, with unconscious quaintness, "real, fine, up-and-up gentlemen, good and reverent and all that, aren't growing on brambles nowadays. If I had an aunt or anybody, and you were courting her, I'd tell her she was dead lucky and better thank her stars if you asked her. I'll tell Miss Arnot so, if you want me to."

"Oh, no, no, thank you," said the colonel, nervously. Willy's naïve estimate of him had touched the elder man deeply. He felt very unworthy of it, remembering all his frailties with one swift flash of conscience, and failing, as was habitual with him, to remember all his virtues. He was glad, though, that his young associate should believe well of him. It had been his life habit to believe the best things of all men, and he had tested its alchemic influence.

"I'm glad you think well of me, my lad," he said, simply, with the quiet grace of a born gentleman. "You've been over-generous to me, but it's a good way to err in judgment, I've found. I, like most men, know how much I deserve, and want to be deserving of the rest. It's a good way, Willy: stick to it."

"I will, sir," said Willy, quite impressed.

III.

"Shake hands with your fairy godson," said Willy, coming into Levitt's room in great excitement. "I wave my hand, and, lo! your happiness!"

"Talk American, you young idiot," said the colonel, affably.

"Well, to be plain, have you seen much of Mr. Arnot on your recent calls at his home?"

"N-no, I haven't," admitted Levitt.

"Ha!" said Willy. "He hasn't casually mentioned to you what has kept him from home so much, has he?"

"No, I can't say that he has," was the reply.

"Didn't tell you he was a-sparkin', eh? Oh, he's a deep old sinner, he is! Well, he's engaged."

"The deuce he is!" cried the colonel, excitedly.

"The same," Willy returned, sardonically gleeful.

"He is, and I did it," he went on,—*"did it for your dear sake, Colonel Levitt."*

"Explain, you young rascal."

"With pleasure. You see, 'I pondered, pondered deeply,' as the

poet says, and came to the conclusion that the slickest thing that could happen to you would be that Mr. Arnot should possess himself of a nice, new wife,—although the niceness wasn't so very particular, except out of kindness to Mr. Arnot," he added, as an after-thought.

"Then Miss Arnot's nose would be out of joint, so to speak, and there'd be your chance to sail in and offer her a home of her own to run. See? Well, I ups and casts a wishful eye around for a spouse for friend Arnot. I tried to be conscientious and pick a good one; I did, honor bright. And then I takes the old covey around on a slick pretence, and with a little manœuvring, by George, if he didn't catch on as neat as you could wish! And now he's smitten that bad you'd have to laugh; even *you* would."

Willy was doubled up in the most awful contortions of mirth, and it was some moments before the colonel could get him to proceed.

"O—h, but it's rich!" he said, rocking back and forth in enjoyment of his own cleverness.

"He's announcing his engagement to-day," Willy went on, "and my advice to you is that you go right up and congratulate him. Then he'll go out, of course" (with a snicker), "and then you ups and asks Miss Arnot to come and keep house for you. See?"

"Oh, I couldn't. I don't think I could,—not just yet," faltered the colonel, overcome at the prospect when it got so near.

"Yes, you can," insisted Willy. "Get up and dress your dandiest, and then as soon as you've eaten a good square dinner to brace you well, up you go and seize the golden opportunity which the gods and Willy Somerset have brought to your feet. Come, now," as he saw signs of weakness; "an old soldier isn't going to show the white feather."

"That's different,—soldiering is," maintained the colonel, stoutly.

"Oh, well, the same principle applies," said Willy, who was not sure whether it did or not, but thought best to say so.

"Now I'm going to eat dinner with you in precisely half an hour, and after that I'm going to call a cab and drive with you to the Arnot door. After all my skilful campaigning I'm not going to have this thing fall through because an old veteran is shaky in the knees. No siree! That poor lady is in a bad fix now, with her occupation gone, and a new mistress coming to take her place, and, if you've got any sense of gallantry at all, you'll rise to her rescue. In half an hour, mind."

So saying, Willy left the colonel to his agitated reflections. That last shot of the young scapegrace's had told, just as he hoped it would. The colonel gathered courage to do as a duty what he could scarcely have done as a privilege, and at twelve o'clock that night they all drank his health and long life, at the club, and Willy, nodding at the beaming colonel, said, solemnly,—

"I don't know about this love which has eluded youth. I rather think it gathers force in waiting, until, when it strikes a man in his prime, like our colonel, it throws the sickly young passions of us kids into the shade. Here," raising his glass, "is to love in the afternoon!"

Clara E. Laughlin.

IN THE ABBEY OF GETHSEMANE.

THERE is a point in Nelson County, Kentucky, from which the north-bound traveller on the Bardstown road sees across low intervening hills the grayish-white spire of the Trappist monastery of Gethsemane. It is an impressive sight to him who views it thus, rearing its cross to the sky above the green of the trees, while all about the stillness is that of the most primitive country-side. One feels a wish to leave the monastery wagon, if it be that he travels by, and walk to the top of one of the surrounding hills, there to sit for a while and watch the scene before him. This cannot be done, for over the shoulder of the boy who drives the wagon hangs a home-made leather mail-bag, and the visitor to Gethsemane must know that, although the abbey mail may be small and perhaps unimportant, the abbot awaits it within his cloistered walls.

The wagon rolls on, and the spire is lost to view. Bits of stony ground divide the cornfields on either side. Presently the spire is again seen, now with a portion of the abbey walls and the four smaller spires that rise from the base of their larger neighbor. At last a small brook is crossed, a slight hill climbed, and the great abbey lies full in view. For half a mile or more the visitor has been driving over the lands of the monastery, unknowingly perhaps, but now he realizes that he is upon ground which for more than fifty years has been devoted to the uses of a religious house. Before him, at the end of two long double rows of beautiful English elms, is the porter's lodge; beyond it is the abbey, simple in design, inferior in construction, bare of ornamentation, but with a strength of outline and an air of repose that may well arouse the interest of even the chance passer-by. If one would see the building in its best aspect, he should cross the little valley to the west, in which are the saw- and grist-mills of the house, and stand upon one of the low hills that are beyond. Thence it is seen in all its sturdy grace. Its shape is quadrangular, with an inner court. On the northwest corner the spire towers above the walls of the Monks' Chapel. Below lies the graveyard, where the dead outnumber the living within the abbey walls. Adjoining the Monks' Chapel is the Chapel of Rest, a place of worship for those who are not members of the order. The high Gothic windows of both churches reach almost to the roof, but around them is none of the carving that is seen in cathedral windows. This corner of the building is upon the edge of a hill-side, and the heavy moss-grown wall surrounding the graveyard rises to twice the height of a man above the level of the graves within, that those without may not look upon the resting-place of the dead.

It may be that the visitor does not scan the architecture of the building nor appreciate the beauty of the elms as he rides over the hundred yards of pathway that lie between the entrance gate and the porter's lodge. Probably he is thinking of all that is before him within the monastery, and of the strange order of monks who inhabit

the place. Well he may, for here a survival of the ninth century struggles with the nineteenth; beyond the gate the traditions of mediævalism uphold a religious order more austere than could be born to-day. If one would have all frivolity taken from him, if he would be oppressed by a loneliness such, possibly, as he has never felt, let him go alone and with slight knowledge of the rules of the order to the abbey of Gethsemane. The only sounds known to the passionless life within its walls, other than the quiet movements of its inmates, are the words of the services recited, chanted, or sung, the subdued tones of the confessional, and the few sentences the orderly management of the house necessitates. The vow of perpetual silence rests upon all; laughter is unknown; of all the monks the abbot only is free to speak at all times, though to his questions all must answer. To him any monk may go for spiritual advice, and to him all must go for material direction. He, when his predecessor died, was chosen from among their number by the ballot of his fellows, and he will serve until he too is taken away. He is the spiritual and temporal head of the abbey. Each monk must answer the questions of his superior in rank, and the superior may direct an inferior to perform duties that require the use of speech; in such cases the monk is for the occasion absolved from the vow, though at all other times the rule demands absolute silence. It is this rule, perhaps, that is found most difficult to keep, but it is maintained inviolate: there are monks within the abbey who for more than forty years have not exchanged a word.

The regulations of the order are rigid in all things, as in this, and the daily routine is performed to-day as it was when the Trappists first became known for the severity of their discipline. Each moment of the day is devoted to a duty. Idleness finds no harbor in the abbey. In the division of labor each monk has his part, whether it be in the sewing-room, where the light from the high windows falls upon the piles of white serge and brown, or in the sheds where the cider-presses creak, or where the abbey saw-mill whirls. Steadily, industriously, but with no word or smile for one another nor look toward the visitor, communicating only by signs or inarticulate sounds, the brothers fulfil their allotted tasks. Within the abbey walls, in the college of the Sacred Heart, or in the school of Mount Olivet, each father performs his daily work. In the fields, in the workshops, in the gardens, in the vineyard, the brown robes of the lay brothers come and go, while among them from time to time, as their duties require, are seen the white garments of the fathers of the order. It is the color of their garments that outwardly distinguishes the two classes of monks. Of these two classes, the fathers are the men of education, and their duties are less menial; the brothers are the workers in the field. Each class is again divided into two ranks, the professed monks and the oblates. The professed monks—those who have taken the final vows and have consecrated their lives to the order—wear a black leather belt. The fathers who have taken the final vows are further distinguished by a bluish-black scapular worn over their white robes. In the main their dress is that of the working class of the ninth century. Change is unknown in the Trappist order: as it was in the beginning, so it is

to-day. The services that were sung when De Rancé became the head of the Abbey of La Trappe and gave its name to the branch of the Cistercian order that embraced his reforms are sung now as then. To-day is like this day a year ago or fifty years ago, and so it may be when the dead rise from their graves.

The order of Our Lady of La Trappe has known the fluctuations of fortune; on it from time to time has fallen the iron hand of the law; but through the trials of adversity, as well as in times of better plight, its influence has lasted through many generations. It has had a strange history, this order of La Trappe, unusual in its birth and far from commonplace in all its life. It sprang from the Cistercian order, which is itself a reform of the order established by St. Benedict, the patriarch of Western monks. The birthplace of the Trappist body was the abbey of La Trappe, in the department of Orne in Normandy. The chivalry of Europe was about to hurl itself a second time upon the Moslems in the Holy Land when a little colony of Benedictine monks took up their abode in the monastery that has handed down its name to the succeeding centuries as the most ascetic of all religious orders. In less than a decade its monks were noted for their piety. Then came a time of trial, when during the incessant wars between France and England the armies of both countries plundered the lands about the abbey. This devastation, together with the enforced absence of the monks from their home, relaxed their rules and weakened their religious fervor, and when Louis XIV. ascended his throne the few remaining fathers were known as the "Brigands of La Trappe." Then from out the licentiousness of the Hôtel Rambouillet into the most severe service of the religious devotee passed the man whose austere reforms have made this division of the Cistercian body known to the farthest limits of papal power. They say it was the death of the Duchess de Montbazon that turned Dominique Armand Jean Le Bouthillier de Rancé from the wildly gay life he had led to the cloister of the well-nigh ruined abbey of La Trappe. Be that as it may, he put aside his sword and lace and velvet in 1662 and gave the remainder of his years to the service of his Church. De Rancé has lain in his grave for nearly two centuries, but his rigid example and the strict regulations he established yet live as they did in the days of Louis XIV.

Since the death of De Rancé there have come to the Trappists many periods of adversity. Again and again the order has felt the edict of suppression and known the pain of enforced wandering in alien lands. Within the last fifty years it has lost a legal life in three European countries. Such vicissitude it was that first brought members of the order to America. To Pennsylvania, then to Kentucky, then to Missouri, then to Illinois, and back to France again when the Revolution was over, was the itinerary of the earliest band of Trappists who sought the New World. Later, some years before the half-way point in the nineteenth century, a second colony of the order settled within the limits of the United States. They chose the Catholic settlement in Kentucky as their home. Thence no law has driven them, no public outcry has been raised against them. Cannot a church be truly measured by the love of its neighbors? Then the abbey of

Gethsemane stands high in grace. The Nelson County farmer does not speak of the "abbey" nor of the "monastery," but only of the "monks." The personal title he gives the institution, informal yet reverent, indicates the high regard he has for the fathers of Gethsemane. Nor is his confidence misplaced, for in all things he has found them kindly and helpful; from their door no beggar has gone hungry, and under their roof every wanderer finds a home and spiritual help.

No matter in what creed the visitor to Gethsemane has been reared, no matter what religious traditions he may cherish, intolerant though he may be of all devotional restraint, he cannot but feel when he has passed within its gates that he is among a body of men who are thoroughly sincere in their piety and who have reached a state of earthly content that is vouchsafed to few who know the bustling outer world. The quiet life, the daily devotion, the meditation freed from the worry of a life more active, must needs bring peace and rest and calmness of mind. Yet this unvarying existence does not rob the monks of individuality, for, although guided by but one motive, their faces indicate the workings of widely different temperaments. Here is one whose calm piety is unmarred by a trace of passion or misdoing; there is another that tells of inward tumult and the victory of the right; this breathes sweetness all about it; that is furrowed by a rapt devotion that wracks the soul within. One can almost distinguish by the expression of their countenances those monks who have taken the final vows from those who are serving their novitiate. The former are happy and contented; the latter, it may be, are restive under the restraint. Of the first class there are Germans, Irishmen, Swiss, Austrians, and many Frenchmen; but, strange as it may seem, no Americans wear the black belt. It is a life that does not suit the temper of the New World; the restless, energetic American spirit cannot long endure the restrictions of the cloister, and does not take kindly to the self-inflicted weekly scourging with the five-knotted rope. Many have tried the life, but no American has continued up to the taking of the final vows. They are not vows to be taken lightly, and he who makes them must know their weight.

When the oblate has passed his novitiate and expressed a wish to become a professed monk, he is fully informed of the duties he is about to assume, and after a searching examination his name is placed before his fellows that they may ballot upon the question of his admission to full membership in the order. His future life depends upon their vote. Most of the monks within the abbey have not wholly forsaken the world, for of the fifty but fourteen have taken the pledges that irrevocably bind them to the order. All the fathers are men of at least fair education. Many of them have travelled in desolate regions. One has tramped the Pampas of South America; another has voyaged upon the Red River of the North; a third has wandered in the country of the Montezumas. Some have been members of the priesthood since their youth, others only a few years; but on them all rests the benediction of a perfect peace. They are working for the salvation of their souls, and no deprivation is too great. "Thirty years of this life," said one of the brothers, "is better than an hour

in hell." Long before thirty more years have rolled away he will be where his eyes have looked so long. In his devotion he does not think of bodily pain: what physical anguish can come to one whose soul is at ease? The breaking of morning, the daily labor, and the setting of the sun mean to him only that another day has carried him nearer to everlasting joy. But it is not so to all: among the novitiates there are some who are not happy in the life. An oblate expressed his restlessness when he said, "It is a hard life, but the dreadful thing about it is the silence." He had not found it what he hoped, but in his veins flowed the unrest of this his native land.

The visitor who has passed the threshold of the porter's lodge has left behind him for the time the world of strife and care. Presidents come and go, creeds flourish and decline, epidemics threaten and catastrophes appall, the world weeps or perhaps rejoices, yet not a ripple disturbs the placid life within the abbey. The porter's lodge, it may be said, is a bar against which the waves of the world break without avail. It is the outer gate of the abbey. Beyond it lies a large courtyard, bounded on two sides by the abbey and the lodge and on the other two by high brick walls. In this court are trees and flowers, and in their midst, surrounded by a lattice, is a figure of the Virgin Mary, carved from wood and thickly covered with white paint. This figure, rough but effective in execution, is one of many in and about the abbey that were carved by a monk who now lies under a cross in the monastery graveyard.

A flight of steps leads from this outer court into the square entrance hall of the abbey. In the centre, by the balustrade of the stairway that reaches to the floor above, hangs the rope of a bell which is used to call those of the officers of the monastery who should respond to such a summons. Its tones have not the sonorous solemnity of the great bell that hangs in the spire, sending down from aloft its commands to prayer, to service, or to sleep. That great bell, ringing at stated times, is one of the most impressive features of the place. Through all the cloister, and over the fields that lie about, its peals ring out as they have rung for forty years. What might the penance be for the delinquent monk should the great bell fail to toll? Surely, since he who drops his fork at table must prostrate himself upon the floor, he who fails to call his brothers at the hour of prayer must undergo a punishment that is not light.

Some of the arrangements within the abbey strike the visitor as incongruous. The monks' garments are cut as they were in Richelieu's day, yet the house is lighted by gas. Although the frequent use of the bath is prohibited as tending to self-indulgence, a furnace sends its heat throughout the building. Outside the walls such contrasts are less noticeable. The farm-implements are modern and in good repair; the horses, cattle, pigs, and chickens are well cared for, despite the fact that the monks, unlike most Trappists, are but indifferent farmers. Of the sixteen hundred acres of their domain much is poor land, and the farm as a whole is so unprofitable that the fathers cannot raise enough upon it to supply their own table. This requires them to depend in part upon the produce of the surrounding country. The

institution, self-supporting as it is, relies upon the sale of its cider, cheese, live stock, chickens, and eggs for revenue. Not only does it purchase a portion of its supplies from the farmers about; it finds it necessary to hire many farm-hands to aid in the cultivation of its land. These farm-hands, living upon the abbey domain, are to a certain extent under the spiritual direction of the abbot, as well as subject to his physical orders. They do not, however, follow the strict routine of the monks; neither do they take the vow of silence nor shave their heads. In the mode of shaving the heads of the monks the abbey has bowed to nineteenth-century improvement. Time was when the razor shaved both head and beard, but now the clippers of the outer world give the hair a monthly cutting, while the razor of the abbey barber shaves each beard once a fortnight.

In eating, as in all things else, the Trappist rules are austere. During Lent the only meal of the day is eaten at half-past four in the afternoon, and at no season do the daily meals exceed two. Whatever may be the reason, the Trappists are strict vegetarians, and, except in cases of severe illness, soup, bread, fruit, vegetables, and a pint of cider are their only articles of diet. Notwithstanding the infrequency of their meals and the frugality of their table, the monks do not seem to lack nourishment. They are pale, some of them, and some of them are thin, but not in a way suggestive of hunger, and were it not for their universal nervousness one would never suspect that the rigor of their life tells upon them at all. With them eating is hardly more than a duty; they take their food only that they may preserve strength to perform the labor assigned them. The dining-room of the world at large is wont to know the flow of conversation, the sparkle of repartee, the ripple of laughter; but it is not so in the refectory of the abbey of Gethsemane. There the meals are eaten in absolute silence, save only for the voice of the monk who reads a service as his fellows dine. For any noise the maker must do penance. Neither does the room itself nor the furniture in it tend to light-heartedness. It is all severely plain, in keeping with the meal. On one side stands the lectern; before it are the long, narrow dining-tables, roughly fashioned from black walnut. There is no beauty in the stools on which the monks sit, nor do the earthenware plates and cups and the plain knives that are with them lend themselves readily to a jaded appetite. The forks and spoons are of wood, rudely carved. "See, each monk makes his own," said the guest-master. The room, the furniture, and the table-service are all in accord with the ascetic character of the abbey, and follow the spirit of the teachings of De Rancé and his predecessors in monastic orders.

The rule of St. Benedict, which is observed by the Trappists, prescribes that members of the order shall sleep in a common room, but apart. To fulfil this regulation the monks occupy closets or cells somewhat like the state-rooms of a small steamboat. Following the letter of St. Benedict's law, the partitions extend neither to the ceiling nor to the floor, but only high and low enough to afford a degree of seclusion to the occupants. The mattresses are stuffed with straw; the blankets, one to each bed, lie neatly folded during the day. Windows

on two sides admit the light in plenty. Here the monks lie down at eight o'clock in their day garments to get what rest they can until two in the morning, when the bell calls them to matins, the earliest service. On Sundays and on certain feast- or fast-days they rise at one o'clock, or even at midnight. The dormitory is the room of all the abbey in which the monks spend fewest of their waking hours; yet, however plain, with its bright sunlight and clean white paint it is the most cheerful apartment in the house. No doubt it is intended that the room most pleasing to the eye shall be least seen, for, although the monks are directed to maintain cheerful countenances, cheerful surroundings are denied them, because it is prescribed that this their earthly life must be hard. One cannot but wonder, as he looks down the long row of cells and sees the names of the monks stencilled beside the doors, how often death visits the abbey and ordains that a name shall be taken from one of these doors and printed in letters larger but less enduring upon a cross in the graveyard under the great spire. It is an awesome thought; but, even where the sunlight falls through the abbey windows with a happy glow on spotless paint and whitewashed walls, one cannot forget that the idea of death never leaves the Trappist's mind. Dreadful as this may seem to others, it is not so to the Trappist, for to him death is but the certain beginning of a happier life.

From the time of the Divine Office in the early morning until the day closes with the singing of the *Salve Regina* in the early evening, the abbey thrills with the sound of many holy services. Matins, lauds, prime, terce, none, vespers, compline, and the several masses and offices of the day are each gone through when the great bell rings out its summons from the spire. The large cruciform chapel, lighted now by candles and great lamps, now by the light of day, knows a religious devotion as constant, it may be, as can be found the world over. The chapel is of the pointed Gothic style, and, like all else within the abbey, is very plain. The floor is stained a dark brown, as is all the wood-work except the window-frames; they, with the walls and ceiling, are painted white. No gold or gilt is visible in any part of the church. Against the two pillars of the dome that face the choir-stalls at the intersection of the nave and transept are placed on the one side a figure of Our Lady of Lourdes and on the other one of St. Joseph. The choir-stalls are simple in design, but of a massiveness that pleases the eye. The choir consists only of the monks whose education enables them to recite the Latin offices. The visitor, if he be but a layman, may see them in their white robes come in or go out of a small door to the right, as he sits in the gallery at the lower end of the chapel. This gallery is reached only by a very narrow winding stairway from the floor of the adjoining chapel, which is devoted to services for the residents of the neighborhood. A close wooden partition, reaching neither to the floor nor to the ceiling, extends across the chapel before the gallery at such an elevation as to hide the monks at their devotions, and he in the gallery can only hear, not see. Many of the services are sung, not recited, and the voices, now singly, now in chorus, rise and fall unaccompanied by an organ or other instrument. How much of

the interest one feels in the services of Gethsemane is due to the merit of the voices and how much to the unusual character of the hearer's surroundings, one cannot say, but certain it is that the music of those Trappist priests, isolated from the world and living almost such a life as was lived by St. Robert many hundred years ago, impresses itself strongly upon the listener.

The fathers of Gethsemane have seen a great material growth in their institution since the 20th day of December, 1848, when, after nearly two months of travel from the French abbey of La Meilleraye, those who established the abbey of Gethsemane first saw their future home. The building they then occupied was of wood, and was erected by the Sisters of Loretto as an academy. The location of this early abbey is now marked only by a half-filled excavation and the ruins of a chimney. But a few years passed before the wooden building gave place to the present structure, with its front of one hundred and ninety feet and its depth of two hundred and eighty. Then the large stable, the grist-mill, the saw-mill, and the various outbuildings of the monastery were erected. Cornfields, orchards, vineyards, vegetable gardens, and flower-beds were planted as circumstances necessitated or permitted. At present the flower-beds of former years receive slight attention; the tan-bark walks and the other walks of gravel give evidence of scanty care; even the inner court-yard, bounded on all sides by the rough masonry of the abbey building and with the symbolical well in its centre to which the great water-pipes lead from the roof, is well-nigh a wilderness. A little landscape-gardening might make it most beautiful. In its almost subtropical wildness it is roughly beautiful now, as the redbirds, orioles, and here and there a mocking-bird hover in the dense growth of flowers and shrubs and trees. But all this is nothing to the Trappist. He scorns beauty for its own sake. To him it is one of the seductions of the world,—a thing to be shunned if he would walk unerringly the path to heaven.

At the northwest corner of the abbey, under the windows of the chapel, lies the graveyard. It is not large, but in it sixty-six of the order rest in a sleep that is not broken by the monastery bell. The graves are in rows, covered thick with myrtle, and at the head of each is a black cross. On each cross has been stencilled the name of the monk who lies below, together with the dates of his birth and death; but most of the letters are washed away and the crosses rear their heads unmarked by an inscription. The names once upon them were not those by which the monks were known in the world: the Trappist leaves at the abbey gate the name his parents gave him, and ever after answers only to that taken in religion. After each burial a new grave is partly dug beside the last, as a warning to those remaining that life is uncertain and death inevitable. The graveyard is possibly the most solemn portion of the abbey. One may stand under the wall that bounds its western side and fancy he can see the procession of white-cowled fathers and brown-cowled brothers bearing to the grave one of their number who has been called from them. One may imagine the venerable abbot reading the service for the dead, as the body, enclosed by no coffin and with no shroud but the garments of the order, is

lowered into its last resting-place under the shadow of the great white spire that raises to the sky the cross of Christ.

Since the small hours of the afternoon I had wandered through the fields that lie about the abbey, and it was late when I again entered the building. The evening meal had been cleared away, but a lay brother brought me a supper of corn bread, meal, milk, bread and butter, and coffee, and I ate it alone in the dining-room. At eight o'clock the monks go to bed, and it was within half an hour of that time when I went out into the court-yard for a last cigar before retiring. In the west the clouds were bright with many colors. As night fell, the tints faded, until at last the deep gray-blue was broken only by a dash of red at the horizon. Then that too was lost. As the sky darkened, the moon rose slowly, casting the shadows of the great trees from building to building and from wall to wall. Priests traversed the court, looking questioningly at my cigar. Then they too disappeared. The abbey was silent, save only for the sound of a cough that now and then came through a window. In the porter's lodge there was no movement. Even the birds had gone to rest, and as I climbed the stairway to my room I walked on tiptoe, lest the sound of my footsteps might awaken echoes which at that hour should not be audible. On the gravel walk below I heard the porter's tread as he passed to close the outer door. The monastery bell sounded the end of the day, and in the silence of its little valley the abbey of Gethsemane rested for the night.

Allan Hendricks.

THE FIDDLE TOLD.

IT was the close of a day in the early part of December.

The Governor sat alone in his private office. His clerk had just left him.

The Christmas season was a busy and responsible one with him, for he chose that time to investigate thoroughly the criminal records of the State and pardon such prisoners as good conduct or extenuating circumstances placed within the pale of executive clemency.

If questioned as to his selection of the holiday season for the exercise of the "benign prerogative," he was wont to answer, "Oh, I may be helping to turn the tide in the soul of some Paul, and I have a fancy to do it when peace and good will are most likely to be at the flood: that is all."

Whether this were all, and it were not in response to some deeper sentiment, those who knew him best alone could say.

To-night, as he looked at the piles of mail-matter on his desk, yet to be disposed of, he pushed back his chair with a smothered groan, and started to the door, moved by a wild impulse to get outside and turn the key on it all.

An obstruction in his path caused him to stumble, and he saw a

curious-looking bundle in brown paper, clumsily tied with a coarse twine string, lying on the floor at his feet.

He remembered his clerk's having mentioned a package from the State prison,—this must be it,—and pushed it impatiently to one side; but as he did so something in the coffin-shaped outlines made him stoop and tear away a part of the cover.

He found, to his amazement, a violin, and appended to it a soiled pencil-written note, evidently an appeal of some kind.

Curiosity conquered fatigue. He had handled many and various petitions, but never one in shape like this.

Detaching the note from its fastenings, he crossed the room to the window, and, by the waning light of the winter's day, deciphered the following illiterate text:

“To the Guvner—

“They tel me thet yer Hart gits tender to Prisners at chrismus time and you listens to what they has to say. Ive ben Hear 20 years fer killin a man and Ive ben Sorry evry day sence I done it. I was a hot headed Boy uv 22 and the man called pap a Liar and sed things agin mam. I couldnt noways stand thet and I nocked him down. he was a pale sickly complected tender foot and he never got up agin. I never ment to kill him but my fist was hevy and sum mad thing inside uv me sicked me on. they never giv me no sort uv a Trial but jes put me in Hear fer Life. his Folks was rich and mine was pore and couldnt pay no lawyer. pap is gone blind and mam is old and they aint got nobody to look after em but Joseel. Joseel is the gal thet was goin to marry me. she left her home when they sent me Hear and went to look after the old Folks sames they was hern. ef I could git back to Joseel and the old Folks and the mountins Ide never lif my han agin no man agen ceptin twas to help him so help me God.

“They tel me as how you kin make a Fiddle talk til the childern puts down their Playthings and follers yer. Guvner I sends you mine along uv this what I made when I was a Boy back in the mountins, the sames I koted my gal with and played fer mam and pap round the fire sunday evnins. shes aged along with me but shes kep her voice sweet and stiddy yit.

“Take her Guvner and set down by yourself in the still uv the evnin and let her talk to you fer me. I aint afeerd shell fergit nuthin, the old Home on the side uv the mountin and mam and pap and Joseel a settin thar and waitin these 20 years fer the Boy they wouldnt let go their holt uv nor quit luv in no matter what he did. No shell not fergit nuthin. she's too much like them Wimmen shell be tellin you about. seems like she knows things as well as I do. praps cause shes ben lyin agin my Hart so long. and if she cant tel you nuthin Guvner let her talk to yer Wife. Its about Wimmen shell tel you mostly. Wimmen and Sorrer. And Wimmen is quickern men to understan them things.

“Thats all. its tuk me 3 weeks to rite this letter. Goodby. God go with the old Fiddle and help her tel it strate.

“ABNER HILL.”

When the Governor turned away from the window there was a look on his face that few had ever seen there except his wife.

He lifted the violin carefully from the floor, tore away its wrappings, and looked at it long and curiously.

It was roughly made of native pine and maple, and varnished with the home-made varnish of the mountains, but the strings gave back the true viol tone, clear and ringing.

Bringing his chair closer to the grate, he placed the instrument in position, drew the bow, and there "in the still of the evening let her talk to him."

He was a mountain boy himself, and as the first, soft notes fell on the air, plaintive and piercing like the cry of the whippoorwill in early spring, he felt the youth stir in him, and heard again the far call of the hills.

He saw the log cabin high up against the side of the mountain, where the laurel and the sumach grew and the ash made bright the scene with its dark red fruit; where the breeze came laden with the odor of pine from the forest, and the birds touched the highest notes in their shrill treble.

He saw the boy with his sturdy limbs, his bold blue eyes, and his waving hair, barefoot and scantily clad, searching for the earliest berries in summer and the first nuts in the fall,—free, joyous, innocent, happy.

He followed him in the "long, long thoughts" of a lad across the distant crest of the "Devil's Backbone," and wove with him mystic dramas amid the shades of the haunted ravine.

He sat with him at the feet of the mountain lass, and listened while he poured the crude poetry of his awakened soul into the sensitive instrument which alone could interpret the mystery within him.

He stood beside him and watched the blazing pine knots roar up the cabin chimney, while the old folks in the corner looked at each other across the boy, with that surreptitious tenderness of the eyes which takes the place, in those grown gray, and sure of each other, of the more open demonstration.

He saw the whole twenty-two years of clean, humble living; the unaspiring, pastoral life of the Southern mountaineer, companioned of Nature; simple, fearless, brave; scornful of the false, reverent of the true; tender to weakness, fierce to wrong; and, alas! uncontrolled as the elements around him; crushing, in some mad output of strength, the obstacle in his way, to stand afterwards in awful recoil before the unknown potentialities of his own organism.

Full and swelling were the strains that issued from the throat of the violin as it told this idyl of the hills: passionate harmonies pulsating like the overcharged heart; long, tender, yearning notes; sweet, caressing andantes; the very spirit of Love in the guise of Sound.

But now the music changes. Youth's glad symphony is lost in the wild major chords of passion. Note dashes against note like hail against a pane. All the tumult of the mountains, the forest, the

roaring stream when storms rive the heavens, is sounded in that mad chromatic ascending to its climax.

All of Nature's after-penance breathes in the sighing minor of the descending scale. Surely that was a human sob that rang through the room; a fellow-mortal's burst of sympathy. No, it was just the old fiddle, who "knew things 'cause she'd been lyin' so long ag'in' his heart."

And now from out her quivering strings she sends forth a melody so divinely pure, so immeasurably sweet, the coldest ear must open to greet it.

In it are the prayers of mothers, the tears of wives, the sobs of little children,—all of unlanguage pain, all of unlanguage love.

It is the echo of that song which beats forever against the throne of God, in tender, tireless cadence,—the united voices of many women pleading for the souls of men.

The violin slips from the Governor's hands, and his head sinks upon his breast.

The old fiddle has "told her story straight."

When witnesses were found who corroborated the statements of the prisoner, and jail wardens certified to twenty years of exemplary behavior inside the prison walls, the Governor sent for Abner Hill to be brought to his private office.

The day he expected him he placed the violin in a conspicuous position on the desk.

There was ushered into his presence a tall, angular man with the worn face and stooping shoulders of threescore years; hair scanty, muscles flabby, eyes dull; nothing to bespeak youth but the faint red that crept into his sunken cheek when the servant announced his name. A single stroke of sin, and its after-writing on the brain, had done the work of twice twenty years.

He stood inside the door with downcast eyes and nervous, fluttering hands.

The Governor called his name, and something in the kindly accents gave him courage to look up.

Something else in the homely, humorous face that no man ever looked into without loving gave him courage to speak; and his eye caught sight of the violin.

Reaching a trembling hand out to his dumb friend as though for confidence, he whispered, hoarsely,—

"Guvner, what did she tell you fer me? What did my old fiddle tell you?"

The Governor waited for a moment, perhaps to steady his voice; then, laying both hands on the shoulders of the other, his eyes reading with a father's tenderness the piteous, expectant face, he said,—

"Abner, she says—the old fiddle says—that you can go back to the mountains. And, my man, may God go with you!"

The convict stood for a moment like one struck dumb, a womanish pallor overspreading his cheek; then, with a cry which his listener

never forgot, he threw his arms around his liberator, and sobbed like a heart-broken child.

And the Governor was not ashamed to admit that something tightened in *his* throat and broke out at *his* eyes too.

Nora C. Franklin.

A LOVE-SONG.

LOVE, the moon is overhead,
All the misty woods are still;
What was that my lady said?—

“I will never wed until
Some great hero that I meet
Sueth humbly at my feet.”
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
She would surely tell me nay;
I will wait some other day.

Once again the moon is new,—
Like a broken band of gold;
New or old, my heart is true,
But my lady seemeth cold.
When the mellow planets shine,
Shall I ask her to be mine?
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
What if she should tell me nay?
I will wait another day.

Sooth I think she'll drive me mad;
Yet I thought, when passing by,
That her blossom-face was sad,
And a tear was in her eye.
Can it be if I should sue
I should find her heart was true?
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
What if she should tell me nay?
I will wait another day.

Not a shred of moon above,
And of starlight there was none,
But I met my lady-love,
And I wooed her, and I won.
Shyly, sweetly, did she own
That she cared for me alone.
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
Yet she might have told me nay
Had I asked her yesterday.

Hattie Whitney.

AN OVERLOOKED POET.

JOSEPH FAWCETT was "a dissenting minister at Walthamstow, afterwards a farmer." Pursuits perhaps not strictly harmonious with that of the Muses : yet the garden at Walthamstow produced very tolerable flowers and fruits, with no more than a reasonable proportion of weeds.

It is easy to reconstruct the man from his remains. Much refinement, and no lack of strength ; purity, sincerity, kindliness ; a humanitarian in both senses, and eminently in the better sense ; all the more of a moralist for being little of a theologian ; democrat, as became a free-thinking nonconformist ; lover of his kind, and worshipper of Nature. No great genius, doubtless, or we should have heard of him before this ; but something beyond a mere trimmer of smooth verses,—a man worth making acquaintance with, even in our crowded age and across a century.

A thoughtful and humane radical, dropped into the England of that era, was not likely to be over-cheerful. His experience was too much for his native optimism ; and thus most of what he wrote is a protest, at times gentle, at times vehement,—now political, and then abstract,—against the facts he found about him, the then extant order of ideas and things. He has kept himself as near as might be outside of pulpit ruts ; yet his habituated instincts prefer the "glittering generalities" to which his conscience will not let him confine himself. Here is one of his Elegies, "Written on New Year's Day :"

Ye gladsome bells, how misapplied your peal !
 A day like this requires a solemn chime.
 Infatuate mortals, why, with sportive heel,
 Dance ye exulting o'er the grave of Time ?

Is he your foe, that thus ye ring his knell ?
 That festive notes announce his awful flight ?
 Tire ye of day, that sounds of triumph tell
 How swift the wing that wafts your last, long night ?

While circling years o'er thoughtless myriads roll,
 Long folly but to lend, and length of shame,
 Ye metal tongues, swing slow with mournful toll,
 Virtue's departed seasons to proclaim !

Sons of Delay ! whose duties, yet undone,
 Await, from year to year, your hand in vain,
 Drown, drown that brazen music with a groan !
 The years ye lost shall ne'er be yours again.

In this vein of severe moralizing he gives us plenty, usually with a sharper point than the above. As in a "War Elegy," apropos of the murder of a child by its starving mother :

When Surfeit swells while wasting thousands die,
 When Riot roars amidst surrounding groans,

Whence springs the patience of the quiet sky?
What keeps ye silent, ye unruffled stones?

This last allusion is almost (in substance only, not in spirit or in style) Swinburnian. It seems to anticipate the

of the "sacred head, the desecrate,"

"slain and spent and sacrificed
People, the gray-grown speechless Christ."

Again, over the body of a criminal :

O iron state of rude mankind!
Thou human thing, of man accurst,
What virtues would have warmed thy mind,
Had scenes of kindlier influence nurst!

Society's deserted child!
From her neglect thine errors flowed:
She left thine heart untrained and wild,
Nor paid the mother's cares she owed.

Heedless within thee to instil
Of just and right perceptions clear,
She but proclaimed her lordly will,
And called no passion forth but fear.

He was a poet of Nature no less than of Humanity; not a cataloguer of scenery, a lengthily minute describer of trees and waterfalls, but a true lover of Nature, who viewed everything from that standpoint. Whatever was accordant with her, included in her proper scheme, he loved,—trees and waterfalls, animals and men. Whatever seemed to him against her—wars, and oppressive governments, and cruelty and corruption of every sort—he hated, as will be seen, for that reason. He kept a mind open to all her "sweet influences," and found or fancied that he could get at God best in that way,—if he had not ceased to care about God, which seems uncertain. He liked to sit in his garden, after he had got rid of his probably troublesome parish, and meditate upon things in general—for he had read the classics, and seen the world sufficiently—while he watched the growing grass and heard the birds sing. He sat there to some purpose, as may appear from the following, "To a Robin, whose nest had been taken out of the author's garden, where it had long been accustomed to build."

Spare thy reproach, thou more than tongue,
That little, lively eye!
It was not I that stole thy young;
Indeed it was not I.

With pleasure equal to thine own
I've watched thy tender brood,
And marked how fondly thou hast flown
To bear them daily food.

Nor e'en than thine with less delight
I looked and longed to see

The first attempts of infant flight,
With patience taught by thee.

And now that restless thou dost rove,
And with sad note repine,
Think not, lorn mourner, that I prove
A pang less keen than thine.

Ah, base were he whose hand could stain
Fair hospitality
With act so foul as thus to pain
A harmless guest like thee.

Pursue me not from spray to spray :
How shall I teach my tongue
Some sound that may to thee convey,
I did not do the wrong?

O that I knew, sweet innocent,
The language of thy kind,
Or could some lucid sign invent,
Fitting thy feeble mind !

This spot indignant do not quit ;
Thy confidence replace ;
And here with generous trust commit,
Once more, thy tender race.

For here thy young have oft before
Securely spread the wing :
O grant my shades one trial more,
Here pass one other spring.

Meanwhile this comfort I will take ;
Not long thy woes shall last ;
All hearts but man's soon cease to ache :
Thy griefs shall soon be past.

For him whose hand hath broke thy rest,
Be this his curse through life :
A mind by the mild muse unblest,
Base care and vulgar strife.

The whole of this piece is very characteristic of our author, but especially its close. The "curse," which would be so slight a thing to him on whom it is invoked, is something terrible from the stand-point of its invoker. To him the mild muse's blessings are the best elements, the redeeming features, of an otherwise unprofitable existence. Take these away, and there remains the frightful fate of souls unenlightened and unredeemed,—the common lot, indeed, but one of woe and death, all the worse if unconscious, to which no savior can come, "the mild muse" being banished forever: "base care and vulgar strife." The hottest indignation of a gentle spirit rises against the oppressor of helpless innocence: he can wish his worst enemy no heavier doom than this, safe to fulfil itself upon the spoiler of the nest.

Fawcett had a passion for the nightingale, and sounded her praises thus :

The soul of song mine ear receives !
Sure, the sweet deity of sound
To the still grove a lesson gives,
And feathered scholars listen round.

And elsewhere, in what he calls a Sonnet:

No pause of joy thy lover, Nature, knows:
 Thy varying scenes but change his pure delight.
 To his pleased ear successive music flows;
 Successive beauty smiles to bless his sight.
 Now the mute lark's triumphant song is o'er,
 Whose airy notes exulting climb the skies;
 Now the grove's sleeping choristers no more
 Pour forth their gladsome social melodies;
 'Tis sweet to hear, O lonely bird of woe,
 Melodious follower of the song of day,
 Thy clear mellifluous lamentation flow,
 The long-drawn sorrow of thy silver lay.
 Now the lorn eye hath lost the solar beam,
 All hail, thou paler lamp! 'tis sweet to mark
 Thy shattered radiance quivering in the stream,
 And thy meek, tender light o'erflow the dark.
 Ah, ne'er for costly pleasures will I pine,
 While Nature's unbought bliss and chaste delights are mine.

It is not likely that Matthew Arnold ever saw this unfamiliar volume, but some lines here might almost have suggested his exquisite "Philomela."

He does not like what he supposed to be the prevalent view of a Future Existence:

No dormant state I hail, of flat repose,
 Where pant no ardors, where no action glows;
 No pool of standing life that always sleeps,
 O'er whose still sea no breeze of spirit sweeps;
 No scene, as priests describe the bliss above,
 Of heavy calmness and of slumbering love;
 Where useless saints on easy thrones recline,
 And tune their idle wires to songs divine,
 Relaxed in holy sloth, and piously supine.

He evidently did not approve good Bishop Ken's proposal to "incessant sing, and never tire." But he has his own notions on this subject, and evolves a faith from his spiritual instincts. In an Elegy "on the Loss of Friends" he concludes that

they cannot be extinct:
 Such sacred essence ne'er can shrink to nought:
 Who boasts the power on moral themes to think
 O'er moral themes shall roll immortal thought.

To this fair hope my trusting bosom clings;
 Nought from its hold shall wrench my fast belief.

And in the next Elegy, "Mortality and Hope," he pursues a familiar argument with pathetic earnestness:

Ye short-lived flowers, though swift ye pass away,
 Compassion weeps not o'er your withering state:
 Ye fade, but all unconscious of decay;
 Ye fall, but fear not, as ye drop, your fate.

Nor yet, ye wildly tuneful, plummy throng,
 Plains my sad lay o'er your mortality :
 Though Death's black hour so soon must end your song,
 Careless ye sing, nor know that hour is nigh.

'Tis man alone demands the Muse's sigh ;
 O'er man her pity sheds its tenderest shower :
 Of all the countless tribes that round him die,
 The only prophet of his final hour !

In each shrunk leaf he sees the flower display,
 Each falling sun that sinks to ocean's bed,
 He notes how swift *his* bloom shall fade away,
 He marks how low *his* glory shall be laid.

To him who thus to life's approaching close
 Is doomed his mournful prospect to extend,
 Ah, sure, in justice, equal Nature owes
 A life where foresight shall descry no end.

Can this short span of being be his all ?
 Must minds, whose wishes shoot beyond the tomb,
 Dash their bruised frames against confinement's wall,
 And droop, the prisoners of so scant a room ?

Say, must I toil, year following year, to slay,
 In all their coarser or their subtler forms,
 The various follies on my peace that prey,
 Only at length to fall the prey of worms ?

When love of knowledge most intense shall glow,
 When most I value Reason's precious light,
 Then must I cease, forever cease, to know ?
 Then, Reason's lamp go out in endless night ?

The noblest want which Nature knows to raise,
 Say, shall she leave alone without its food ?
 Leave, while each lower thirst her care allays,
 Unslaked the lofty wish for boundless good ?

Shall souls, equipped with wondrous powers to fly
 Through the vast tracts of Truth's and Virtue's reign,
 Be ne'er allowed to sail this glorious sky,
 Caged in this narrow life, and winged in vain ?

Cease, cease, my song, to mourn the lot of man ;
 Revoke the murmur, and recall the tear.
 It cannot be, that Nature's faultless plan
 To him alone denies a suited sphere.

The eagle pinions of this active mind,
 Though now a little space enclose their flights,
 At length the firmament they ask shall find,
 And soar, without control, celestial heights.

I have abridged this considerably, and not improved it thereby. But life is short, and quotations may be too long. Perhaps he had in mind the splendid passage of Marcus Aurelius, xii. 5. Compare this with the last verse but one above : "How can it be, that the gods, having arranged all things well and benevolently for men, have neglected this alone," etc.

These elegies of our author seem to deserve more attention than they have received. There are ten of them, at the beginning of his book (1798). The first deplores "The Fate of Sensibility," by which he means the poetic temperament. This contains, he says, the largest capabilities of bliss and woe. It owns the universe: for it suns rise and set, linnets sing, and thunder rolls: for it Homer sang and heroes died. If it is good, it makes more out of Virtue than ordinary people can; if as successful as it ought to be in its love-affairs,

Then shalt thou throw around the earth thine eye,
Nor aught that wakes thy faintest envy see;
But, pitying all beneath this ample sky,
Deem the wide world of bliss compest in thee.

But, on the other hand, it is not apt to do well in business; and unless somebody kindly provides it with a modicum of the beggarly elements, it may come to grief.

The Muses' sons no knee to Mammon bend;
No smiles from Mammon bless the Muses' train.
'Tis seldom Fortune's rays with Fancy's blend:
Ill suit the arts of song with arts of gain.

And that is bad, for it is proud, and cannot beg:

No hand of thine, proud sufferer, e'er shall try
Want's faint and fearful knock at Grandeur's door.

Nor only this: it is liable to be unkindly treated:

Thy social tenderness, thy social truth,
Ah, who from social agonies shall guard?

And if it should be so unlucky as to misplace its young affections, that is the worst yet; for to it

Love has no mean—'tis madness, or 'tis heaven.

The best advice he can give it in view of these dreadful possibilities is, under no circumstances to commit suicide. Some justification for this caution may be found in his next subject, "The Calamities of Love."

There was Mr. Hackman, who killed one faithless fair, and Major André, "whose bark the vast Atlantic ploughed" to seek recovery or escape from the wound inflicted by another. The poet, being perhaps in sympathy with our side of the Revolutionary War, is not satisfied with the way in which André won his death:

Too soon he falls: but not as fall the brave.
Oblivious darkness, blot the inglorious day!
Sad Pity sits and weeps upon his grave,
While blushing Honor turns his eye away.

In two more elegies we have similar topics. Here is "Disappointed Love," whose victim took it very hard indeed;

'Twas not in anxious friendship's soothing aid,
 'Twas not in potent medicine's lenient art,
 Of fixt despair to raise the drooping head,
 To heal the bruises of a wounded heart.
 Loathing his food, and longing for his grave,
 He nursed the dreadful appetite of death.

In this course he cannot be wholly excused, though he had provocations. It was an affair of long standing: the lady had been "the fairy mistress of his baby breast." But her parents induced her to marry a wealthier suitor; which was very wrong in them, and all parties came to regret it. It was, in fact, no better than a pagan sacrifice, and affords an awful warning to the worldly-minded:

Inhuman fathers! who to Hymen's fane
 The lovely victims of your avarice lead;
 Decked by your mocking hands with trappings vain,
 To writhe in ribbands, and in pomp to bleed.

Then, by an example of "The Mistaken Fair," young ladies are exhorted to

Hear who his tale with glowing plainness frames,
 With speechless breaks and unembellished phrase;
 Or whose soft sighs betray his hidden flames,
 And eyes in silence eloquently gaze.

That is probably good advice to this day, if they would only heed it.

The others are less mawkish. There is one on "Solitude;" one on "The Miseries of a Guilty Mind," shown in the owner of a fine estate, of which the spectator had more enjoyment than he; and one "On Revisiting the Scenes of Early Life." In this he invokes his youthful enthusiasms:

Give me again in all men to confide;
 Again suspicion from my breast be driven!
 Still would I view my kind with generous pride,
 And deem the word of man the word of Heaven.

But he wisely falls back on solider moral possessions:

Come, Virtue, when all other joys retreat,
 Still constant found! And smiling Friendship, come!
 And beauteous Truth!—now gaudier beams have set,
 Gild, with your mild and lunar rays, my gloom.

But in the course of this elegy he intimates, to our surprise, a low view of the tender passion:

Resume, blest Lunacy, thy pleasing sway!
 and recalls
 Those dear, delirious, agitated days.

This is surely unworthy of a poet who has had so much that was pathetic and improving to say on the subject.

Fawcett's elegies (including another series yet to be mentioned) are the most interesting of his poems. From a long piece headed "Change," a few lines on Dean Swift's madness may be cited :

Behold the bard, the scholar, and the sage,
A stock in torpor, or a beast in rage!
Who shone by turns in Truth's and Fancy's school,
A fury burns, or dies into a fool.
Is that the deep discerner, whose swift thought
Elusive Truth with quickest seizure caught,
Whose idiot eyes without distinction roll,
Unsearching fix, nor dart one ray of soul?

Our author was in France in 1792, was present at the ceremonies of July 14, and hailed the Revolution with an Ode, some of whose sentiments read rather queerly in the light of subsequent events :

Immortal glory mark the splendid hour
That proved o'er Vice almighty Virtue's power!

* * * * *

Hail then, virtuous convocation,
Wisely met, illumined nation!

He is careful to remind us of the date of this effusion, and to say that his approval does not extend "to any of the transactions by which the cause of liberty in France was afterwards disgraced." He visits the gardens at Versailles, and opines that

Imperial might hath toiled, with vast expense,
To give the tortured sight complete offence;
To bid a labored blank of grace appear,
Superbly pleasureless, and trimly drear.

* * * * *

I hear the Genius moan, as round I rove,
Of each methodically wounded grove;
And to the peasant's wail, and prisoner's sigh,
The bleeding Dryad joins her plaining cry.

* * * * *

Oppressive Art erects her iron throne,
And injured Nature mourns her freedom gone.

Thence he goes to the gardens of Ermenonville, which he likes much better, and wastes some admiring regrets over the tomb of Rousseau, "of all the world the friend and fugitive."

His satire called "The Art of Poetry, according to the Latest Improvements," had appeared prior to 1798. The object of verse-making, according to this, is "Faults to escape, not beauties to attain." Brief extracts will suffice :

O sing not thou, in animated lays,
Immortal Truth's or radiant Virtue's praise!
Such ardent splendors dart a scorching ray,
To tender sight intolerable day.

* * * * *

With clear description let the laboring strain
Some curious engine curiously explain.

* * * * *

Sweep with a daring hand the sounding string,
And the Mechanic Powers sublimely sing!
The Wheel and Axis tunefully display;
Balance the Lever in the steady lay;
Soaring to heights no muse before e'er flew,
Paint the retentive vigor of the Screw;
The obscurer workings of the Wedge rehearse,
And bid the Pulley lift its weights in verse!

(This was apropos of "Botanic Gardens" and the like.)

In his blest pages countless charms conspire,
Whose title-page contains that charm, Esquire!
But if, by kings enriched, illustrious blood
Roll through the man of rhyme its noble flood,
Heavens! in the verse what matchless beauty glows,
What fancy flashes, and what music flows!

Fawcett belonged in spirit to the Peace Society, and laid most stress upon his anti-war verses; though in this the reader will hardly agree with him. By these he is "chiefly ambitious to be distinguished as a poet." His longest production, "The Art of War," which had been previously published, was revised and added to his other poems in 1798, under the title "Civilized War." Blank verse, in the hands of minor bards, is usually very blank; and this is further oppressed by an earnestness which has the upper hand not only of its art, but of the author's usual moderation and fairness. This will do for a sample:

The coward kills, himself with terror dead;
A trembling hero, made by fear to dare.
Afraid to fight, yet more afraid to fly,
The prisoner of his post compelled he stands;
Now still, save in his trembling joints; now moves,
A meek machine obedient to command:
Until at length mechanic confidence
From frequent misses of the levelled death
Gradual he draws; and from the tumult round him
Catches a wildness, that all thought at once
And terror swallows in its giddy whirl.

It closes with an apostrophe:

How long shall it be thus?—Say, Reason, say,
When shall thy long minority expire?
When shall thy dilatory kingdom come?
Haste, royal infant, to thy manhood spring!
Almighty, when mature, to rule mankind.
Weak are the outward checks, that would supply
Thy bridle's space within the secret heart.
Thine is the majesty; the victory thine,
For thee reserved, o'er all the wrongs of life.
* * * * *
To thee
All might belongs: leap to thy ripened years!
Mount thine immortal throne, and sway the world!

The substance of this was afterwards distributed into eleven "War Elegies," which appeared in 1801, three years before Fawcett's death. His prime seems already somewhat past, for these are not equal to the best of his former pieces. But his principles and feelings are unchanged. His Deity has still two incarnations, of nearly or quite equal value,—Humanity and Nature; the poet owns the same loyal reverence for both, and starts with the same indignant horror when either the smiling landscape or the breathing form is marred. Years before he had written thus on a murderer hung in chains in a retired country place:

Ye who direct the social state,
Which tauntingly ye civil call,
Who whip the crimes yourselves create,
Yourselves most criminal of all:

Irreverent of life's sacred flame,
Who, when a wretch your law has broke,
Without one effort to reclaim,
Reprove by stern destruction's stroke:

Cannot the city's ample room
Your polity's dark frowns confine,
That thus they spread their angry gloom
Where loveliest Nature smiles benign?

And fail thy shades, sweet Solitude,
From social ills to screen my view?
Here must the odious forms intrude?
Hither my tortured eye pursue?

He had imagined (improbably enough) that death received added bitterness to the criminal from the charms of the scene on which he looked his last:

The first offender thus his eye
O'er Eden's forfeit beauties threw,
And, heaving sorrow's deepest sigh,
Breathed to his bowers a long adieu.

So now (in the "War Elegies") to heighten, by doubling, the catastrophe, he paints a lovely scene, presently to be deformed by human rage:

Ah, what though Nature kindly smile on all?
Man stands between, and flings on all his shade!

Regardless of the teachings of sky and meadow, blind to the mementos of peace and love around them, the "liveried ruffians meet:"

They come to rend the air with horrid roar,
To hush the warbling grove's melodious lay,
Pollute the earth's fresh green with hideous gore,
And with black smoke soil the clear blue of day!

That, you see, is the tragedy of it. It is too bad that the grass should be trampled down; and dead men certainly do not improve a landscape. They might have found a less romantic spot to kill each other

in,—say a back street, or a hotel parlor. That they should kill each other at all is also bad,—very bad : that adds element number two to the tragedy. But to do it in such a pretty place, when they were made capable of appreciating its beauty,—there comes in the full horror. It must make them feel so much worse to die with all these crushed wild-flowers and bloody streams about them.

By Nature framed to see, with glistening eyes,
Her faded scene full oft its youth renew,
They haste to leave these life-alluring skies,
And bid this garden-orb a wild adieu.

This is the moral of the first War Elegy, "The Battle." The second, "The Siege," is like unto it. The third celebrates "Famine," and tells us how

Though Heaven's prime curse of thistles and of thorns
Labor revokes from earth's forgiven fields,

the revocation is made null by man's perversity. The next is on "Victory," and is very severe on the singing of Te Deums and the like. Then we have a "Mourning Maid," whose lover has been slain, and a "Despairing Mother," who committed suicide rather than see her children starve. Then he welcomes "Winter," because "it stills the wilder tempest of mankind."

After "The Recruit" comes "The Impress," a doleful illustration of a vile practice long happily disused. A rural husband and father, going to London to sell his produce, is seized by the press-gang, and drowned in a resolute effort to escape. The scene closes with an approach to tragic sublimity : the poet thus, with fine fanaticism, offering consolation to the agonized widow :

While lorn thou weep'st thy loved associate dead,
Smile on his flight from battle's guilty plain.
No brother's blood his harmless arm hath shed :
Clean are his hands from glorious murder's stain.
In War's vast world of pangs no single groan
Arraigns his missile ball or lifted blade ;
He made no children orphans but his own,
And thou the only widow he hath made.

After this is "The Soldier's School," which represents a good man taking to that bad business, and by it roughened, demoralized, dehumanized, and unfitted for normal ways of life : at last he comes home and turns bandit ; accustomed to blood,

His pistoled hand shall check the traveller's way,
And wage the wars that ask the veil of night.

And finally "The Penitent ;" one who has been a soldier, crippled and converted, spends his evenings under a gallows, counting himself worse than the felon whose bones hang there, and eating his bread with tears.

It is needless to point out that a good deal of this is somewhat overdone. The individual combatant is not exactly a murderer, and, bad as all war is, all wars do not quite deserve the wholesale condemnation here poured out upon them. There is something to be said on the other side, which our peace-lover in his zeal has overlooked. His own instincts might have taught him that much : his own delight in

the bright page where heroes shine again !
Where the great energies of generous souls
Repeat their glorious scorn of death and pain.

As well, surely, show those qualities in a fair fight, as under Diocletian or Torquemada. They were men that slew each other "on Troy's bright plains" and all over classic Italy, and they deserve a share, however lessened by their less humanitarian light, of whatever blame is due to us who did the same thing lately at Gettysburg and all over the South, and who are still so eager to go to war with almost anybody about almost anything.

But Fawcett was an honest man and a philanthropist, and may be pardoned if in this one instance his intelligence was a little clouded by his zeal for humanity and conscience. He says in the preface to these *War Elegies*, "Having thus discharged all the power which the Author of my nature has been pleased to bestow upon me at this great enemy of mankind, I have at once procured for myself some relief from a load of indignation that has long oppressed my soul, and the pride to reflect, that my intention, if not my execution, entitles me to the gratitude of the public, whether I be destined to reap it or not." Herein he has "combined whatever poetical worth I have with that moral merit without which that which is simply literary is of comparatively little value." And of his first poem, "The Art of War," he wrote, in 1798, "However humble a place in the scale of poetical excellence his readers shall ultimately allot him, it will ever be a source of proud satisfaction to him to remember that the first poetical effort he submitted to the public eye was neither a simple attempt to amuse the fancy, nor to soothe the heart, but an indignant endeavor to tear away the splendid disguise which it has been the business of poets, in all nations and ages, to throw over the most odious and deformed of all the practices by which the annals of what is called civilized society have been disgraced."

The mildest fate of those who urge unpopular reforms, or attack popular idols and institutions, is to be either pooh-poohed or disregarded. The latter was Fawcett's lot. The public and the critics alike passed him by. Those who must have read him at the time "died and made no sign" of the fact. He has no place in anthologies, in notices of minor poets. Allibone had heard of his sermons, but not of his verses. If the present scribe remembers aright, the lines "To a Robin" were reprinted some years ago, with comments, in a certain weekly paper ; but for that, the above extracts will be as new, to all intents and purposes, to this generation as if they had never been in type before.

F. M. B.

Books of the Month.

The Mighty Atom.
By Marie Corelli.

The aptitude of Marie Corelli for inventing titles would alone bring fame to a novelist of much less power. *The Sorrows of Satan*,—how compact and alluring! *Cameos*,—how appropriate for a volume of short stories! and now *The Mighty Atom*,—a taking phrase drawn from science to christen a book at war with science.

The story of this last of the Lippincott publications by the queen's favorite author is a slender one, but the moral allusively inculcated is the wisdom of holding fast to the old reliable creed and of joining education inseparably with religion. The dedication, with its stinging sarcasm, would make a good *résumé* of the purpose of the book: "To those self-styled 'Progressivists,' who by precept and example assist the infamous cause of education without religion, and who, by promoting the idea, borrowed from French atheism, of denying to the children in board-schools and elsewhere, the knowledge and love of God as the true foundation of noble living, are guilty of a worse crime than murder."

In illustration of such a text we are introduced to the aristocratic household of John Valliscourt, Esquire, of Valliscourt, which consists of that overbearing and learned man, with his little son, fast turning into a prig, and his wife, a shadowy but lovely character, also suffering under domestic tyranny. The boy has a jolly orthodox tutor who has just been given notice to leave, owing to his love of the open air and his opposition to Lionel's hard tasks. Lionel runs away for a whole day between the leaving and coming tutors, and makes the acquaintance of the sexton of Combmartin Church, who is busy with a grave. As he talks "in grown-up wise" to the old grave-digger the latter's little daughter appears, and Lionel's young heart is touched. He has been taught that death is extinction, that the Bible is fiction, that the Church is a remnant of a decayed superstition, and that God is The Mighty Atom. All that he beholds and hears from the sexton and his lovely Jessamine contradicts this; and, longing as he does for the things suited to his childhood, his young mind is shaken and the spiritual light begins to flow into its darkness. Professor Cadman-Gore, his new tutor, is astonished at his searching queries, and finds it expedient to suppress a mind which pierces his hard scientific axioms. The *dénouement* of the tale is naturally tragic; but in pursuing its course it gathers much of tranquil English charm of landscape and lowly life, and makes a sterling and alluring plea for the ideal as distinguished from the uninspired real. Miss Corelli has done her great reputation, which rests on such striking novels as *The Sorrows of Satan* and *Barabbas*, no discredit in this her last and one of her best books.

An Unsatisfactory Lover. By The Duchess.

Rarely has The Duchess put forth a more dashing love-story than *An Unsatisfactory Lover*, which is just reprinted by the Lippincotts from their magazine. It is a tale of Irish society, with all the *esprit* and wit of that green isle, combined with the mastery in story-telling which The Duchess wields so graciously. Terry O'More is the heroine, christened Terentia by a mother who thus perpetuated the name of a devoted spouse. There are two brothers of

Terry, and a rich and stingy old aunt, and a married cousin who determines to involve Terry in a match with Mr. Trefusis,—a promising cast of characters, who play their parts with the alert action and the urbanity of a Daly comedy. Terry has a will of her own, and the plot to marry her has an unforeseen termination, but she is happy at last, and so is the delighted reader. It is a treat to pick up such a book amid the dearth of literature made to entertain, and Lippincott's *Series of Select Novels* will gain much by including it.

The Making of Pennsylvania. An Analysis of the Elements of the Population and the Formative Influences that created One of the Greatest of the American States. By Sydney George Fisher, B.A.

The introduction of a new historian of Pennsylvania, and so eloquent and able a one as Mr. Sydney George Fisher proves himself to be, is a signal occurrence which calls for hearty thanks to the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company. The volume just issued is entitled *The Making of Pennsylvania*, and this is in truth a very apt description of the work. Beginning with the earliest discoverers in this latitude, Hudson and Cabot, and graphically detailing the origin of the Dutch, Swedish, and English colonies on the Delaware, Mr. Fisher manages to mingle with his salient facts both humor and style. We have such passages as the following: "Printz was a jolly good fellow; and is described by De Vries, one of the Dutch patroons, as weighing four hundred pounds and taking three drinks at every meal. It may be added, in mitigation of this statement, that Printz was at that time at Fort Elsingborg, lower down the Delaware, where he had fired at De Vries' ship until she surrendered;" and evidences of this jocose vein, which reminds us pleasantly of Irving, are scattered throughout the well-chosen text.

The keen research of the author has given him so clear a grasp of the subject that his generalizations often rise to an eloquent condensation unusual in the treatment of so dry a subject as local history. An instance of this is presented in the paragraph describing the characteristics of the first settlers: "The Dutchman builds trading-posts and lies in his ship off shore to collect furs. The gentle Swede settles on the soft, rich meadow lands, and his cattle wax fat and his barns are full of hay. The Frenchman enters the forest, sympathizes with its inhabitants, and turns half-savage to please them. All alike bow before the wilderness and accept it as a fact. But the Englishman destroys it. . . . He grasped at the continent from the beginning, and but for him the oak and the pine would have triumphed and the prairies still be in possession of the Indian and the buffalo."

It is Mr. Fisher's plan to search out the springs of action of each of the adventurous peoples who came to the Delaware, as a first step towards deeper knowledge of the whole movement, and he has gone far afield with learning which has enabled him to analyze traits and identify individuals so that we have in his comprehensive volume an epitome of our early growth by races rather than collectively as has always hitherto been the case. An example of the author's curious knowledge is given in the following extract, which refers to an immemorial meeting-place of the Indians on the neck of land between the rivers: "Penn reserved a small plot of land on the east side of Second Street near Walnut to which the Indians could continue to resort and build their camp-fires. The land is still there, vacant and without a building, in the midst of one of the great cities of the world, and held in trust for its owners, who

will never come." Mr. Fisher is another added to the growing list of Philadelphia authors of whom we may be truly proud.

How to Feed Children. A Manual for Mothers, Nurses, and Physicians. By Louise E. Hogan.

Perhaps there is no subject about which we are informed less scientifically than that of the food we eat and its effect upon us. That it is of the first importance, that mental as well as physical life depends upon our sane usage of the foods provided by Nature, is a proposition which cannot be disputed. Yet even so all-important a factor as the earliest feeding of infants is too often treated from the stand-point of tradition or superstition, and the race loses in this wise in strength, mental vigor, and number.

The book under notice, *How to Feed Children*, by Louise E. Hogan, supplies in a concise and perfectly understandable manner all that is needed for an intelligent treatment of the subject by mothers, nurses, and physicians. It cites the highest authorities in the specialty of infant diseases, and gives such scientific data as are necessary, made plain by simple statement in common terms. Besides the direct advice about mother's milk, weaning, nursing, foods, hours of feeding, and methods of sterilization, there is a large section of the book devoted to foods and their preparation,—a brief cook-book for the nursery,—which is admirable in detail and in comprehensive reach.

There is undoubtedly a wide field for such a hand-book, and many a mother, struggling blindly with the rearing of her infant, will welcome it as a household friend. The Messrs. Lippincott have made it enduring and presentable in type, size, and binding.

In Quest of the Ideal. By Léon de Tinseau. Translated by Florence Belknap Gilmour.

The charm of French provincial life and scenery is pictured very rarely in modern fiction. It is an exclusive and refined existence in a paradise made by hand, and, as all France is divided for most of us into Paris, we are too often ignorant that the midland society has its sylvan pleasures, its hunts and sports and farming and villa functions, just as mid-England has.

This pastoral novel, translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau by Florence Belknap Gilmour, and just put forth by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is an epitome of the country life of the beautiful French provinces, in which love and modern theories and politics and the latest news from Paris go hand in hand with a plot exciting enough to carry the reader forward, but not too intense to prevent him from lingering over the passages in which Thomassin the socialist and reformer holds forth against his gentler antagonists. The quiet loveliness of Louise Montgodfroy stands as a foil to the masculine activity of her mother, and the love at first sight inspired in La Houssaye by Antoinette Louarn lends a romantic touch to the rest, which clings to it as to a central motive. The translation is not without faults, but it has been done with spirit, and *In Quest of the Ideal* is a story which will be kept within reach after it is read and re-read.

A Manual of North American Birds. By Robert Ridgway.

The interest in all out-door subjects is noticeably increasing with the growth of self-examination which marks both individuals and nations at the present time. Hence it is that the native wild flowers, trees, geology, and birds are commoner studies to-day than a generation ago. To keep step with this demand as it relates to ornithology the Lippincotts have issued

The Birds About Us, by Dr. Abbott, and *Our Own Birds*, giving the popular side of the subject, which deals with sentiment and anecdote, and they now issue a new edition of the standard scientific work, *A Manual of North American Birds*, by Robert Ridgway, which supplies the most exact information in the most concise and direct form.

Since the publication of the first edition, eight years ago, ninety-one species and subspecies of birds have been added to the North American fauna, and these have been included in the list given in this edition, and introduced into the finding keys by which the species of any bird is readily identified. A key to the use of this key is provided, and in all respects the present volume is up to date, containing everything that experience and knowledge could add to the former edition. A capital portrait of Prof. Spencer F. Baird serves as frontispiece, and four hundred and four outline drawings of the generic characters complete the volume.

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A young woman of Ohio recently wrote to the Royal Baking Powder Co. :

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SPRINKLE'S DOLLARS.—Do you know what the "Sprinkle dollars" were? No. Well, Josiah Sprinkle, the man in question, lived in one of the roughest sections of Lewis County, Kentucky. Washington, the county seat of Mason, was then a thriving town. One day Sprinkle, then an old man, appeared at Washington with a buckskin pouch full of silver dollars of his own make.

In every respect they appeared the equal of the national coin. The weight was more than at present, and the quality and ring were all that could be asked for. He spent them freely, and everybody accepted them upon the assurance of Sprinkle that they were all right, except that they were not made by the United States mint. Upon being asked where he got the silver, he replied, "Oh, it don't matter. There is plenty of it left." The inscriptions on the coins were rudely outlined, and in no wise was an attempt made at imitating the national coin. On one side of the coin was an owl, and on the other a six-pointed star. The edges were smooth. The coins were considerably larger and thicker than the United States coin. Whenever Sprinkle came to town he spent the dollars of his own make.

At one time he volunteered the information that he had a silver-mine in the West, but the old man refused to tell any one where it was located. Finally the government agents heard of the matter and came on to investigate. Sprinkle was arrested and brought into court, but the dollars were proved to be pure silver, without alloy, worth, in fact, a trifle more than one dollar each. After an exciting trial, he was acquitted. When the verdict was announced, Sprinkle reached down in his pockets and drew out a bag of fifty of the coins and paid his attorney in the presence of the astonished officials. Sprinkle was never afterwards bothered, and continued to make the dollars until the time of his death. He died suddenly, and carried the secret of his silver-mine with him. This was in the early thirties, and it has been twenty years since a Sprinkle dollar has been found.—*Washington Times*.

A SUBLIME APPETITE.—They were seated at the restaurant table, he looking over the menu, when she said, gushingly,—

"Do you know, dear, I have always longed for the society of a congenial soul, one who loved the good, the true——"

"Pig's feet, baked beans, cold tripe, griddle-cakes,—which will you have?" interrupted "dear" at this point.

"I'll take them all," was the soulful answer.—*Detroit Free Press*.

DEEPEST DEPTHS OF OCEAN.—By slow degrees we are getting to know the contour of the sea-bottom almost as well as we do that of the surface of the land, but it cannot be said that we have found the deepest water on the earth. Depths of fifteen thousand to twenty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-six feet have been reached in the North Atlantic from time to time, and one of twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty feet was discovered in the North Pacific off the eastern coast of Japan, where there is a remarkable gulf or depression. All these measurements have, however, been outstripped by one recently taken south of the Friendly Isles in the South Pacific by H.M.S. *Penguin*. A depth of twenty-nine thousand four hundred feet had been marked when the sounding-wire gave out before the lead had reached the bottom. A fresh sounding will therefore have to be made before we can tell the full depth of water at this spot.—*London Public Opinion*.

What
is the
use of
Patent
Leather?

When I can
polish my
shoes with

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

It is the most reliable dressing
upon the market, and more
of Brown's French Dressing
is sold throughout the world
than any other make.

Superior to all others for the following reasons:

1. It gives a superior polish.
2. It does not crock or rub off on the skirts.
3. Unlike all others, it does not crack or hurt the leather,
but on the contrary, acts as a preservative.
4. Has been manufactured over forty years and always
stood at the head.

SOLD
EVERYWHERE



Ask
your
dealer
for.....

**Brown's
French
Dressing**

And be
sure to
accept
no other.

DISTRESSING.—Mrs. Wangle (to wife of missionary who was lost among the cannibals).—"You mustn't grieve so at his loss, sister."

The Wife.—"Ah, if I only knew just how he died, I would feel better. But even now poor James may be soaking in brine; and he couldn't bear the thought of pickles."—*New York Herald*.

SMALLEST OXEN IN THE WORLD.—One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoölogist as the sacred running oxen. They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding thirty inches in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is still living and is believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty-two inches high and weighs but one hundred and nine and one-half pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull the driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two hundred-pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty or seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run, and have been known to travel one hundred miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years.—*Information*.

POTATOES.—Potatoes baked in their skins should have a piece cut off the ends before baking, in order that the steam may escape. Prepared in this way they are light and dry when eaten.

When boiled, they may be prepared in the same way and the skin removed just before serving to each individual. Potatoes are unquestionably dryer and finer of flavor when boiled in this way than when pared before cooking. The utmost care is necessary to prevent their being cold when eaten, as they grow cold rapidly after the skins are removed, and of all things potatoes should be hot, in whatever form they are served, unless it be in a cold salad. It is not regarded in good form to place boiled potatoes upon the table in their skins.—*Womankind*.

WANTED A BOSS.—West Virginia, the Mountain State, is full of interesting characters. Back of the rather aristocratic little town of Philippi are fastnesses not yet disturbed by the onward march of civilization. A well-known politician was canvassing through that section for votes, when he came to a cabin where a young woman was holding a man on the ground by his ears.

"Done got enough?" she asked.

"I give it up," he said. Then the girl released the man, who went away, looking very much abashed.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the politician.

"Thar wa'n't no trouble," replied the girl. "He jes' axed me ter marry 'im, an' I've allus said I wouldn't marry any man I could whop. Kinder looks like I couldn' fin' one. I've tried mos' of 'em round hyar, an' none of 'em ain't any good. I tol' 'im all about it, an' I didn' want ter whop this un much, but he jus' went down soon as I tackled 'im. I reckon I'll hev ter be an ole maid. I kain't abide havin' no man that ain't mo' of a man than me."—*Washington Star*.

WHAT

Rev. Dr.
Parkhurst



SAYS:

I AM making faithful use of the genuine JOHANN
HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT, much to my satis-
faction and bodily improvement.

Yours sincerely,

C. H. Parkhurst.

Ask for the genuine

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

All Others are Worthless Imitations.
Avoid substitutes.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York.

THE KISS ECCLESIASTIC.—At a fashionable wedding-party, just as the happy pair were about to start on their wedding-tour, the pretty little bride was thanking the clergyman who had made her and her choice one, on which the reverend gentleman, who was an old friend of the family and a bit of a wag, said, "But, my dear, you have not paid me my fee."

"What is that?" said the bride.

"A kiss. Won't you pay it before you go?"

"Of course I will," she answered, blushing and laughing. And she did.

A severe old maiden lady, standing by, was terribly shocked at such levity and worse, as she thought it, on the part of the jolly divine, but every one else, the bridegroom included, smiled at the incident. As the old maid, a little later, was about to drive away from the door, she put her head out of her brougham window and said, severely, as the parson among others bade her adieu,—

"Well, Mr. Clergyman, how about that ecclesiastical kiss?"

"Not now," answered he. "I will give it you another time. So very public here."

She disappeared. The guests roared, and the parson scored.—*London Tit-Bits.*

THE CONSUMPTION OF CHAMPAGNE.—Some statistics have been published relating to the annual consumption of champagne in the world. At a rough estimate it is calculated that an average of twenty-one million bottles of the sparkling wine are drunk every year. England heads the list of countries with the greatest consumption, followed by America, though whether this last is intended to represent the United States alone or the whole of the two divisions of the continent is not stated.

Australia at one time was well to the fore, but it is stated that the recent financial troubles there have had an ill effect on the consumption of the effervescing beverage. The Russians have always had a partiality for champagne, but France, on the contrary, hardly wets her lips with it. Some one has, however, questioned the genuineness of the champagne that is quaffed in such quantities by the English and Americans. All is not gold that glitters, and it may also be that all champagne bottles do not contain the real article.—*Paris Letter to London Telegraph.*

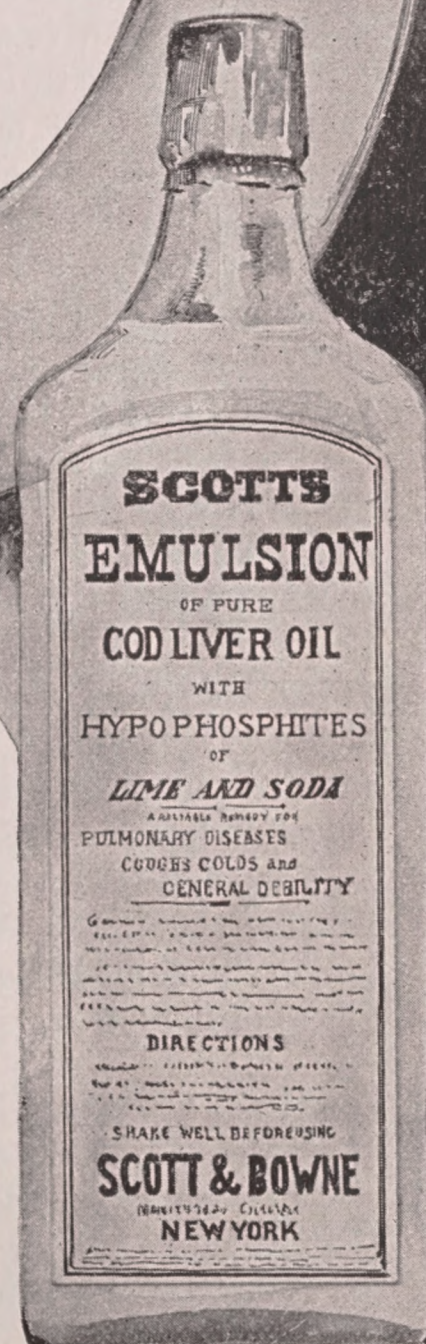
FINE MARKSMANSHIP OF THE BOERS.—On the subject of marksmanship among the Boers, Mr. White described the training through which most of them go from boyhood. Pointing to a photograph that hung in his room, he said, "I have seen that man put a rifle into the hands of a child and tell him to shoot at a bottle a hundred yards off or more, promising a reward of ten shillings when he could hit that small mark repeatedly. After a time the lad was taught to shoot at objects moving at a distance of four hundred yards, and the promise that he should have a pony to ride when he became proficient at that practice soon made him an expert shot."

Rifle-ranges are not scarce in the Transvaal, and many of our volunteers would be glad if they could get similar opportunities for musketry-training in England. The Boers will have nothing to do with modern magazine rifles. They are armed, or arm themselves, with Martini-Henrys, and desire nothing better, unless, perhaps, it be a Winchester or Colt repeater, for shooting big game on the run.—*London Daily News.*

There Are More
Wrecks in the Office
Than on the Ocean

Scott's Emulsion is more than a tonic: * It is a food for "run-down," nerve-broken men and women. * It possesses in a peculiar sense flesh-making, strength-giving properties. * * * * * It never fails to arrest wasting both in children and adults. * * * * * Don't let yourself get thin! * There are thousands of cases where persons have gained a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. * * * * *

"Just as good" is not Scott's Emulsion.



THE DARK HORSE.—The “dark horse” probably originated with Disraeli, who, in “The Young Duke,” refers to an exciting race as follows: “The first favorite was never heard of; the second was never seen after the distance-post; all the ten-to-ones were in the rear, and a dark horse, which had never been thought of, rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph.”—*Galveston News*.

AN UNEXPLORED MOUNTAIN.—Among the many objects of interest that have been brought to light by the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute there is, perhaps, none that claims quite so much attention from the scientific world as the so-called Mountain of Roraima. Situated in the southwestern corner of Sir Robert Schomburgk’s alleged boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela, this wonderful geographical phenomenon, although long known, has elicited but little interest. In point of fact, however, it is a veritable scientific sphinx, the message of whose riddle has come down intact and unread from far geological epochs to the present time. This stupendous mountain, or isolated tableland, which the native Indians call Roraima, or the mysterious, rises high in solitary grandeur above the surrounding mountain system, its perpendicular rocky sides rendering it absolutely inaccessible to the foot of man or beast. Crowning this impregnable fortress of Nature is a tract of territory estimated to contain upward of one hundred and forty square miles. Unlike other inaccessible mountain summits of the world, this elevated region is no mere wilderness of snow-capped ridges. On the contrary, all the indications, including the positive evidence of the telescope, point to its being covered with forests, intersected with rivers, fed from lakes, and to its possessing a climate that must, in the nature of things, be temperate,—that is, neither wintry, despite its altitude, nor tropical, despite its equatorial position. Whether the possession of this South American geological sphinx ultimately falls to England or to Venezuela, it is to be hoped that science will not much longer delay in wresting from it the secret it has enclosed and been waiting to divulge through many ages. The possible results would justify almost any cost that may be incurred in pursuance of this object.—*Information*.

MARY ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson De Navarro, in recounting her early stage experience in *The Ladies’ Home Journal*, asserts that New Orleans audiences were the first to give her recognition of a substantial sort, and of the Crescent City she speaks with genuine fondness. Rather oddly, it was in “Meg Merrilies” that she won the favor and plaudits of the New Orleans public. The house on the occasion of her presentation of the play was crowded, and the audience wildly enthusiastic. “There were speeches and presentations,” writes Mrs. De Navarro, “and checks concealed in baskets of flowers were handed over the footlights.” One gift that came on that night to the aspiring young actress and brought her much joy was a Washington Artillery badge, which made her a member of the battalion that won the name of the Tigers in the late war.

GOOD EXCUSE.—Frank comes into the house in a sorry plight.

“Mercy on us!” exclaims his father, “how you look! You are soaked!”

“Please, papa, I fell into the canal.”

“What? With your new trousers on?”

“Yes, papa. I didn’t have time to take them off.”—*Philadelphia Times*.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO.

Can't Sleep?

Here is a truth you should know. A truth for the weary mind. If you take

PABST
MALT EXTRACT
The Best Tonic

you will drop off to restful slumber the minute your head touches the pillow. It

Brings Strength

It quiets the nerves, rounds the form, builds, braces and lifts the body and brain from weakness to power. Gives youthful vig-

or To win back your health take

Pabst
Malt Extract

THE "BEST" TONIC

BINNER CHI.



THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

NEVER FAILS.—“Where are you going?” said the banana-peel to the passer-by.

“Oh, just taking a little trip,” replied the passer-by, as he sat down upon the sidewalk.—*New York Tribune*.

DR. JOHNSON ON WOMEN.—Of marriage in the abstract, Johnson highly approved. “Every man,” he said, “is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.” He even approved of a man contracting a second marriage, and considered it as a compliment to the first wife. He acknowledged, however, that he had once been on the point of asking Mrs. Johnson not to marry again. She might well have granted his request without any fear of being tempted to break her promise. Johnson ridiculed the idea of a man being unwilling to marry a pretty woman lest he should have cause for jealousy. “No, sir,” he said, “I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another, and that is all.” He had, in fact, made a profound study of women from every point of view. And yet, as Mr. Craig observes, Johnson never took women quite seriously, and would not hear of their assuming an equality with men, either in mental or bodily pursuits.—*Athenæum*.

QUEEN BESS AND HER SAILORS.—Queen Elizabeth personally liked her sailors and their way of life. She had all a woman’s love of the adventurer. They brought her money, finery, and flattery, and she dearly loved all three. But they suited not only her tastes, but her policy. There was a mutual understanding between them. If, for reasons of state, it was necessary to disown their privateering feats, even when they were triumphantly successful, they must reckon on her hard words and black looks. If it was safe to acknowledge them, they were rewarded with open smiles and favors. Thoroughly characteristic, for example, was her treatment of Francis Drake when the ever-glorious Pelican came home, leaving a wake behind her which went right round the world. He had laughed at Spanish protests, plundered Spanish treasure, towns, and ships, with the light-hearted audacity of the gentleman bandit, and anchored at Plymouth with an El Dorado in his hold and the shouts of admiring England in his ears.

Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, furiously demanded that “the dragon” should be forced to disgorge his plunder. But it suited the queen to teach the Spaniard a lesson,—that if his master encouraged Irish rebels she would encourage English privateers. Drake was the lion of her court. She ostentatiously walked about with him in the public gardens. The Pelican was the scene of a royal banquet, and Gloriana made rough Francis one of her knights.—*Good Words*.

TIME’S CHANGES.—Twenty-five years ago H. B. Mears, an inventive watch-maker of Youngstown, Ohio, turned out a bicycle which, though heavier, was very similar to the bikes now in use. The people did not take kindly to the new machine, and when Mears continued to use it against their protest he found that his business was injured, and he was finally compelled to close his store and locate elsewhere. Now every one in town who can afford it, and many who cannot, is riding a wheel.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR



The Highest Testimony in the Land.

The Official Reports of the
United States Government, 1889,
Canadian Government, 1889,
New Jersey Commission, 1889,
Ohio Food Commission, 1887,
show "Cleveland's Superior" to be
the best baking powder manufac-
tured, being the strongest of all
the pure cream of tartar powders.



Baking Powder

De Mortuis.

Some one anxious to tell the whole truth, unmindful of the injunction to "say nothing of the dead except good," and in the interest of widows and orphans, has collected a few stock allusions to the departed, and has supplemented them with such comments as may invite thinking men to their duty. If they are counted severe, it must be remembered they are impersonal.

"He died in the prime of life," and his entire income died with him.

"He leaves a widow and several children to mourn his loss." The loss is total; there was no insurance.

"The bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community." The ebb and flow of sympathy at a funeral are well known. It is rarely expressed in dollars.

"He was a kind and thoughtful husband," and left his widow without a dollar of insurance protection.

"He was a loving, indulgent father," whose orphans his widow will have a hard struggle in supporting.

"He was a careful, upright business man." In the absence of insurance his elegant home will just about cover his debts and the mortgage.

"He was very determined, very self-reliant," absolutely refusing to talk or be talked to on life insurance. He could invest his own money, and he did. It is beyond the reach of his widow.

"The firm of Smith, Debt & Co. is this day dissolved." The fact is, the senior member died uninsured, and the junior member therefore became sole proprietor.

"The Widow Smith wishes a few boarders. No. 13 Factory Row." Late of No. 7 Highland Place and Grand Avenue.

"Death notices not exceeding two lines published free." Two lines may announce a death and a funeral, while a whole newspaper could not record the battle with poverty and want waged by the widow of the uninsured.

The duty recognized, the means to the end should be considered. There is more than one good life insurance company. The best company is the one that combines in the largest degree the best features of all. Unless we believed this to exist in ours, we should be slow to invite examination and comparison. Send for publications (no obligation imposed) to the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"FOR A HORS."—A Western veterinarian sent the following to be filled:

Send this by this Boy
Tinker of Asfetty 1 ounce
- Camphor 1 ounce
Cappicom 1 — —
Lodman 1 — —

Mix

—
Anknite 10c.

—
Cloraform 1 ounce

do not think this is spelt wright
but you will know what it is
it is for a hors. dock—M.D.

Louisville Medical News.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY.—Modesty is not one of the autobiographer's characteristics. After many pages relative to his achievements, both in general and in particular, but mostly in particular, a Florida physician asked his biographers to "tell the world what I have done." A dentist thus chronicled his work: "Since removing to Dakota, Dr. Molar's career has been a series of brilliant successes." Twenty pages devoted to the achievements, ancestry, personal appearance, etc., of a wholesale grocer wound up with the credible statement, "Mr. Soapandstarch is a modest man." That the agent is the prime cause of biography factory success is proved by the following letters. In each instance the agent's letter was accompanied by a bulky autobiography from the "subject:"

"MESSRS. — — & Co..

"GENTS.—I send you the biogs. of Mr. and Mrs. — under a separate cover. I have been working on Mr. Walker for a \$1,000 order ever since I have been in this city, but have not yet secured it. He is very wealthy and full of conceit, judging from the biogs. he had copied from different publications and from what I have observed, but his leg has been pulled until it got soar (*sic*), and now it is hard to get his name down again. He said he wanted to see how we will write his and his wife's biogs. before he will do anything. I think it will pay you to write these two biogs. at once and give them all the flattery possible. You cannot give them too much. Write them extensively, and after I have the orders you can cut them down to suit yourselves. Both Mr. and Mrs. — said that all the biogs. that have been written about them don't do them justice at all. They imagine that they are the greatest people in the State. Write above the biogs. that it is written by the editor-in-chief, because I told them that I would have the biogs. written by our editor-in-chief, and that he is a great historian and only writes the biogs. of great value. You'd better write a letter to me, saying that the editorial staff have decided that Mr. and Mrs. Walker are entitled to a full-page portrait, and that if he is willing to pay for it you will publish it, etc."

"GENTS.—Write the inclosed biog. in grand style and send it to me right off. It means \$700 if I succeed in securing his order. Write a letter to me, stating that the editorial staff has decided that Dr. — is entitled to a full-page portrait."—*New York Sun.*



Next Month is June

With the out-of-date calendar leaf why not discard an out-of-date custom in your kitchen? Do away with lard and put in Cottolene—a delicious and wholesome shortening, especially fine for delicacies. Genuine

COTTOLENE

issold everywhere, with trade marks—"Cottolene" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

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PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

A MOUNTAIN WOOING.—“I was in what is known as the ‘flag-pond’ district of Union County, Tennessee,” said a travelling man to a *Star* writer, “when a young man rode up in front of the cabin where I was stopping and spoke to a girl who was dipping water from a spring.

“‘Howdy, Sal?’

“‘Howdy, Tom?’

“‘Come, jump on the hoss an’ go to Erwin with me.’

“‘What fur?’

“‘Ter git married.’

“‘But yo’ hain’t done co’ted me yit.’

“‘I know I hain’t, but I’ve been too pestered with work. I allus intended ter marry yer, though.’

“‘But I hain’t got no clo’s,’ remonstrated the girl.

“‘Well, we’ll jes’ ride on yon side of Erwin to Sister Mag’s in the cove an’ I’ll git yer a dress.’

“‘Sho’ly, Tom?’

“‘Sho’ly, Sal.’

“‘What kin’ of a dress?’

“‘Best thar is in Lowe’s sto’.’

“Not another word was said. Sal dropped the bucket and jumped on the horse, shouting to her mother,—

“‘Mam, me an’ Tom is goin’ ter git married at Erwin. We’ll be by here in the mornin’.’

“The mother started as if to call her back, but the horse was galloping down the lane, and she went and carried in the bucket of water without comment.”—*Washington Star*.

ART.—Mistress.—“Well, Mary, what did you think of the pictures at the Academy?”

Mary.—“Oh, mum, there was a picture there called ‘Two Dogs After Landseer,’ and I looked at it for nearly half an hour, but couldn’t see no Landseer.”—*Strand Magazine*.

TREES FIVE CENTURIES OLD.—Gericke, the great German forester, writes that the greatest ages to which trees in Germany are positively known to have lived are from five hundred to five hundred and seventy years. For instance, the pine in Bohemia and the pine in Norway and Sweden have lived to the latter age. Next comes the silver fir, which in the Bohemian forests has stood and thrived for upward of four hundred years. In Bavaria the larch has reached the age of two hundred and seventy-five years. Of foliage trees the oak appears to have survived the longest. The best example is the evergreen oak at Aschaffenburg, which reached the age of four hundred and ten years. Other oaks in Germany have lived to be from three hundred and fifteen to three hundred and twenty years old. At Aschaffenburg the red beech has lived to the age of two hundred and forty-five years, and at other points to the age of two hundred and twenty-five years. Of other trees the highest known are ash, one hundred and seventy years; birch, one hundred and sixty to two hundred years; aspen, two hundred and twenty years; mountain maple, two hundred and twenty-five years; elm, one hundred and thirty years, and red alder, one hundred and forty-five years.—*London Public Opinion*.



AMERICAN BEAUTIES USE

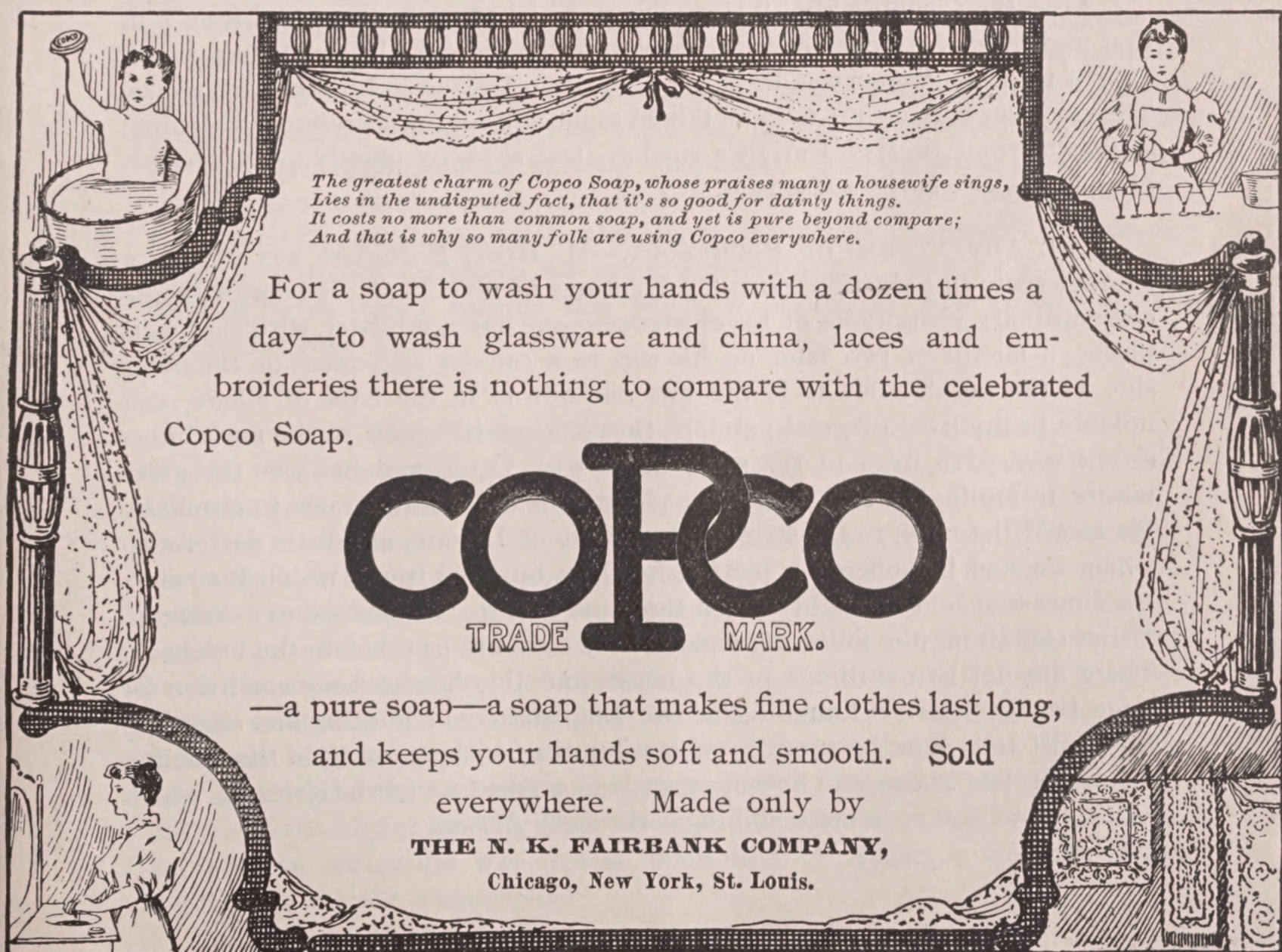
Sozodont

FOR THE
TEETH
AND
BREATH.

As fragrant and refreshing as the flowers, SOZODONT is a favorite with the beautiful and refined women of America, gentlemen of cultivated tastes demand it and children always want it. The test of half a century reveals Sozodont the most wholesome of all dentifrices.

A sample by mail if you send three cents for postage and mention this publication. Address the Proprietors of SOZODONT, HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES
Photographed expressly for Sozodont



*The greatest charm of Copco Soap, whose praises many a housewife sings,
Lies in the undisputed fact, that it's so good for dainty things.
It costs no more than common soap, and yet is pure beyond compare;
And that is why so many folk are using Copco everywhere.*

For a soap to wash your hands with a dozen times a day—to wash glassware and china, laces and embroideries there is nothing to compare with the celebrated Copco Soap.

COPCO

TRADE MARK.

—a pure soap—a soap that makes fine clothes last long, and keeps your hands soft and smooth. Sold everywhere. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

SAVED BY A GLOVE-BUTTON.—How much may depend upon a glove-fastening was illustrated at one of the Monson slate-quarries in an adventure which the person concerned would not care to repeat. He was a derrick-man, who stood on the brink of one of the great chasms from which the slate rock is hoisted. His duty was to catch hold of the big hook depending from the end of the boom as it swung over the bank and attach it to the crate to be sent back into the pit. Standing upon the very edge, he reached out to catch the hook which dangled near him. It was winter, and he wore thick buckskin gloves. The hook slipped from him as he leaned out, but caught into the fastening of the glove. The swing of the great boom took him off his feet in an instant and carried him out into giddy space with his life depending on the glove's holding fast. His whole weight was hung on that button, and there was a clear one hundred and seventy-five feet of space between him and the floor of rock below. The moments that passed before the boom could be swung back over the bank seemed like hours to him, but he got there at last safe and sound.—*Lewiston Journal*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLYLE.—Mrs. Carlyle was dressed in black velvet. She had a pale blue ribbon around her neck, to which was attached a large gold cross. She also wore a brooch which had been given to her by Goethe. One of her bracelets, a very pretty one, pebbles of different colors and beautifully cut, polished and set in silver, she told the lady I had been invited to meet was a present from the same great man. Soon after we had adjourned to the drawing-room, I heard a latch-key in the door, and, listening intently, heard steps and voices in the hall. Mrs. Carlyle gave me a mischievous smile, as Mr. Carlyle, followed by two gentlemen, entered the room. They were all in high spirits, and had been to see Chang, the Chinese giant.

After Mr. Carlyle's kind "How d'ye do?" I had no further word from him that night, but was sufficiently interested in listening to the brilliant, clever talk. One of these gentlemen was Professor Tyndall. The other I did not recognize. The professor gave me my tea, and talked to me a little, but I preferred listening,—keeping well in Mrs. Carlyle's shadow, and slipping quietly away when it grew late.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROCHEFORT.—M. Henri Rochefort has written a characteristic introduction to his "Adventures of my Life." He describes the extraordinary vicissitudes of his existence,—one day a minister, with enormous power, a month or two later on his way to a convict settlement on the other side of the world. But it is the ups and downs in the lives of others, and notably in the lives of great painters, that Rochefort depicts in the most interesting way. He lived in the same house with Corot, and has seen the great master trampling in rage upon the pictures he could find no one to purchase. He met Millet once, in the street Notre Dame de Lorette, at a little dealer's, to whom he had just offered a picture for three hundred francs which Rochefort has since seen sold for eighty-seven thousand francs. He publishes a letter of Millet containing the following passage: "I dare not pass before the butcher's. There are not two shillings in the house, and this has been my condition for some twenty years." Laughing at the English love of hunting and shooting, Rochefort tells how he used to go out hunting each morning in the London picture-dealers' shops, and how he recently unearthed a superb Géricault, which was given to him for a mere nothing.—*Saturday Review*.

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THE FIRST MAN DRESS-MAKER.—There were male dress-makers before Worth. The first celebrity who made his mark in this particular line was Rhomberg, the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. One day in the month of May, 1730, a beautiful equipage was seen driving about Paris with an escutcheon in the shape of a corset and an open pair of scissors in the middle painted on the panel of each door. That was Rhomberg's coat of arms, and it told its own tale. He was a genius in his way, and owed his success chiefly to his skill in disguising slight deformities and bringing out the most attractive charms of his fair customers. He rapidly made a fortune, and left his heirs an annual income of fifty thousand francs. Under the first empire and the restoration Leroy supplied the dresses of the ladies of the court and the higher nobility from his splendid mansion in the Rue Richelieu. An effusive encomium was written upon him by Auger, a member of the Academy.—*Gazette Anecdotique*.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?—If abundant instruction would make us into novelists the people of England ought to be a nation of Fieldings. To produce some such result is perhaps hardly the aim of the author of "How to Write Fiction," originally a set of letters to a lady, who improved immensely under her tutor. We have no belief at all in this kind of education. The novelist, like the poet, is born, not made. No amount of "coaching" will teach a man to be a story-teller. If he wrote like an angel, and yet had not the inborn power of telling a story, people would say that his book was "very nicely written," and nobody would read it. If Heaven made him a story-teller, no delinquencies of style, were they as striking and common as Scott's, will prevent people from reading him. Who taught Miss Braddon? "Ut Nemo"—why, nobody, as the school-boy translated Horace's "Qui fit Mæcenas"—who made Mæcenas? Who "made" Miss Brontë? Nobody but her Maker. George Lewes, himself as unreadable (*qua* novelist) as Mr. Stevenson found McCrie, attempted to "coach" Miss Brontë after she had produced "Jane Eyre." It was as if a private in the volunteers were to lecture Lord Roberts.

Nobody, as far as we are aware, instructed Mr. Kipling. M. Guy de Maupassant alone went to a private tutor, M. Flaubert, and we have no doubt that Flaubert should have improved under his pupil. However, he really fell off. Miss Austen was a mere chit when she wrote "Pride and Prejudice." She had never heard any dull, pedantic twaddle about "a science of human nature," any more than the Maid of Orleans had attended the Staff college. She was born with humor, taste, insight, and genius,—qualities which dull little manuals cannot bestow.

The story-teller is a story-teller, as Scott was, from infancy. True, a very stupid man, by collecting grimy anecdotes and retailing them in an affected jargon, may get other stupid penmen to praise him, but "as for reading him, it is impossible and cannot be done." When Fielding took up his quill, he had no model or master, only a competent classical education—and genius. Yet Fielding remains the king of his art, undethroned by all the pretenders who babble a popular science and cheap Darwinism over the water.—*London News*.

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.—A story is told of a meek-looking stranger, with a distinctly ministerial air, who applied for permission to look over a large rubber-factory. He knew nothing at all about the rubber business, he said, and, after a little hesitation, he was admitted.

The superintendent showed him about in person, and the man's questions and comments seemed to come from the densest ignorance. Finally, when the grinding-room was reached, he lingered a little, and asked, in a hesitating way,—

"Couldn't I have a specimen of that curious stuff for my cabinet?"

"Certainly," replied the superintendent, although it was a compound the secret of which was worth thousands of dollars,—"certainly. Cut off as much as you wish."

With eager step the visitor approached the roll of gum, took out his knife, wet the blade in his mouth, and—

"Stop right where you are!" said the superintendent, laying a heavy hand upon the stranger. "You are a fraud and a thief. You didn't learn in a pulpit that a dry knife won't cut rubber."

So saying, he showed the impostor to the door, and the secret was still safe.—*The India Rubber World*.



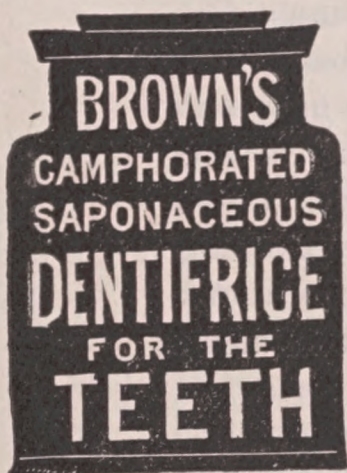
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THOUGHT WITHOUT REVERENCE.—“Shall your science proceed in the small chink-lighted or even oil-lighted underground worship of logic alone, and man’s mind become an arithmetical mill, whereof memory is the hopper, and mere tables of sines and tangents, codification and treatises of what you call political economy, are the meal?” And what is that science, which the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and, like the doctor’s in the Arabian tale, set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart, but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts for which the scientific head, having a soul in it, is too noble an organ? I mean that thought without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous, at best dies, like cookery, with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing in successive tilths and wider spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all time.—CARLYLE.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.—What do we know of life? Carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, when taken into a plant, produce in some way protoplasm, which is a substance composed of minute corpuscles, and inside each corpuscle there is a smaller body called a nucleus. By taking in carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and converting them into this compound, called protein, the plant maintains its vigor, grows, and multiplies. The animal does the same by taking in the same compound, with this difference, that, whereas the plant can manufacture protoplasm out of inorganic matter, the animal is obliged to procure it ready made from the plants. The same nucleated mass of protoplasm that is the unit of plant life is the unit of animal life. The body and the plant are multiples of such units variously modified, but in their composition identical. When the animal dies, the carbonic acid, the water, and the ammonia of his body are restored to the collective stock; again they are taken into new plants, and through new plants into new animals. Thus protoplasm is the basis of all life. It is built up of ordinary matter, and it is resolved again into ordinary matter. Plants can make protoplasm out of its component parts; animals can convert lifeless into living protoplasm. This is the only difference between a man and a plant as regards their making. How all this is done we have not the remotest notion; all that we know is that it is done. Remove the carbon, the oxygen, the hydrogen, and the nitrogen which form carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, from the globe, and all vitality, whether animal or vegetable, would disappear from it. When brought together under certain conditions they give rise to protoplasm, and this protoplasm produces all the phenomena of life.—*London Truth*.

A FORMER RUSSIAN STATESMAN.—During the first half of Catherine’s reign the leading statesman was Count Panin, almost the only one of the empress’s advisers who dared to think for himself. He was the most level-headed of her statesmen; and yet we read concerning him that his indolence and sloth were beyond expression.

He was voluptuous by temperament and slothful in system, and to the industrious Swedish ambassador, Holker, he once remarked, “My dear baron, it is evident that you are not accustomed to affairs of state if you let them interfere with your dinner.” In 1778 our English ambassador, Harris, wrote to the Foreign Office, “You will not credit me if I tell you that out of the twenty-four hours Count Panin only gives half an hour to the discharge of his official duties.”—*Saturday Review*.

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FIGURES IN THE QUEEN'S FORTUNES.—Those who can spy a divinity in odd numbers and know how the number nine figures in Etruscan religion, or clings to muses, planets, orders of angels, and so forth, besides having peculiar properties of its own, inexplicable to all but mathematicians,—all such may be interested in finding how closely interwoven is this number with the fortunes of Queen Victoria. The Duke of Kent, her father, was one of nine sons; her majesty is the ninth sovereign since the revolution of 1688. Born in the nineteenth century, in 1819 (1 plus 8 plus 1 plus 9 equals 19), she came to the throne in 1837 (1 plus 8 plus 3 plus 7 equals 19), in her nineteenth year. Her husband was born in 1819; she has had nine children; her eldest son, born on the 9th of November, married the daughter of Christian IX. of Denmark, who was then in her nineteenth year.—*Westminster Gazette*.

HER FIRST BICYCLE LESSON.—A young woman describes her first bicycle lesson in a manner which will strike responsive chords in many hearts.

"It came my turn," she says, "and I tried to look unconcerned. A young man rolled out a wheel in front of me in a business-like way, turned a screw, lowered the seat, gave it a final shake to see that it was all right, and then motioned to me to mount. I have been in a hurricane when our steamer was hove to off the coast of New Zealand and all the wood-work was washed overboard; I have been in a railway smash-up and was handed out of the car through a hole in the roof; I have sat by the off window of a stage-coach when the wheel slipped over the side of a precipice; I have been in many strange adventures; but never had I such an acute feeling of peril as when I sat on the top of that bicycle, holding on for life to the steering-bar."—*Philadelphia Times*.

ALWAYS MOVING.—“John,” said a frightened wife in the middle of the night, “there is something moving down cellar, I’m sure.”

John listened intently.

“Oh, it’s nothing but the gas-meter pegging away,” he said, with a sigh of relief.—*Harlem Life*.

CHANCE.—Mathematicians have for a century striven to make a law governing chances, but such illustrations as the following beat them.

The writer was once present at the following trial. A gentleman picked up a lottery list containing the winning numbers, some three thousand six hundred out of one hundred thousand. He invited two others to put up ten dollars each, write a number, and if it came on the list it would take the thirty dollars. One man wrote these three successive combinations, 227, 7,261, and 18,418. Each of these groups was found on the list, so he won ninety dollars. He put it all into one-dollar tickets and drew all blanks. Certainly no human prescience nor sagacity could order these things or change them.—*Philadelphia Times*.

THE SHADOW CAST BY SHAKESPEARE.—One of the best and most curious proofs of the supremacy of Shakespeare among English writers is to be found in the length and depth of the shadow that has been cast by his fame. There is hardly a writer in the century of his apparition but has suffered from the brightness of that neighborhood. The works of great Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists were ransacked for one hundred years to illustrate Shakespeare’s poorest jests before they were edited for their proper merits. Beaumont and Fletcher may thank their mighty contemporary, and him alone, that their plays, for all the wit and romance that enliven them, have remained a part of the scholar’s furniture. The greater British Public has its Shakespeare and will none of them. The brave array of Caroline poets, Herrick and his company, long bore a twofold burden of neglect. They were not Shakespeare, and they were not of his age. Only recently have they been securely reprinted.

Backward the shadow lies deeper. Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and the rest, as dramatists and predecessors of Shakespeare, have had their full share of attention, but the whole mass of literature that went to the making of Shakespeare, the output especially of the earlier half of Elizabeth’s reign, has, with this exception, been scarcely reprinted in modern days. So innocent and plenary has been the confidence of his countrymen in Shakespeare’s thievery that they have trusted him to steal them all that was good in English literature during the years of his upbringing.—W. E. HENLEY, in *Fortnightly Review*.

THE RUSSIAN CODE OF HONOR.—Two young Russian officers attached to the Orsk infantry regiment recently quarrelled over their cups in a *café chantant* at Orenburg, and one of them struck the other across the cheek with his open hand. The subalterns were intimate comrades, and the aggressor made an ample and satisfactory apology when he came to his senses. This was cordially accepted by his friend; but the regimental court of honor decreed that the officers should fight, and a duel was arranged with pistols at twenty paces. The young lieutenant who had received the affront and forgiven his friend was hit in the thigh and crippled, and consequently is unfitted for further service. The tragi-comical proceedings of these military courts of honor are as stupid as they are mischievous.—*London Daily News*.

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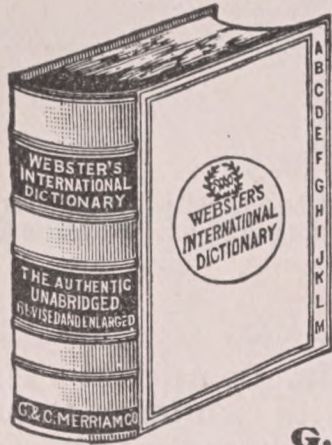
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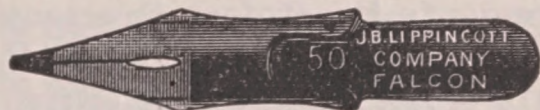
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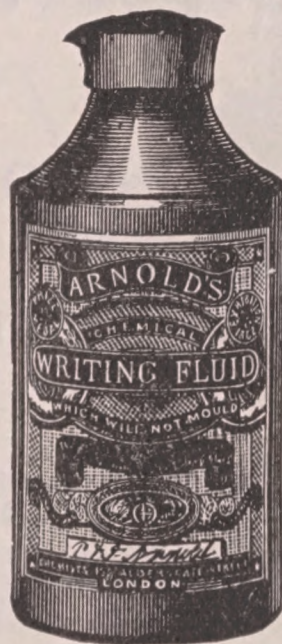
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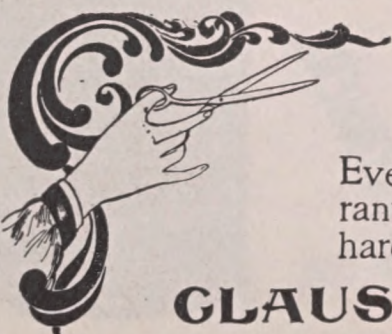
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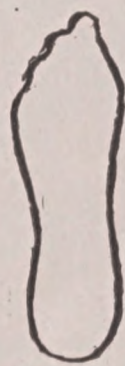


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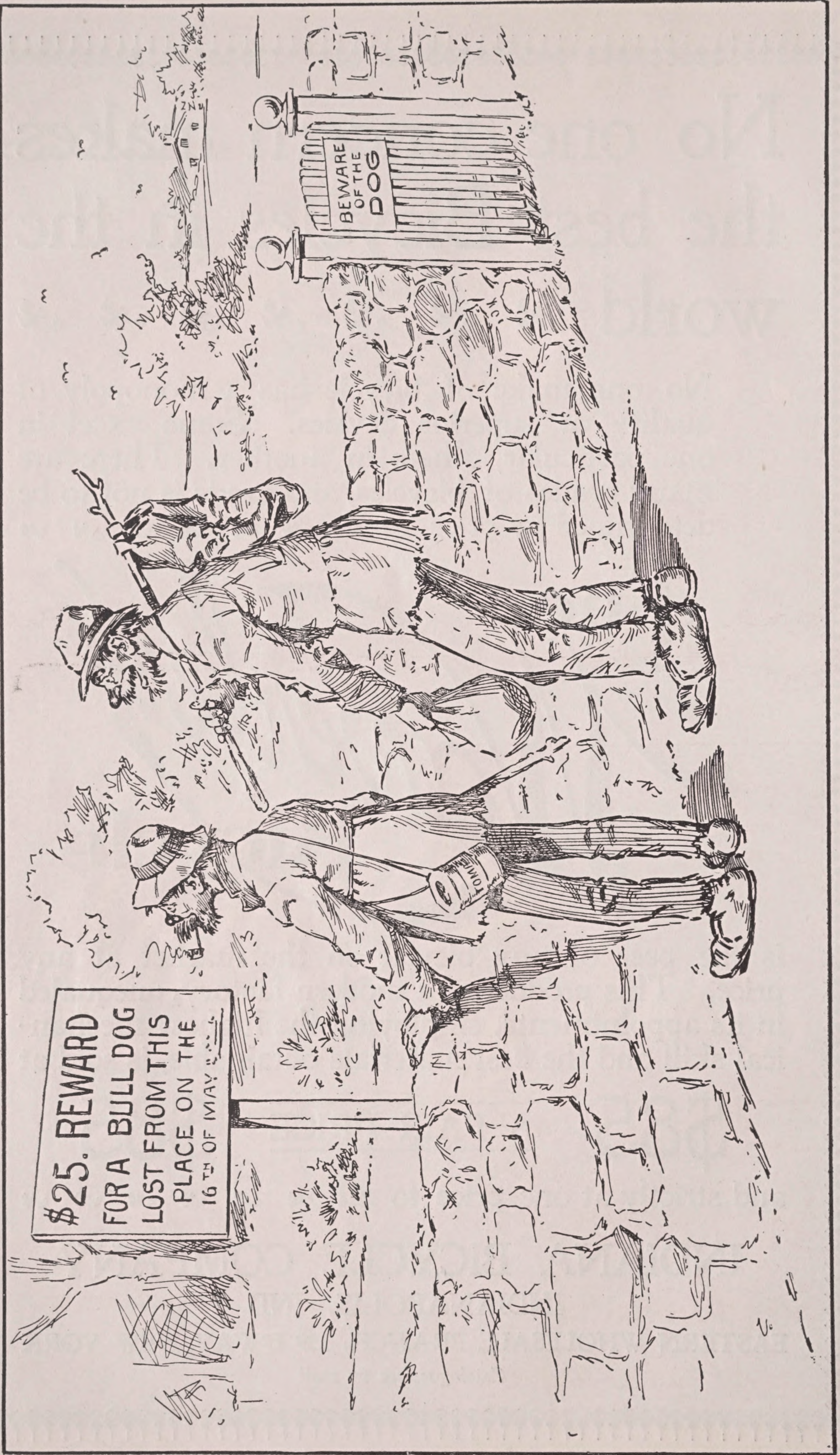
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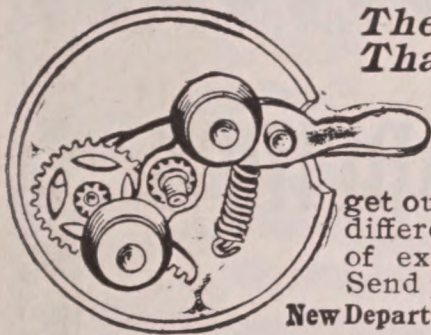
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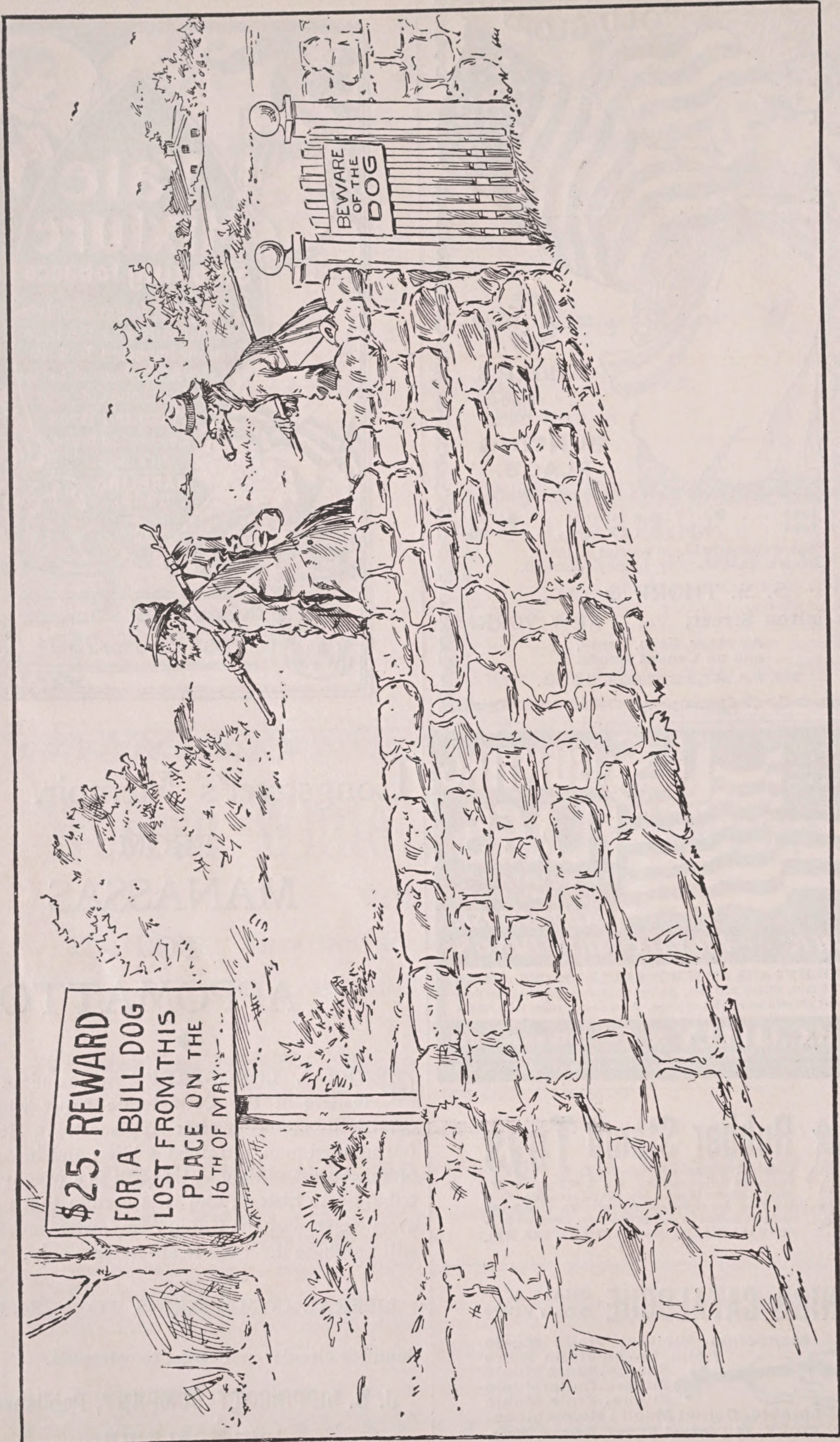
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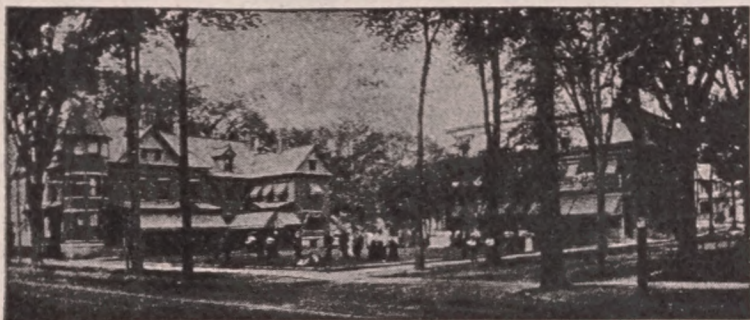
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fell
down
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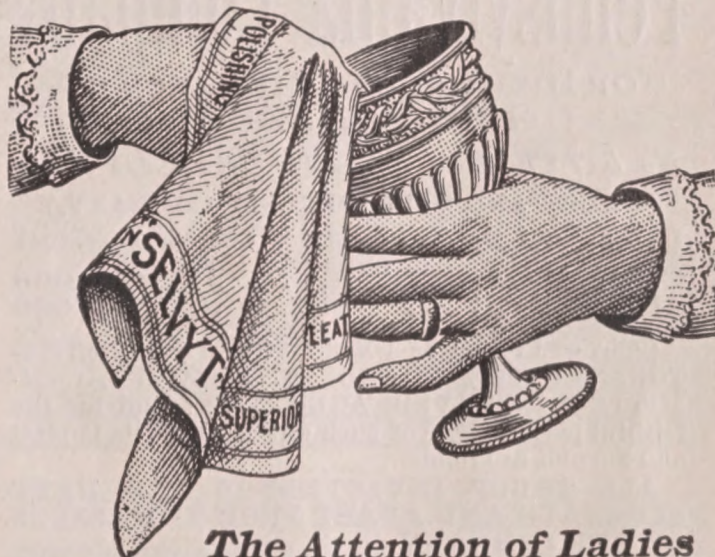
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Reserve for Unearned Premiums . . 1,770,738 88
Commissions, Brokerages, Return
Premiums, etc. 155,398 24 2,267,915 81
NET SURPLUS \$568,320 47



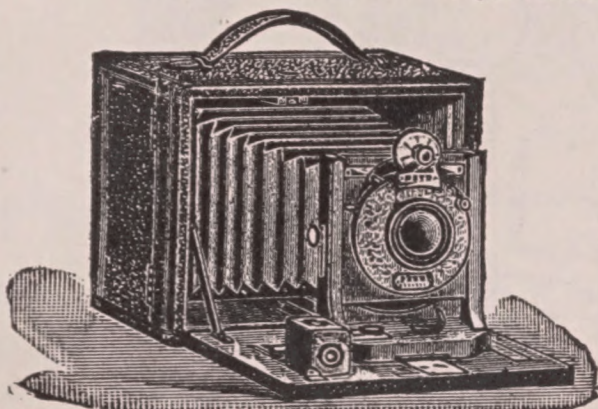
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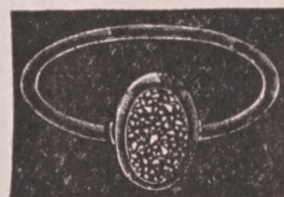
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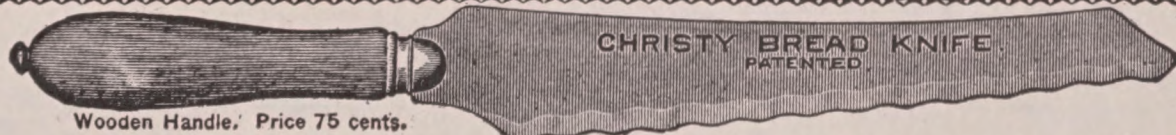
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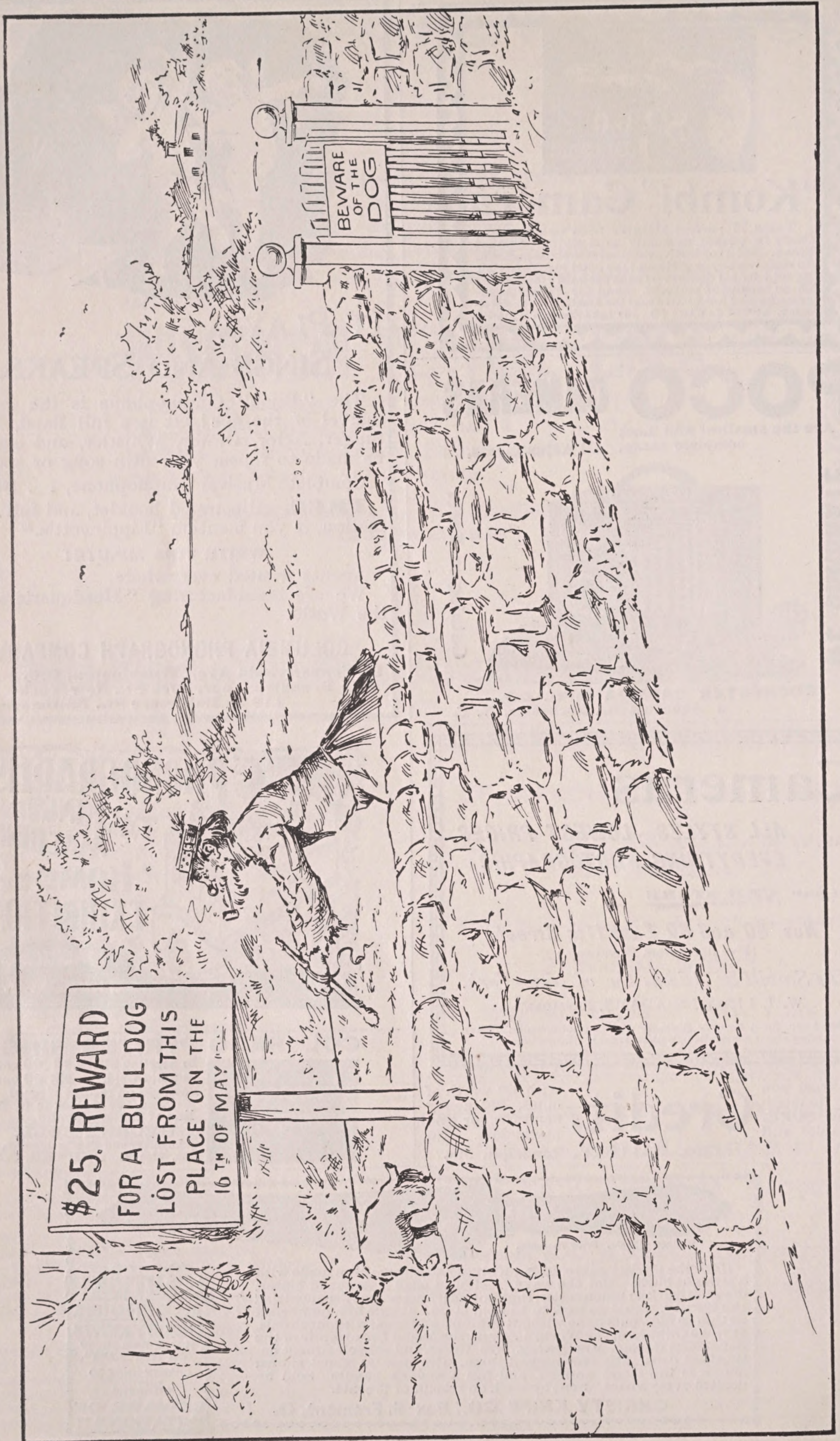


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HAVE THIS STAMP
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CHRISTY KNIFE CO
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BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS!!

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION; OR, MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—Continued.

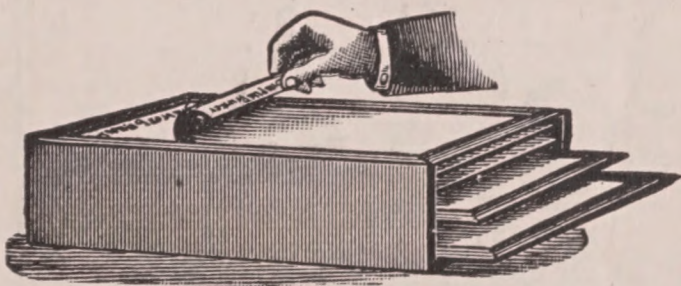


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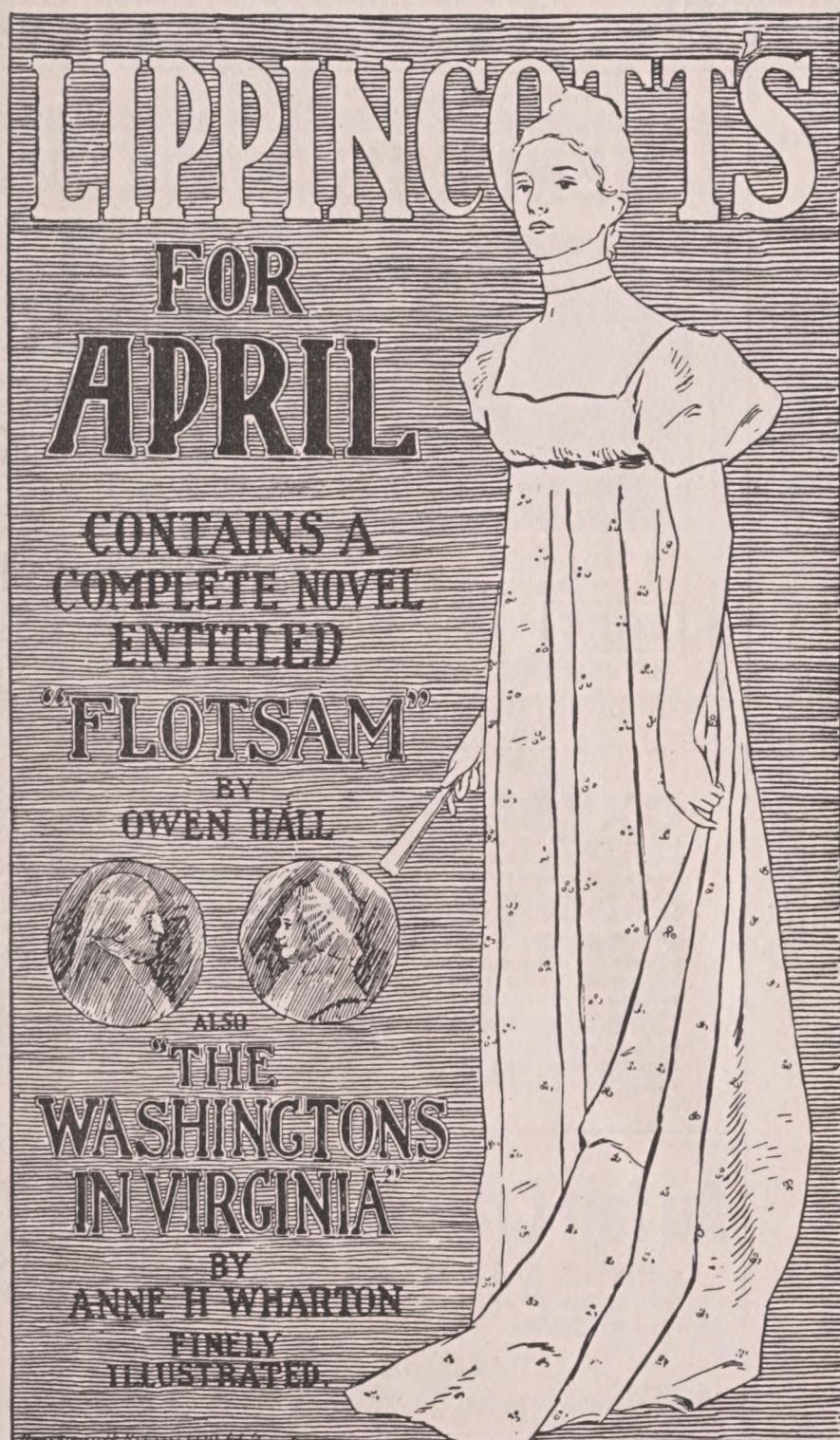
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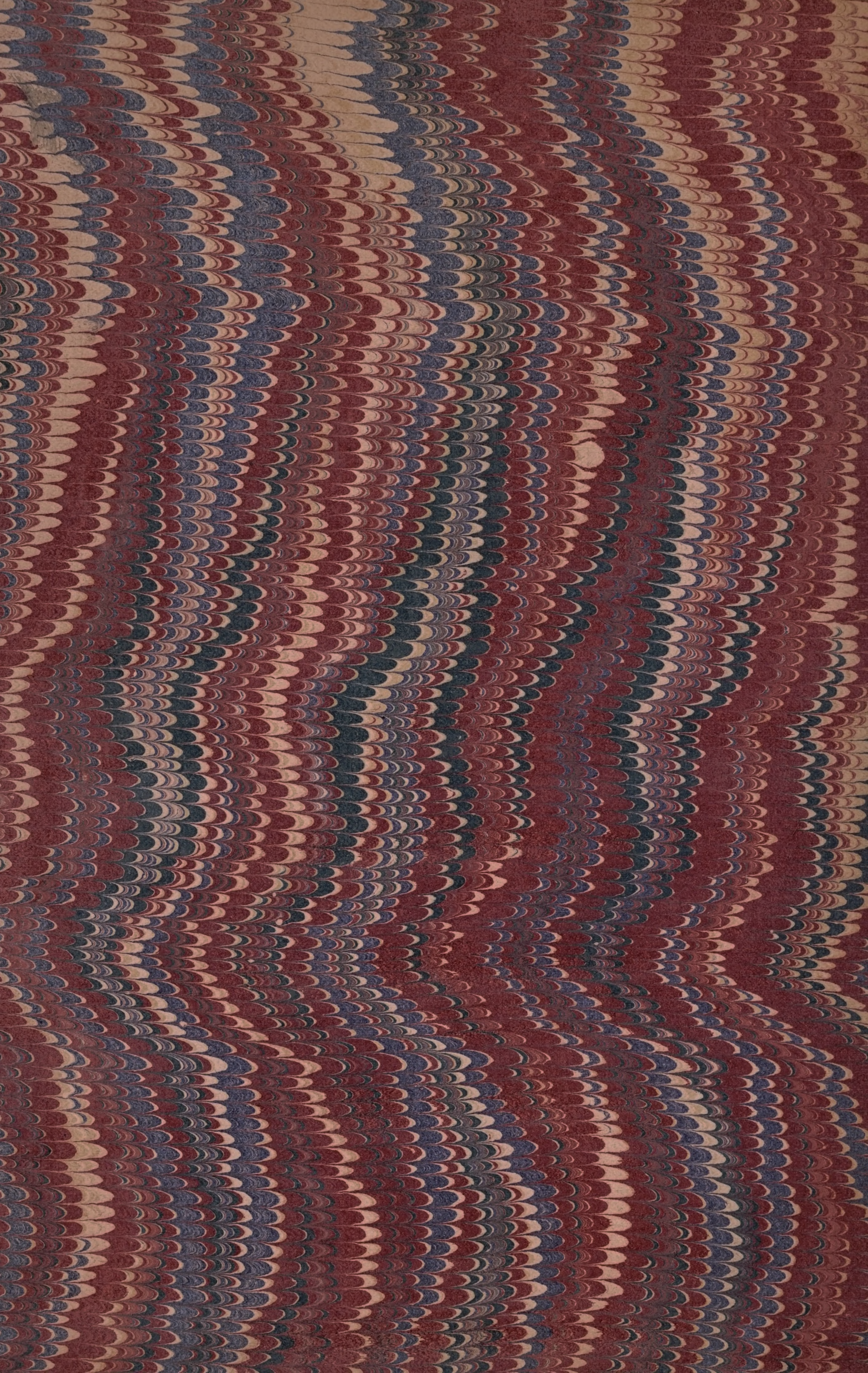
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